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THE NEW YORKER

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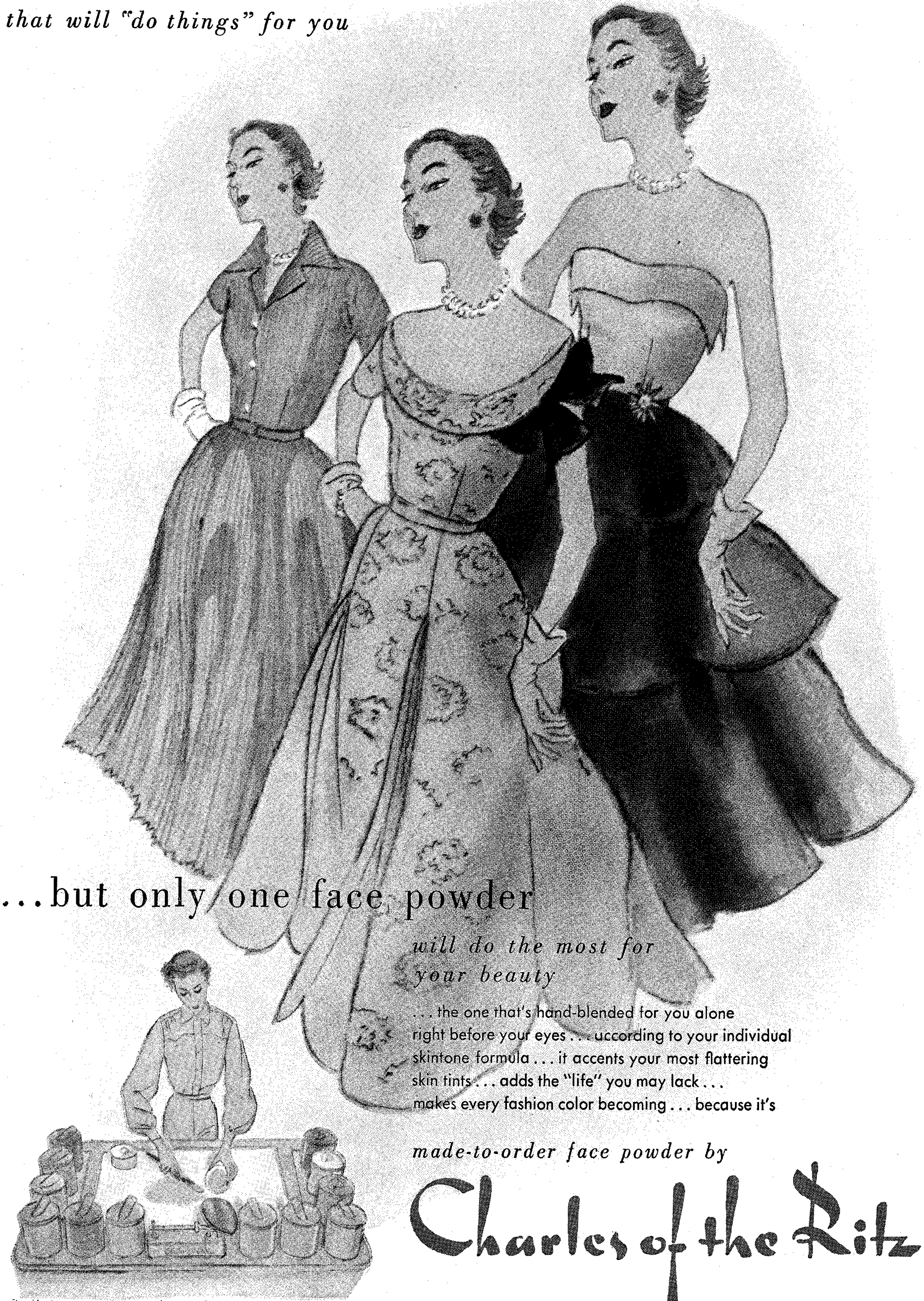

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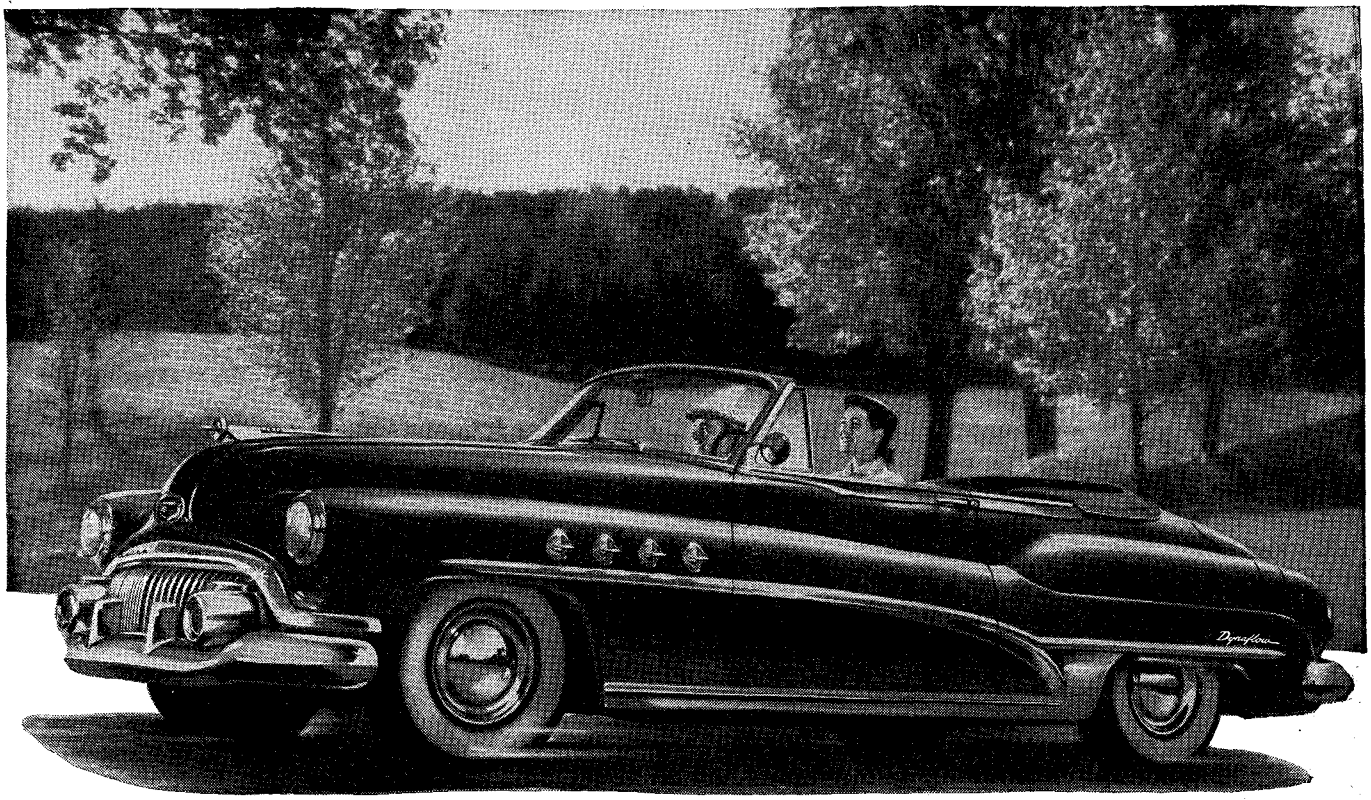

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Affairs of State—Love in Washington, D.C., from the viewpoint of a Frenchman, Louis Verneuil, who, in his first play in English, manages to sound a good deal like American playwrights on the same subject. Celeste Holm, gay and handsome, heads a cast that includes Reginald Owen, Barbara O'Neil, and Shepperd Strudwick. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Angel in the Pawnshop—It's hard to figure out just what this fantasy by A. B. Shiffrin is getting at, even though Eddie Dowling and Joan McCracken put up quite a struggle to make some sense of the proceedings. The play's most lucid moments occur when Willie Lewis settles down to tootling happily on a clarinet. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Autumn Garden—Reflections on the follies of mankind, by Lillian Hellman, that are as intelligently and trenchantly written as anything you will find around. The fine cast is headed by Fredric March and Florence Eldridge. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Bell, Book and Candle—Lilli Palmer makes a captivating amateur sorceress and Rex Harrison is excellent as her bewitched admirer in John van Druten's first-rate comedy about thaumaturgy in Manhattan. Scott McKay, Jean Adair, and Larry Gates are also mixed up in the magic. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Billy Budd—A mystical melodrama, based on the Herman Melville novelette, that moves slowly and performs no wonders. Among those assembled to act out the seagoing allegory are Dennis King, Torin Thatcher, and Charles Nolte, who handle their roles expertly. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Closing tentatively set for Saturday, March 31.)

The Country Girl—Uta Hagen gives a magnificent performance in Clifford Odets' rather uneven play concerning a drunken actor and his long-suffering wife. Paul Kelly is highly satisfactory in the other leading role, and Steven Hill and Joseph Sullivan provide competent support. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Darkness at Noon—An outstanding performance by Claude Rains, an impressive setting by Frederick Fox, and perceptive direction by Sidney Kingsley all make this adaptation of Arthur Koestler's novel describing the grim career and final agonies of a revolutionist a work of distinction. Mr. Kingsley is also responsible for the dramatization, which Walter J. Palance, Kim Hunter, and Alexander Scourby help bring to life in supporting roles. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Moves on Monday, March 26, to the Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Green Pastures—Back again, and just about as good as ever, thanks in part to a fine new cast and a sumptuous production, but mainly to the fact that it is a natural-born surefire piece of work. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Moon Is Blue—Barbara Bel Geddes, Donald Cook, and Barry Nelson in a comedy that is as smooth, and about as startling, as satin. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

Romeo and Juliet—Undistinguished Shakespeare. With Olivia de Havilland. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Rose Tattoo—Instead of the doomed and addled ladies who have concerned Tennessee Williams in the past, his heroine this time is a fiery Sicilian, who comes out all right in the end. On the whole, a very engaging play, and the performances, especially those of Maureen Stapleton and Eli Wallach, are extremely persuasive. Boris Aronson has designed a fine, imaginative set. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Season in the Sun—A comedy, and a good one, written by Wolcott Gibbs and based, loosely, on his stories about Fire Island in *The New Yorker*. With Richard Whorf, Nancy Kelly, Paula Laurence, Anthony Ross, and King Calder. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Second Threshold—This posthumous work by Philip Barry, somewhat edited by Robert E. Sherwood, has to do with a man who has come to the end of his rope, and it exhibits most of Mr. Barry's qualities as a playwright, both good and bad. Clive Brook is superb as the man. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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Springtime for Henry—Edward Everett Horton mugs in his own special way through a comedy that has been revived only for him to mug through in his own special way. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Twentieth Century—José Ferrer and Gloria Swanson head the cast of this revival of Hecht and MacArthur's enormously funny comedy about some queer doings on a famous train. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:45.)

Long Run—the happy time: A portrait of a breezy and irresponsible French-Canadian family. Roger Dann now has the lead. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

L'Ecole des Femmes—Louis Jouvet and his Théâtre de l'Athénée company in Molière's comedy; in French. The seventh of a series of subscription productions offered by A.N.T.A. (ANTA Playhouse, 52nd St., W. Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:45. Closes Tuesday, April 3. For information about tickets, call JU 2-2660.)

MUSICALS

Call Me Madam—Ethel Merman's strange, brassy charm has never been more effective than it is in this piece about a lady ambassador. The book is by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse; Irving Berlin wrote the songs; and in the cast are Paul Lukas, Alan Hewitt, Russell Nype, and Pat Harrington. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Guys and Dolls—One of the fastest, toughest, and funniest musical comedies you ever saw has been assembled by Abe Burrows and Jo Swerling, who based their story on one by Damon Runyon. Frank Loesser wrote the delightful music and lyrics, and Sam Levene, Isabel Bigley, Robert Alda, and Vivian Blaine are just right in the leading roles. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Out of This World—Cole Porter did the music and lyrics for this musical about Jupiter and his amorous carryings on in modern Greece, but, except for Lemuel Ayers' stylish sets and costumes and a fine comic performance by Charlotte Greenwood, the evening is pretty much of a disappointment. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Equity Welfare Fund, Sunday evening, March 25.)

Long Runs—gentlemen prefer blondes: Anita Loos's girls, Lorelei Lee and Dorothy Shaw, brought back to life and set to music. Carol Channing, Yvonne Adair, and Jack McCauley are prominent in the large cast. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **kiss me, kate:** Anne Jeffreys and Ted Scott now have the leads in this Cole Porter show. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **south pacific:** Reopens Monday, March 26, after a week's vacation. Ray Middleton is currently playing opposite Mary Martin. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

The King and I—Gertrude Lawrence in a musical produced by Rodgers & Hammerstein, based on Margaret Landon's novel "Anna

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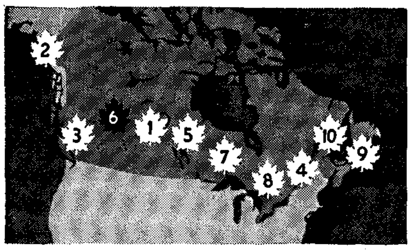

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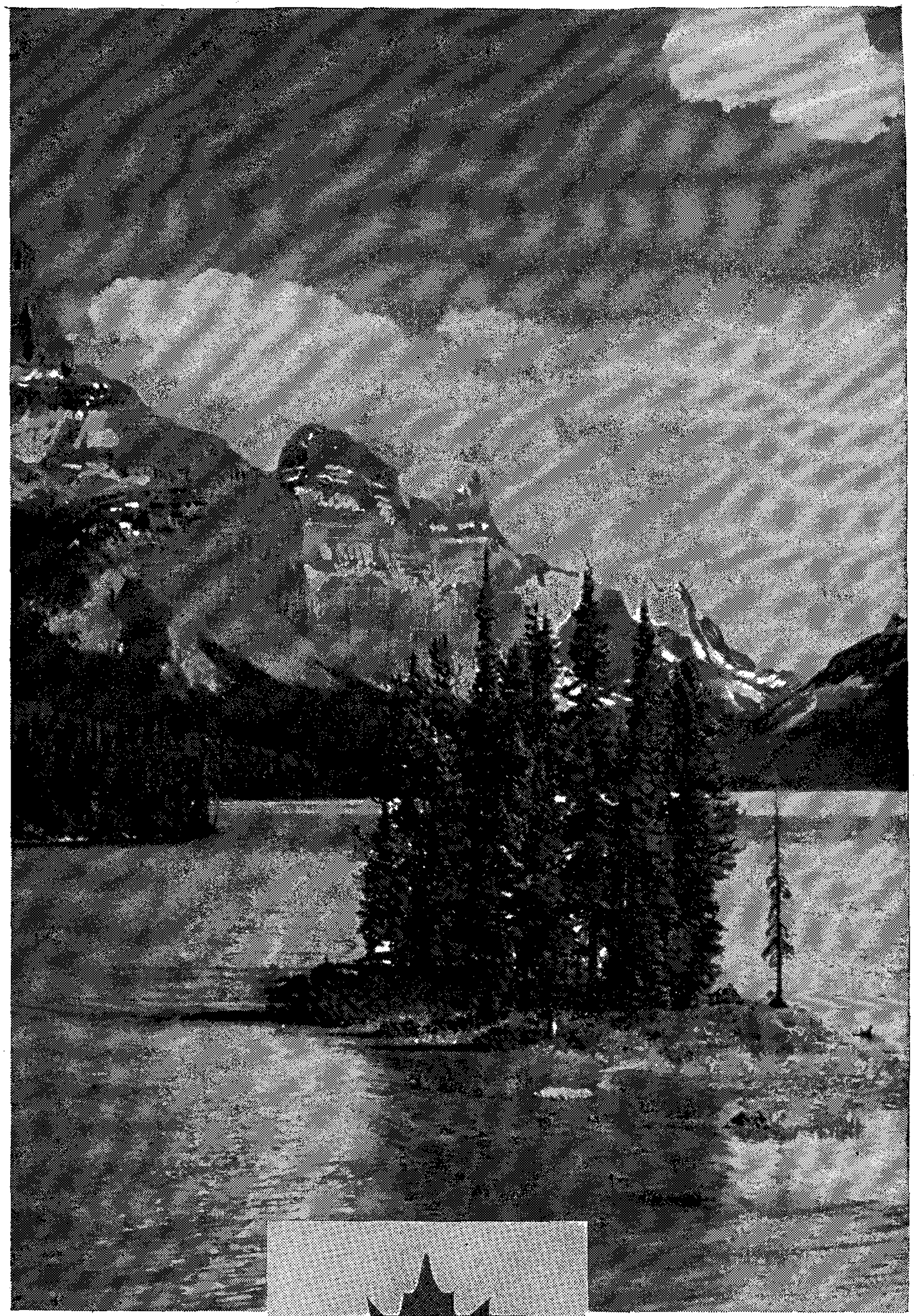

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and the King of Siam." Richard Rodgers wrote the score, and Oscar Hammerstein II did the book and lyrics. Directed by John van Druten. Opens Thursday, March 29. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Yale University Dramatic Association—A musical version, by John M. Johnson, of Clare Boothe Luce's "Kiss the Boys Goodbye." For the benefit of the Junior League Welfare Fund. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. Saturday, March 24, at 8:40. For tickets, call BU 8-6220.)

Blue Hill Troupe—Presenting Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Pirates of Penzance" and "Trial by Jury." For the benefit of the Manhattan Eye, Ear, and Throat Hospital. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Wednesday through Friday, March 28-30, at 8:45. Special performance for children, Saturday, March 31, at 2:30. For tickets, call BU 8-8302.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music and other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—In the Trianon Room, the dance orchestras of Jules Lande and Nino de Moraes soothe the guests at dinner and supper every night but Sunday.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Except Sundays, Mischa Raginsky's orchestra meanders gently at cocktail time in the Palm Court and during dinner in the Madison Room. No dancing in either place.

Gogi's Larue, 45 E. 58th St. (EL 5-6374)—The beamish Ted Straeter in all his considerable glory (dinner jacket, carnation, and blithe piano), turning out dance music in this luxurious jewel box. Gogi's romantic violinists cruise the room during intermissions. Fridays, like Princeton proms, are black tie. Closed Mondays.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The old counting-house crowd at its favorite pursuit in its favorite haunt. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing.

New Yorker, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—The Terrace Room has still another new ice show at dinner and supper. This one includes Joan Hyldoft as prima ballerina and décor. Bernie Cummins' orchestra for dancing. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Larry Storch, a busy boy, cracks jokes in the Cotillion Room, where Stanley Melba's orchestra and a rumba band play and Mario and Floria dance. All hands perform at dinner and, except Sundays, at supper. Closed Mondays.... ¶ Stanley Worth's orchestra plays for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing in the Café Pierre. Except Sundays, Joan Bishop, a pianist, sings at her work.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, Dorothy Shay, whose folk music all comes from a quaint old foundry on Tin Pan Alley, is on view at dinner (except Easter) and supper. Mark Monte's and Dick La Salle's orchestras make pretty dance music. Closed Monday, March 26.... ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, which has a pink-champagne air, offers Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's flowing dance orchestras after eight-thirty.... ¶ Leo LeFleur's music tinkles in the Palm Court during the cocktail hour. No dancing.

Ritz-Carlton, Madison Ave. at 46th St. (MU 8-3000)—Emery Deutsch's dinner music eases the last days of the Oval Room; Sundays, Harold Sandler's orchestra fills in.... ¶ The Palm Court offers Mr. Sandler's cocktail music from four to seven, except Sundays. No dancing in either room.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Dancing to the music of the Three Suns and of Bernie Mann's standard-gauge orchestra in the Grill at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

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St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Russell Nype is modelling his well-known crew haircut and tortoise-shell glasses at supper in the sumptuous Maisonette. He also sings in a pleasant voice, which is all right, and recites, which isn't. Evalyn Tyner does a solo piano turn at dinner and heads a trio that alternates with Milt Shaw's band for dancing all evening. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's dance orchestra is on tap in the Café Lounge at dinner and supper, as well as for tea dancing every afternoon.

Sherry-Netherland, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—Hugo Pedell, an old partygoer himself, is in charge of the party music in the Carnaval Room, the assembly hall for a regal element of our population. Jan Brunesco's gypsies help out. Closed Sundays.... ¶ Dilson Petrey is at the piano in the café bar from six to twelve, except Sundays.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—In the Café Rouge, from dinnertime on, Freddy Martin's orchestra plays for dancing. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—An all-night photographic studio specializing in guys-and-dolls camera studies. Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band supply the dance music.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Through Tuesday, March 27, Joan Edwards sings for the lovelorn and the Chandra Kaly dancers gyrate for serious thinkers. The next night, Lucienne Boyer arrives with a bagful of French-type glamour, and Artini and Consuelo start waltzing. Emile Petti's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band play for dancing.

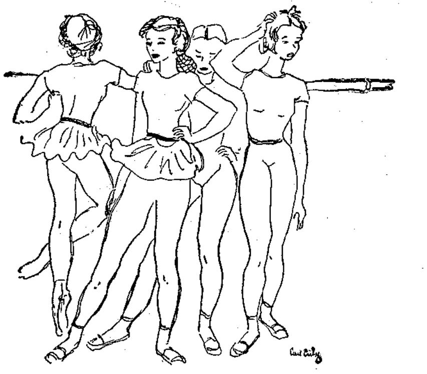
Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Through Wednesday, March 28, at dinner and supper in the Wedgwood Room, Nancy Donovan sings and Ross Harvey prances. Next evening, the débuts of Terry Thomas, an English comedian, and the dance team of Cabot and Dresden. Emil Coleman's orchestra plays dance music. Mischa Borr's dance band alternates with Mr. Coleman's, and on Sundays plays until midnight all by itself.... ¶ In the Flamingo Room, Michael Zarin's orchestra for dancing from six-thirty on. Closed Sundays.

Note—The Rainbow Room is open, but only for cocktails, from four-thirty to nine. There is casual music now and then, and not a single taxi horn. Closed Sundays. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza. The phone: CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Cy Walter's quiet but intricate piano is on tap at dinner and supper. Sundays, Sam Hamilton does the honors.... **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, who was on the bandstand at Aphrodite's coming-out party, starts his bouncy music at eight. Phil D'Arcy's trio is around, too. Closed Sundays. ... **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Hustle and bustle, hustle and bustle all week long. Except Mondays, Charlotte Sande's piano at dinner and supper; except Sundays, Ira Brant's trio after ten.... **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Subdued piano and fiddle after nine-thirty for a not especially subdued audience. Closed Sundays.... **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A musical-comedy version of Spain, with furious indigenous dances by both cast and clients. Closed Mondays.... **VIEUX CARRÉ,** 13 E. 55th St. (PL 3-7296): Except Mondays, from dinner through supper, Louis Hawkins, one of our most debonair hosts, turns his fine Southern hand to lighthearted piano and conversation in this playful reminder of a New Orleans balcony. The room is over L'Aiglon Restaurant.... **NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): In the bar of this busy bit of 1960 décor, Rudy Timfield's dinner and supper piano. Harry Meyerowitz plays for cocktails. Closed Sundays.... **TONI'S CAPRICE,** 112 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-6255): One of the most satisfying of the new restaurants, where Les Crosley's bright piano is audible at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.... **JICKY CLUB,** 139 E. 56th St. (EL 5-1931): Never mind the manic-depressive architecture; just go to the back room after ten and listen to Lee Wiley wend her serene and handsome way through Gershwin and Porter and Arlen. She's there except Mondays. Alex Fogarty plays piano except Tuesdays.... **LA COMMEDIA,** 59 W. 52nd St. (PL 9-3477): Thelma Carpenter, one of the best of the tiger-lily singers, is in full cry after the theatre. Wayne Sanders plays neat piano from dinnertime on. Closed Sundays.... **LA ZAMBRA,** 127 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9131): A casual setting in which Vicente Gomez does perfectly wonderful things with a guitar at dinner and supper. Closed Tuesdays.... **CELESTE,** 28 W. 56th St. (JU 6-9063): After the theatre, Bart Howard's blithe piano. Jim Mahoney's piano enhances the dinner hour. Closed Mondays. ... **HABIBI,** 227 W. 46th St. (JU 6-1978): Shoshana Damari, an import from Israel, sings her specialties in an absorbing voice. Closed Mondays.... **CAFÉ MADISON,** Madison Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-5000): Piano music from six to nine Mondays through Fridays, and Bernie Dolen's orchestra for dancing between the same hours on Saturdays and from noon to nine on Sundays.... **LA VIE EN ROSE,** 123 E. 54th St. (MU 8-8420): Scheduled to open Sunday, March 25, with the French singer Marjane and Cy Coleman's trio. Dancing.



BIG AND BRASSY

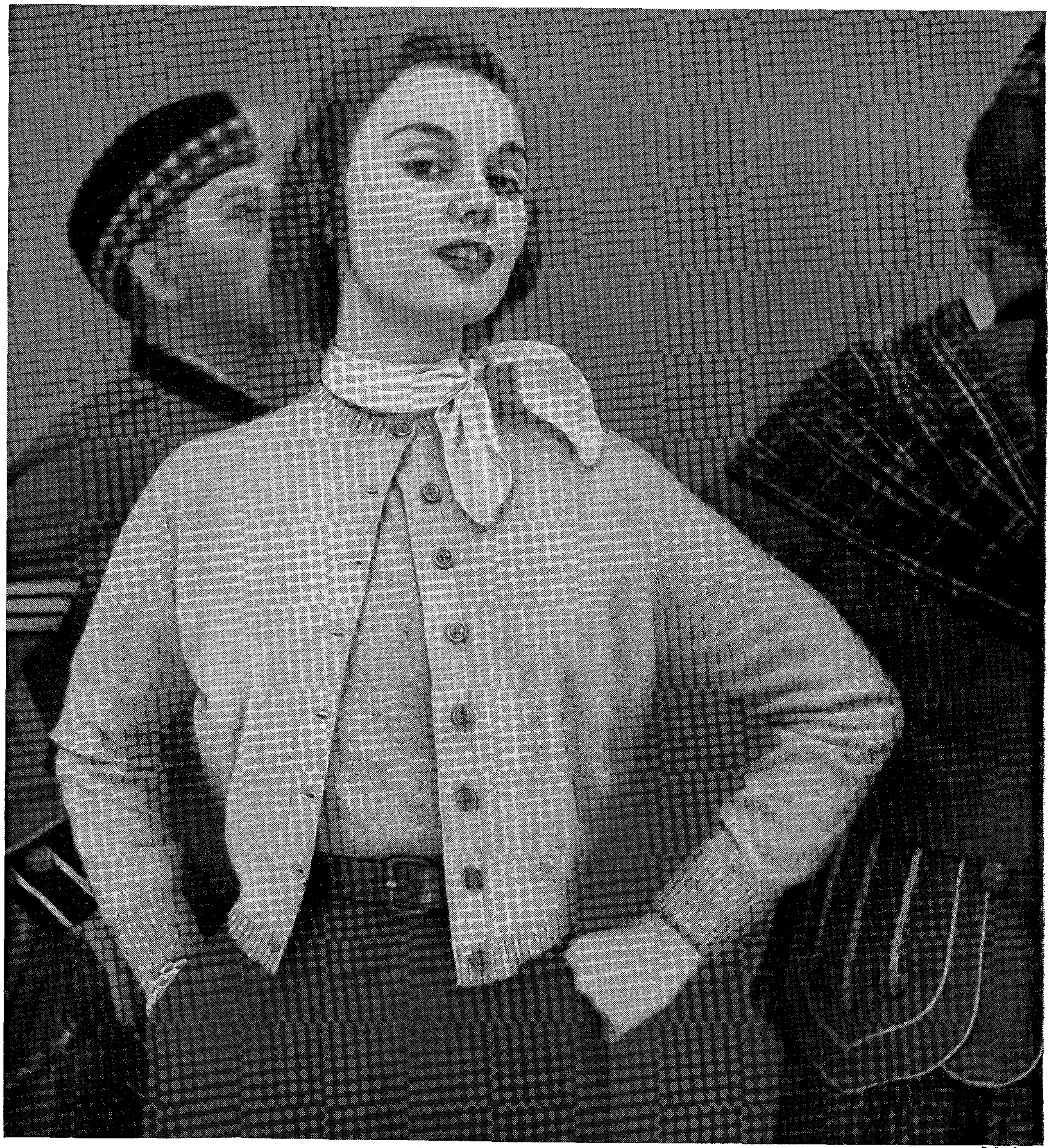
COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Peggy Lee, darling of the disc jockeys, adding a certain verve to this old carbarn. Dancing. ... **OLD KNICK MUSIC HALL,** Second Ave. at 54th St. (PL 9-2724): A real rumpus room, with hiss-the-villain melodrama, singing waiters, old movies (trimmed with Paul Killiam's punning commentary), and other foolishness, including dancing. Closed Mondays.... **CAFÉ SOCIETY,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): Arthur Blake, an industrious mimic of Hollywood characters, does a lot better than most of his confreres in that overcrowded profession. Ann Hathaway sings and a dance orchestra plays. Cliff Jackson is still at the keyboard during the intermissions.... **LATIN QUARTER,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1737): Señor Wences and his puppets, an ageless and enchanting blend of ventriloquism and manual dexterity, go their talented way unruffled by the surrounding uproar.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Dorothy Greener, a sandpiper with a strange face and a brash voice, is making merry in the main room, along with the fractious Mad Moiselles. The harmonious King Odom Quartet sings, and Portia Nelson and the Page Cavanaugh Trio collaborate on some stunning ballads. Stuart Ross plays solo piano.... ¶ In the lounge, except Saturdays, the after-theatre piano fancies of the celebrated Eadie and Rack. John Kelley, Jr., plays earlier, except Mondays.... **LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Julius Monk's collection of top-of-the-barrel humor—Michael Brown's Sur-

Peck and Peck



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realist madness, Kirkwood and Goodman's triple talk, the Three Riffs' jokes in jive time, and Miss Pat Carroll's gay ballads. The most angelic music this side of paradise comes from the Norman Paris Trio. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Wally Cox, the most original wise man of our day; Royce Wallace, a girl with a deep blue voice; and Hillel and Aviva, Israeli folk singers. Between shows, the brisk dance music of Clarence Williams and Karl Lynch. Closed Mondays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Herb Corey's caricatures of famous and infamous notables, Mimi Kelly's songs, and the double piano of Bob Downey and Harold Fonville. Hazel Webster, of course, is the solo pianist. Antique movies on Sundays; Mondays are amateur nights. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 137 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4759): Above the tumultuous Show Spot bar, except Sundays, Mabel Mercer sings her one-of-a-kind sad songs about the loveless love life of the moderns. Sam Hamilton is her pianist. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): The well-remembered voice of Mildred Bailey, as fine as it ever was, is once more abroad in the land. Jimmie Daniels sings, too, and Jimmy Komack and Martin Burns splash some very young but antic humor about. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHEZ VITO,** Hotel Meurice, 145 W. 58th St. (PL 7-0083): A very restless room, but it's fun to watch Pat Rainey (who's around except Mondays) toss a few *sotto-voce* songs over a splendid pair of shoulders in time to Ellis Larkin's piano. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322): Spivy shows up in her Swiss chalet late in the evening to run through her night-blooming ballads. Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): No "Tennessee Waltz" ever takes the glittering sheen from Wild Bill Davison's free-wheeling trumpet. Cutty Cutshall, Buzzy Drootin, Edmond Hall, Bob Casey, Gene Schroeder, and sometimes Mr. Condon help him let joy reign unrefined. Ralph Sutton plays spontaneous-combustion piano between sets. On Tuesdays, visiting firebrands compound the chaos. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Joe Bushkin, pianist and local wit, dominates this modernistic chophouse after nine. Buck Clayton is his horn man, and other useful citizens chip in solos now and then. Art Tatum plays some pretty fine interlude piano. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's Dixieland band is in charge of house-wrecking here. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Conrad Janis's band, which includes Elmer Schoebel on piano, Fred Moore on drums, and Mr. Janis on trombone. Don Frye, the interlude pianist, goes with the lease. Jam sessions Monday nights. Dancing. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): Through Wednesday, March 28, the trios of Erroll Garner (Shadow Wilson and John Simmons are his side men) and Slim Gaillard, plus Charlie Parker's string group. Next evening, Charlie Parker (completely unstrung this time) joins Dizzy Gillespie's outfit, and Georgie Auld's band also moves in. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO,** 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): Those Friday-night rigadoons. On March 23, Wild Bill Davison, Max Kaminsky, Lou McGarity, Jimmy McPartland, John Kirby, and Ray McKinley are promised. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): More Friday-night fun in a boiler factory. This week (March 23), Phil Napoleon's Memphis Five, Big Chief Russell Moore, and Willie the Lion Smith are booked. Dancing.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

KENNETH EVETT—Semi-abstract paintings, done within the past two years, of, among other subjects, a Western landscape, a subway, and a sleeping child. (Kraushaar, 32 E. 57th St.; through March 31.)

Antonio Frasconi—Recent woodcuts, in color as well as in black-and-white, by a Uruguayan artist whose prints this gallery is presenting for the fourth consecutive year. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.; through April 11.)

Group Shows—At the **ROSENBERG**, 16 E. 57th St.: New oils by Milton Avery, Marsden Hartley, Karl Knaths, Abraham Rattner, and Max Weber; through March 24. . . . **VIVIANO**, 42 E. 57th St.: Modern paintings, sculptures, and drawings by artists under forty, including Emilio Vedova, Ruvolo Rollo, Mirko, and Emmanuel Viviano; through March 31. . . . **WILLARD**, 32 E. 57th St.: Drawings by Morris Graves, Norman Lewis, Charles Seliger, David Smith, and Ezio Martinelli; through March 24.

Henry Koerner—A fresh set of paintings and drawings (the former, unfortunately, a bit monotonous in texture) by one of the newer American "super-realists." (Midtown, 605 Madison Ave., at 58th St.; through March 31.)

Jean Lurçat—Recent gouaches, adroitly exploiting the possibilities of such subjects as grasshoppers, turtles, and butterflies. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.; through March 31.)

Male and Female—Paintings, all more or less related to the stated theme, by Hans Hofmann, Robert Motherwell, and others of this gallery's group. (Kootz, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.; through March 26.)

Joan Miró—A small retrospective, 1946 to the present, showing this Spanish modernist at his gayest and most fanciful. (Pierre Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.; through March 31.)

Modern French—At the **NIVEAU**, 63 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Rouault, Modigliani, Bombois, and others; through March 31. . . . **PERLS**, 32 E. 58th St.: Bombois, Dufy, Picasso, and Rouault are among the artists represented in a collection of twenty-four paintings; through March 24.

Henry Moore—A fine, varied show of sculptures, with some drawings, by the prominent British abstractionist. (Buchholz, 32 E. 57th St.; through March 31.)

Henry Varnum Poor—Paintings and sculptures, the former including a number of Italian landscapes that capture effectively the rough beauty of the hill towns and the country around them. (Rehn, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.; through March 24.)

Rubens—A loan show, for the benefit of the Public Education Association, and, rather amazingly, the first really comprehensive exhibition of the great Flemish painter's works in this city. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.; through March 31.)

Sculpture—An instructive group exhibition of works done directly in metal, by such artists as David Smith, Saul Baizerman, David Hare, and José de Creeft. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. Daily, 2 to 5, and, except Saturday, 7 to 10; through March 24.)

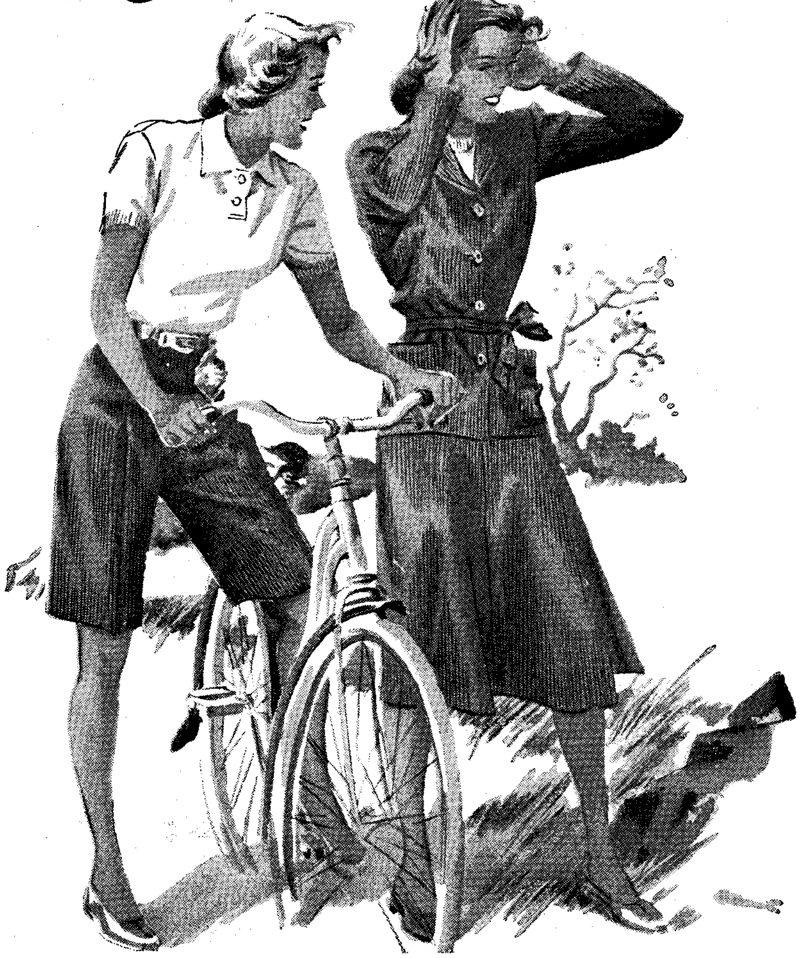
Charles Sheeler—Paintings in oil and tempera done between 1949 and 1951, and covering such subjects as New York City, farm buildings, and New England factory towns. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.; through March 31.)

Sidney Simon—Paintings, on a variety of subjects, by a young artist of more than usual promise. (Grand Central Moderns, 130 E. 56th St.; through March 23.)

Florine Stettheimer—A dozen of her whimsical portraits of figures of the nineteen-twenties, set off by a bouquet of flower pieces in water color by Charles Demuth. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.; through March 24.)

Theo van Doesburg—Selected works by one of the founders, with Mondrian, of the non-objective school of modern painting. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Weekdays, 1:30 to 5:30; through March 31.)

Some of This Week's Openings—At the **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: William Gropper; through April 7. . . . **GRAND CENTRAL MODERNS**, 130 E. 56th St.: Group show of paintings; through April 7. . . . **JANIS**, 15 E. 57th St.: Fernand Léger; through April 7. . . . **LEVITT**, 559 Madison Ave., at 56th St.: Herbert Barnett; through April 14. . . . NA-



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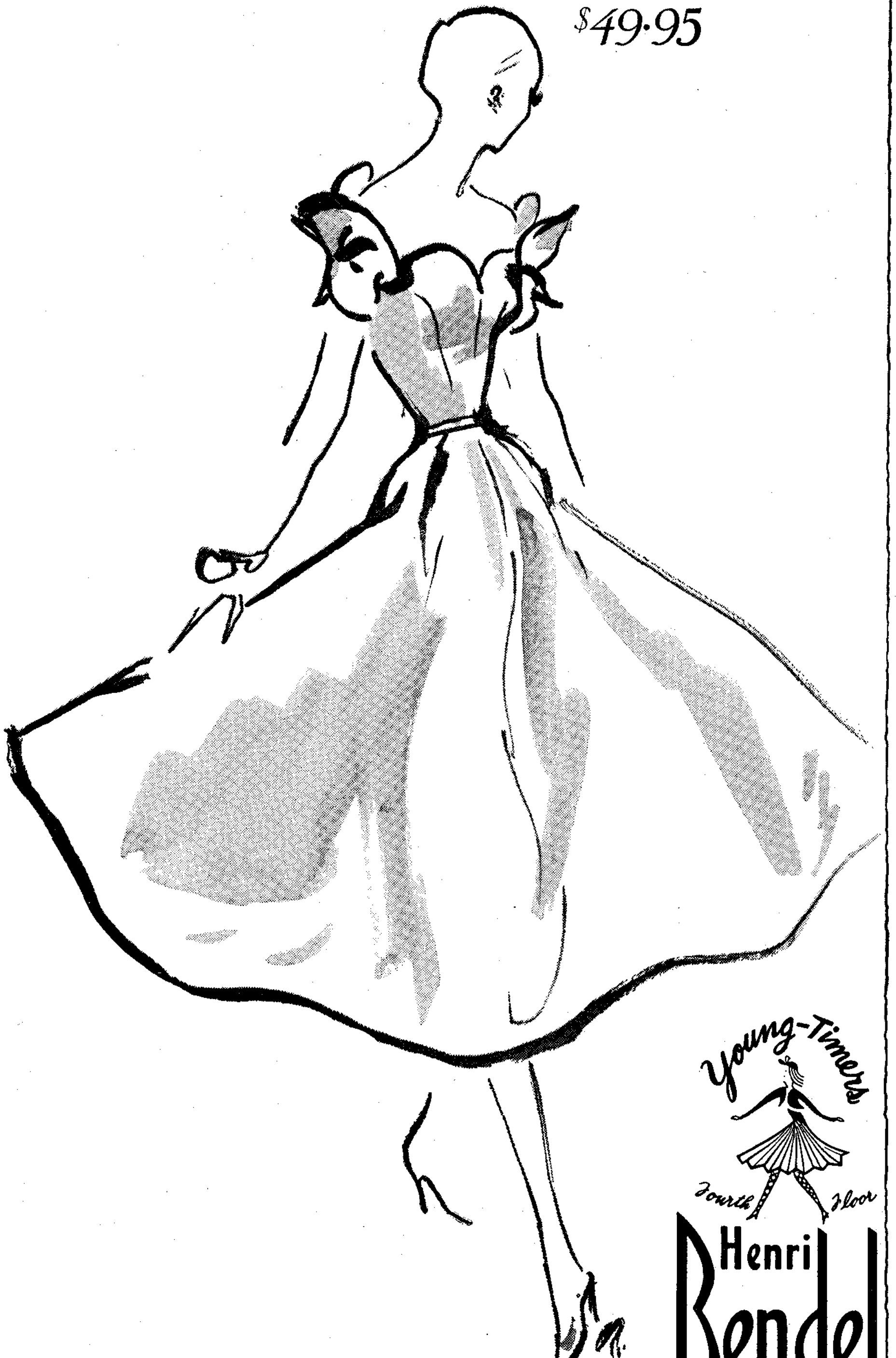

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

TIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.: One Hundred and Twenty-Sixth Annual Exhibition. Daily, 1 to 5; through April 8.... **ST. ETIENNE,** 46 W. 57th St.: Grandma Moses; through April 14.... **BERTHA SCHAEFER,** 32 E. 57th St.: Ben-Zion; through April 7.

MUSEUMS

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A display of primitive Indian art of Alaska and Canada; through April 15.... ¶ The Fifth National Print Annual, comprising etchings, engravings, woodcuts, lithographs, and serigraphs; through May 20. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—The Eighth Annual Exhibit of Children's Art, made up of paintings and murals done by children, ranging in age from eight to fourteen, who are students in Jewish schools throughout New York City, plus a showing of art work by their teachers. (Mondays through Thursdays, 3 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6; through May 6.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Early Renaissance paintings (Italian, French, and Flemish) from the Museum's collection. ... ¶ A show of costumes arranged by the Costume Institute and calculated to inspire fashion designers.... ¶ Water colors, drawings, and oil paintings portraying Paris during the early nineteen-hundreds, among them more than fifty water colors by Pierre Vidal; through April 15.... ¶ The Seventy-fifth Anniversary Exhibition of the Art Students League, containing paintings and sculptures done by seventy-five artists at one time or another associated with the League; through April 29. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A comprehensive and instructive survey of abstract painting and sculpture in America since 1912. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7; through March 25.)

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A group show by the Museum's regulars, among them Hilla Rebay and Josef Albers, as well as by some Germans as yet little known here. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6; through April 1.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Sketches and pen-and-ink drawings by the late Charles Dana Gibson, including political cartoons, a couple of portraits, and many versions of the Gibson Girl; through May 1.... ¶ Water colors by David Payne of rooms in the New York houses of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mr. and Mrs. Angier Biddle Duke, the Billy Roses, Gloria Swanson, and others; through March 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

RIVERSIDE MUSEUM, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—A showing by the American Abstract Artists organization, including works by three deceased members—Piet Mondrian, Ladislas Moholy-Nagy, and R. D. Turnbull—along with exhibits by some Danish and British abstract painters and sculptors. (Daily, 1 to 5; through April 8.)

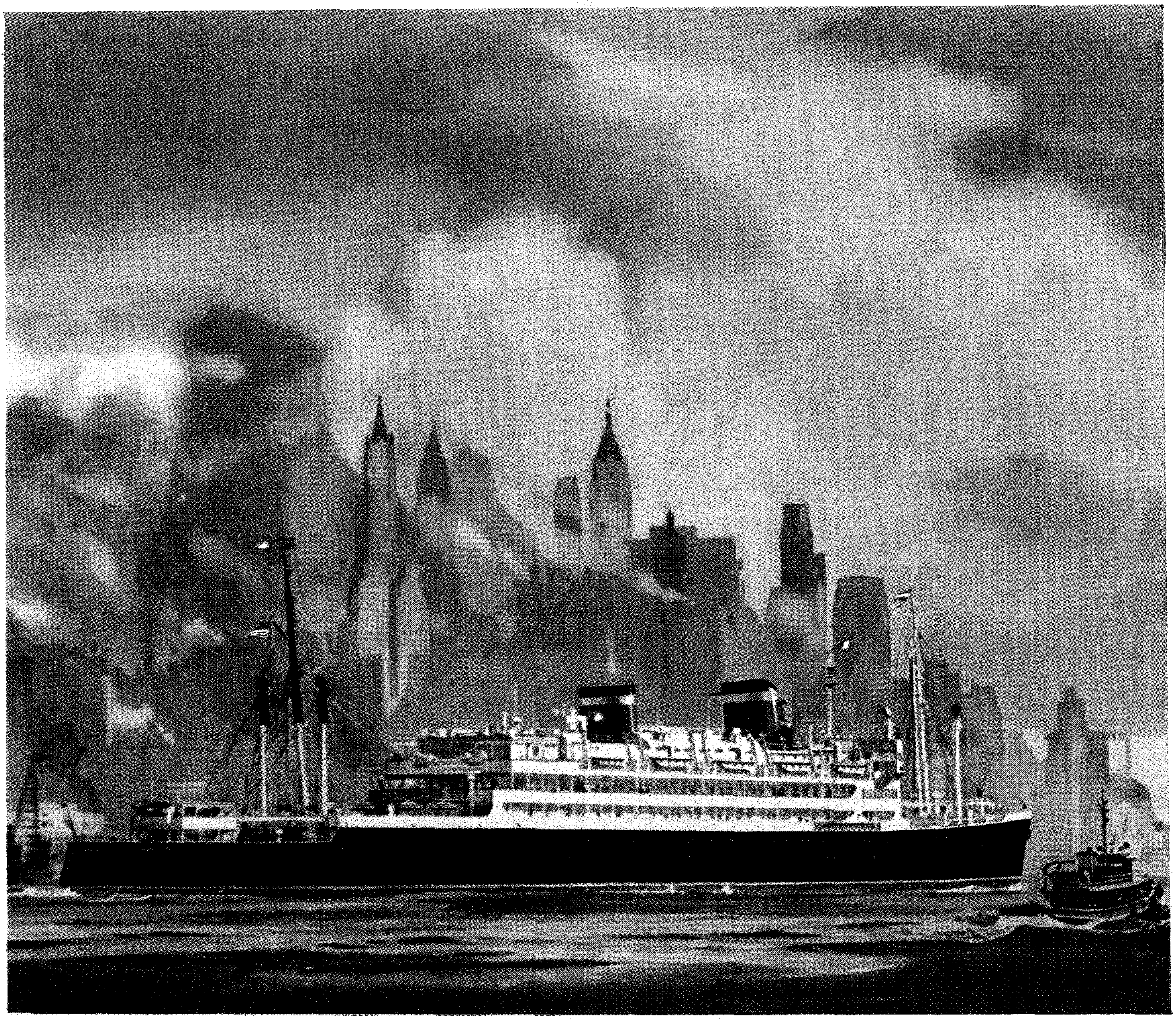
WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8th St.—The Museum's 1951 Annual of Contemporary American Sculpture, Water Colors, and Drawings. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5; through May 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall LU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday, March 22, at 8:15: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Regina Resnik, Margaret Roggero, Kurt Baum, and Francesco Valentino; and "Pagliacci," with Delia Rigal, Kurt Baum, Leonard Warren,



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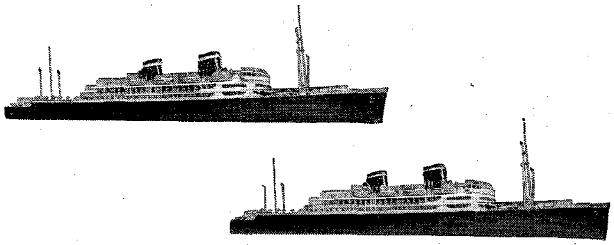

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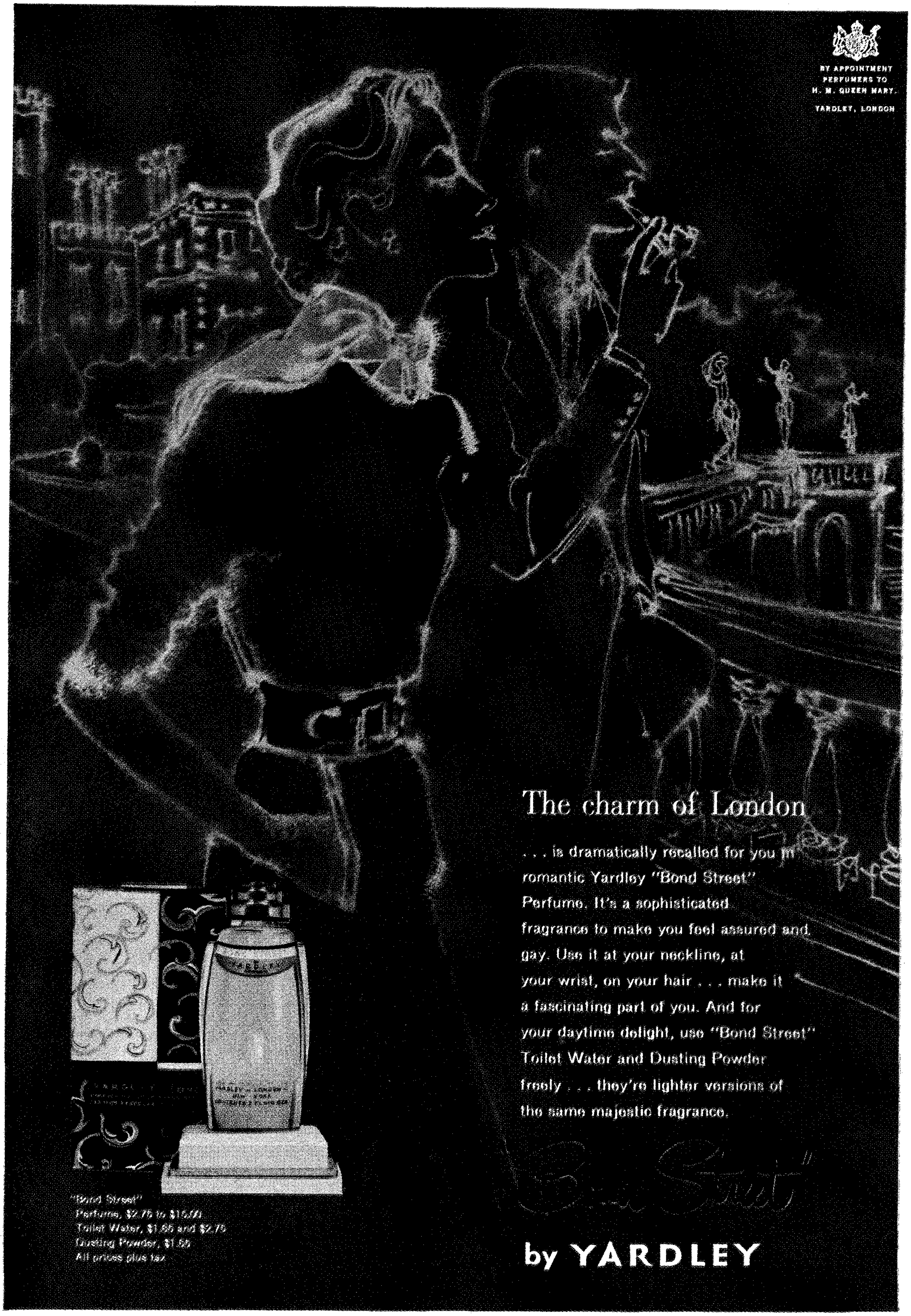

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and Thomas Hayward. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, March 23-24, at 2:30: Verdi's "Requiem," conducted by Bruno Walter, with Zinka Milanov, Elena Nikolaidi, Jan Peerce, and Cesare Siepi. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 24, at 8:15: "Fledermaus," with Marguerite Piazza, Patrice Munsel, Set Svanholm, and Eugene Conley. . . . ¶ Monday, March 26, at 8: "Tristan und Isolde," with Kirsten Flagstad, Herta Glaz, Set Svanholm, and Paul Schoeffler. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 29, at 8:30: "Madame Butterfly," with Licia Albanese, Margaret Roggero, Charles Kullman, and Francesco Valentino. . . . ¶ Friday, March 30, at 8:30: "La Bohème," with Victoria de los Angeles, Lois Hunt, Giuseppe Di Stefano, and Giuseppe Valdengo. (A benefit for the Free Milk Fund for Babies; for tickets, call BR 9-9000.) . . . ¶ Saturday, March 31, at 2: "Fledermaus," with Marguerite Piazza, Patrice Munsel, Brian Sullivan, and Charles Kullman. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 31, at 8:30: "La Traviata," with Delia Rigal, Lucielle Browning, Richard Tucker, and Leonard Warren. (Performances continue through Saturday, April 7.)

New York City Opera Company—Thursday, March 22, at 8:15: "Manon" (company première). . . . ¶ Friday, March 23, at 7:30: "Die Meistersinger." . . . ¶ Saturday, March 24, at 8:15: "Faust." . . . ¶ Sunday, March 25, at 2:30: "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci." . . . ¶ Sunday, March 25, at 8:15: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English). . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 28, at 8:15: "Manon." . . . ¶ Thursday, March 29, at 8:15: "The Tales of Hoffmann." . . . ¶ Friday, March 30, at 8:15: "Don Giovanni." . . . ¶ Saturday, March 31, at 1:30: "Die Meistersinger." . . . ¶ Saturday, March 31, at 8:15: "La Traviata." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. The season continues through Sunday, April 22.)

Giants in the Earth—An opera based on the novel by O. E. Rölvaag, with a libretto by Arnold Sundgaard and music by Douglas Moore. Produced by the Columbia Theatre Associates and the Columbia Opera Workshop, and directed by Felix Brentano. Opens Wednesday, March 28, and will run through Saturday, April 7. (Brander Matthews Theatre, 420 W. 117th St. UN 4-3200, Ext. 2135. Nightly, except Sunday and Monday, at 8:40.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—At Carnegie Hall—Victor de Sabata conducting: Thursday, March 22, at 8:45, and Friday, March 23, at 2:30 (both all-Wagner programs, with no soloists); and Sunday, March 25, at 2:45 (an all-Wagner program, with Eileen Farrell, soprano). . . . ¶ Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting: Thursday, March 29, at 8:45, and Friday, March 30, at 2:30 (both with Mr. Mitropoulos as piano soloist). . . . ¶ Franco Autori conducting: Saturday, March 31, at 8:45 (with Andor Foldes, piano).

De Paur Infantry Chorus—Leonard de Paur directing. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Tuesday, March 27, at 8:30.)

Vienna Choir Boys—Peter Lacovich directing. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 4-3200, Ext. 2461. Thursday, March 29, at 8:30.)

Middlebury College Choir—H. Ward Bedford directing. (Town Hall. Friday, March 30, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Marian Anderson—Contralto. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 25, at 8:30.)

Elena Nikolaidi—Contralto. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., AT 9-9456. Sunday, March 25, at 8:40.)

José Iturbi—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, March 26, at 8:30.)

Suzanne Bloch—Playing the lute and singing a program of Renaissance, Elizabethan, and baroque music, along with other vocalists and instrumentalists. (Times Hall, 240 W.

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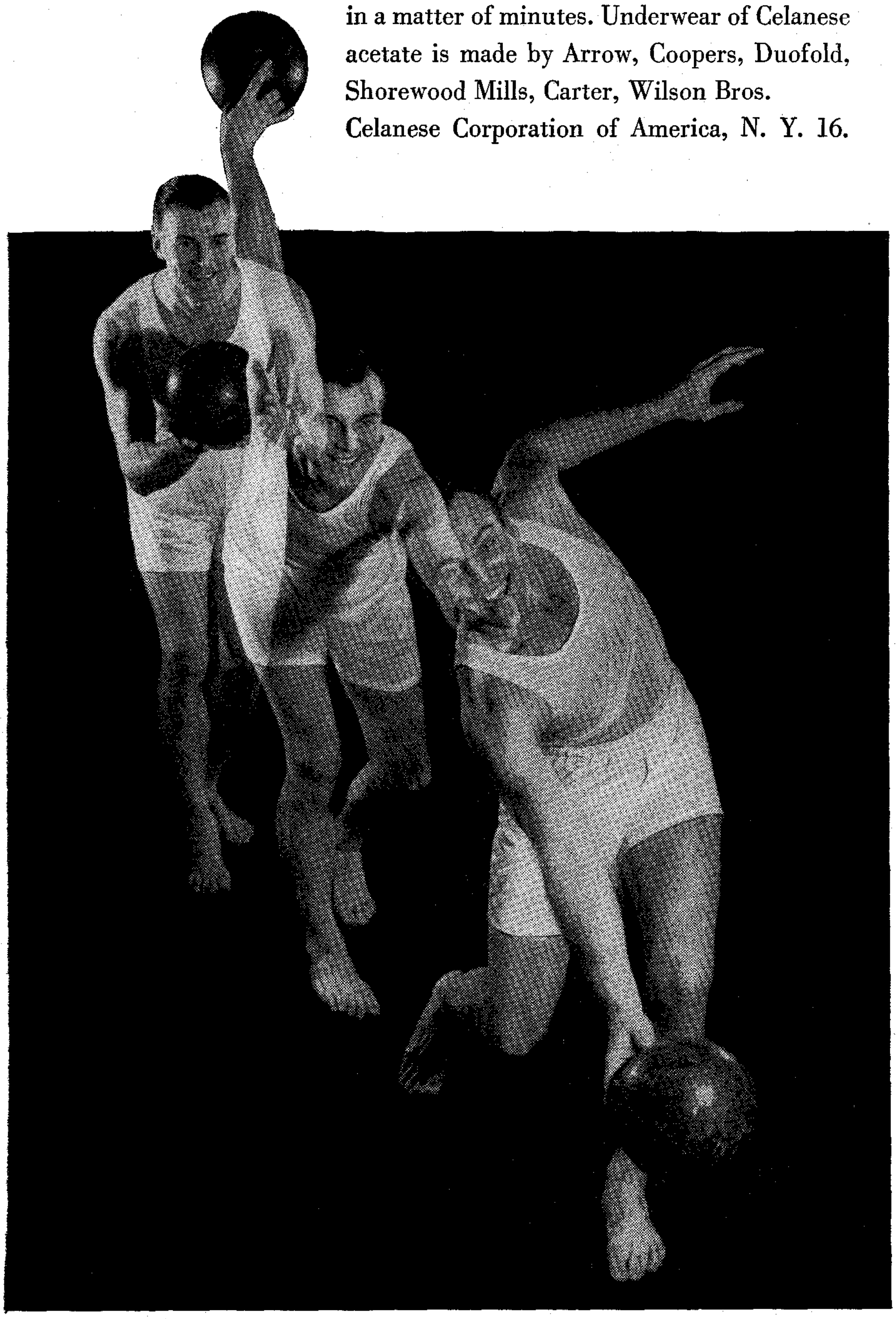

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

44th St. LA 4-1000, Ext. 502. Wednesday, March 28, at 8:30.)

William Kapell—Piano. (Town Hall. Wednesday, March 28, at 8:30.)

New Music String Quartet—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Wednesday, March 28, at 8:40.... ¶ McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 4-3200, Ext. 2461. Saturday, March 31, at 8:30.)

Sascha Gorodnitzki—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 31, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Regina Resnik—Soprano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, March 31, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Kurt Weill Concert—Lotte Lenya-Weill, Grete Mosheim, Inez Matthews, Stefan Schnabel, Ralph Herbert, Victor Clarke, and others. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Saturday, March 31, at 8:40.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811. Other numbers are included in the listings.)

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, March 23: Ike Williams vs. John L. Davis, lightweights, 10 rounds.... ¶ Friday, March 30: Kid Gavilan vs. Eugene Hairston, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

College Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—N.C.A.A. Tournament, Eastern Regional: Semifinals, Thursday, March 22; and final, Saturday, March 24. (Games begin at 7:45.) . . . ¶ East-West All-Star game, for the benefit of the *Herald Tribune* Fresh Air Fund: Saturday, March 31, at 7:45.

Professional Basketball—National Basketball Association Championship Playoffs: Knicks vs. Boston. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, March 24, at 3.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, March 25: Rangers vs. Chicago.... ¶ Wednesday, March 28 (if the Rangers make the playoffs): Stanley Cup match. (Games begin at 8:30.)

Horse Show—Ox Ridge Hunt Club Horse Show. (Darien, Conn. Saturday, March 31.)

Indoor Polo—Saturday, March 24: Semifinal matches of the Eastern Twelve-Goal Championship.... ¶ Saturday, March 31: Final match of the Eastern Twelve-Goal Championship, and another game. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Games begin at 8:30.)

Racing—Laurel Park, Laurel, Md.: Weekdays at 1:30, from Friday, March 23, through Thursday, April 19.

FOR CHILDREN

Operetta—The Blue Hill Troupe presenting a special children's performance of Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Pirates of Penzance" and "Trial by Jury." For the benefit of the Manhattan Eye, Ear, and Throat Hospital. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Saturday, March 31, at 2:30. For tickets, call BU 8-8302.)

Plays—By the **PLAY-MART**: "Sleeping Beauty." (Carl Fischer Concert Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3:15. For tickets, call TR 7-7591.) . . . **JUNIOR THEATRE**: "Hänsel and Gretel." (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, March 24, at 2:15. For tickets, call CI 6-0224.) . . . **CHILDREN'S WORLD THEATRE**: "Ali Baba." (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. Monday through Saturday, March 26-31, at 2:30. For tickets, call PE 6-5536.) . . . **JUNIOR PLAYHOUSE**: "Hänsel and Gretel." (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Tuesday through Friday, March 27-30, at 3.) . . . **SALOME GAYNOR THEATRE**: "Hans Brinker; or, The Silver Skates." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 31, at 3.)

Peter Rabbit Easter Garden—A country estate designed for the celebrated rabbit by the New York Botanical Garden, in Bronx Park. The house is a chocolate Easter egg, the grounds are blooming with flowers and vegetables, the duck pond is alive with ducks, and Mr. MacGregor can mind his own business. (Open daily, 10 to 5; through Sunday, April 1.)

Movies—Features and short subjects. (Trans-Lux Colony Theatre, 2nd Ave. at 79th St., BU 8-9468; and Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St., BU 8-3180; Saturdays at 11.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—At Lake Success, Mondays through Fridays, there may be occasional open meetings of the Security Council, the Atomic Energy Commission, the Commission on Conventional Armaments, and the Interim Committee of the General Assembly. About five hundred visitors can be admitted to each meeting. For tickets, call FIeldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2253, the day before you want to go. Frequent trains leave Penn Station for Great Neck, where they connect with buses for Lake Success. Incidentally, questions about the United Nations can be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 220 W. 45th St., JU 2-0233.

Hayden Planetarium—The March show is called "Easter in the Heavens." (Central Park W. at 81st St. Thursday and Friday, March 22-23, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Saturdays, March 24 and 31, at 11, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Sunday, March 25, at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; and Monday through Friday, March 26-30, at 11, 2, 3, 4, and 8:30.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.—Furniture, including seventeenth- and eighteenth-century English, nineteenth-century American, and some eighteenth-century French, along with paintings, among them portraits by Raeburn and Romney, the property of Mrs. Ogden Reid, James G. Hardy, and others. (Exhibition Thursday and Friday, March 22-23, from 10 to 5. Auction Thursday, March 22, at 10:15 and 1:45, and Saturday, March 24, at 1:45.) . . . ¶ Chinese porcelain, pottery, and jades; Japanese ivory carvings; Chinese and Japanese prints; and Chinese paintings, from the collections of Mrs. Howard Back, Emanuel Gran, and others. (Exhibition Saturday, March 24, and Monday, March 26, from 10 to 5, and Tuesday, March 27, from 10 to 8. Auction Wednesday and Thursday, March 28-29, at 1:45.) . . . ¶ Louis XV, Louis XVI, and other French furniture; paintings by Gainsborough, Vigée-Lebrun, and others; sculptures; tapestries and rugs; and glass and silver, from the estate of the late Samuel G. Archibald and from other sources. (Exhibition Saturday, March 24; Monday, March 26; and Wednesday and Thursday, March 28-29, from 10 to 5; and Tuesday, March 27, from 10 to 8. Auction Friday and Saturday, March 30-31, at 1:45.)

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Note—Volunteers are needed in every department of civil-defense work. Twenty categories of assignment have been set up; a few demand professional or technical skills, but most are open to anyone of stout heart, limb, and determination. Among the branches of service are the Auxiliary Police Corps, the Ground Observer Corps, the Fire Department Auxiliary Fire Corps, and the Auxiliary Communications Corps. Also, air wardens, hospital aids, radiation monitors, litter bearers, clerical workers, and messengers are required. All hospitals and precinct police stations and most district firehouses are now able to handle applications for enlistment. Further information can be had from the five borough recruiting offices: 500 Park Ave., at 59th St. (MU 8-6940), in Manhattan; 2 Court St. (MAin 4-7681), in Brooklyn; Borough Hall, 120-55 Queens Blvd. (BOulevard 3-0916), in Queens; Bronx County Court House, 161st St. and Grand Concourse (LUdlow 8-4289), in the Bronx; and Borough Hall, St. George, S.I. (GIbraltar 7-1000, Ext. 32), in Richmond. . . . ¶ Blood donations for the armed forces are, of course, also urgently sought. To make an appointment, call the Red Cross Chapter, 70 W. 40th St., MU 9-1000.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

All About Eve—A witty comedy, written and directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, dealing with some of the foibles of the theatre. Bette Davis appears to advantage playing an actress as unpredictable as, let us say, Miss Bankhead, and Anne Baxter is quite persuasive as another actress, determined to reach the top of her profession, no matter how many people she has to claw on the way up. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through March 28, tentative. . . . ¶ Murray Hill, Park at 42nd, MU 2-1431; March 25-27.)

Bitter Rice—Life among the rice harvesters of the Po Valley, depicted in an Italian film that is long on both violence and documentary photography. Silvana Mangano is something to see as a lady too reckless to settle down to a placid bucolic career. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

Born Yesterday—Judy Holliday in the role of a junkman's paramour who learns so much about democracy in Washington that she refuses to let her coarse boy friend push her around any more. Miss Holliday is just as entertaining in this adaptation of Garson Kanin's play as she was in the original. Broderick Crawford and William Holden are fine, too. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540.)

Cyrano de Bergerac—José Ferrer as Rostand's Gascon in a film so full of rodomontade that it's frequently as tiresome as a Legion rally. Mala Powers' Roxane is pretty but inept, and the rest of the cast is more or less obscured behind Mr. Ferrer, who takes over the proceedings with the confidence of a cruise director. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30, and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

Fourteen Hours—Richard Basehart plays a troubled young man who may or may not jump from the ledge, high above Manhattan, on which he has perched himself. A highly dramatic film, in which Mr. Basehart gives an estimable performance, as do Agnes Moorehead, Robert Keith, Paul Douglas, and Barbara Bel Geddes. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240.)

The Happiest Days of Your Life—Margaret Rutherford and Alastair Sim in a chipper English film that traces the consequences of trying to transform a venerable boys' school into a coeducational establishment. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; through March 27. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting March 24.)

Harvey—The Mary Chase play about the dipsomaniac and the six-foot-four rabbit, faithfully and successfully translated to the screen. James Stewart plays the inebriate and is abetted magnificently by Josephine Hull. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting March 28.)

The Magnet—An English film describing the misunderstandings of an imaginative small boy and some practical adults. Not up to the standards of "The Fallen Idol," to which it has a dim resemblance, but entertaining for all that. William Fox is fine as the boy, and Stephen Murray, Kay Walsh, and Meredith Edwards do well as his elders. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134; through March 25.)

The Mudlark—A mildly diverting fable about an urchin from the Thames Embankment who sneaks into Windsor Castle and succeeds in making Victoria stop brooding about the death of Albert. Irene Dunne, as the Queen, is something less than convincing, but Andrew Ray, as the urchin, is excellent. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through March 23. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through March 24. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting March 28.)

Orpheus—A modern-dress version of what the Greek lyre man went through to get Eurydice out of Hades. As done by Jean Cocteau, it is pretty antic. A French film, with Jean Marais, Maria Casarès, and François Perier. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; March 22.)

Seven Days to Noon—London under the siege of a fission expert who threatens to blow the place up if His Majesty's Government doesn't agree to stop making atomic bombs. A British film, in which an evacuation of London is done with terrifying realism. The talented cast includes Barry Jones and Olive Sloane. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

Storm Warning—Steve Cochran, Ginger Rogers, and Ronald Reagan in a satisfactory, though superficial, film about the Ku Klux Klan. Mr. Cochran is outstanding as a dim-witted bullyboy entranced by the Klan and its paraphernalia. (Strand, B'way at 47th, CI 7-5900; through March 25.)

The 13th Letter—How a poison-pen campaign disrupts the even tenor of a small town in Quebec. A picture that has its stimulating moments and the services of a first-rate cast, headed by Charles Boyer and Michael Rennie. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633; through March 23.)

Trio—Another movie made up of Somerset Maugham stories, not as good as its predecessor, "Quartet," but distinguished by some highly competent acting. An English picture, with Jean Simmons, James Hayter, and Nigel Patrick. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

REVIVALS

Adam's Rib (1949)—Fun in the law courts, with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, and Judy Holliday. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; March 28.)

All the King's Men (1949)—An adaptation of the Robert Penn Warren novel having to do with a politician very similar to the late Huey Long. With Broderick Crawford. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; March 27.)

Annie Get Your Gun (1950)—Betty Hutton in the Irving Berlin musical. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; March 26.)

The Blue Angel (1930)—Marlene Dietrich as a cabaret singer and Emil Jannings as a schoolmaster. A German film. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through March 23. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; March 25-27.)

Un Carnet de Bal (1938)—A widow traces the careers of her early loves. A French film, with Marie Bell, Harry Baur, and Raimu. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through March 28.)

Cinderella (1950)—A full-length Walt Disney film. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; March 24-25.)

Destry Rides Again (1939)—Marlene Dietrich's début in horse opera. With Una Merkel and James Stewart. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; March 26.)

Horsefeathers (1932)—The Marx Brothers in an academic setting. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; starting March 28, tentative.)

The Informer (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. Victor McLaglen. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through March 28, tentative.)

Kiss of Death (1947)—Gangster homicide in New York. With Victor Mature and Richard Widmark. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; March 25-27.)

Monkey Business (1931)—The Marx Brothers again, this time on board a liner, at a racketeers' ball, in a barn—everywhere. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; starting March 28, tentative.)

A Run for Your Money (1950)—A garden specialist (Alec Guinness) involved with a couple of Welsh miners on the loose in London. A British film. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; through March 27, tentative.)

Symphonie Pastorale (1948)—A French version of the André Gide story about a blind girl and a pastor, with Michèle Morgan and Pierre Blanchar. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-1365; March 22.)

Tight Little Island (1949)—An English comedy about some Scots with and without whiskey in wartime. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; through March 27, tentative.)

To Live in Peace (1947)—Aldo Fabrizi as an Italian peasant who befriends a couple of G.I.s, one of them colored, during the war. Made in Italy. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-1365; March 22.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through March 25, showings at 3 and 5:30: "Blind Husbands" (1919), directed by, and with, Erich von Stroheim. . . . ¶ Starting March 26, showings at 3: "The Big Parade" (1925), directed by King Vidor, with John Gilbert and Renée Adorée. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
FOURTEEN HOURS.

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
CYRANO DE BERGERAC.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
Through March 28: "Inside Straight," David Brian, Arlene Dahl.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
March 22: "The Groom Wore Spurs," Ginger Rogers, Jack Carson.
From March 23: "The Prince of Peace" (non-professional cast).

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
Through March 28 (tentative): "No Orchids for Miss Blandish," Jack La Rue, Linden Travers.

Little CinéMet, 6th Ave. at 39th. (LO 4-1141)
Through March 28 (tentative): "The Red Shoes," revival, Moira Shearer, Leonide Massine; and "Intermezzo," revival, Ingrid Bergman, Leslie Howard.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Gambling House," Victor Mature, Terry Moore.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Royal Wedding," Fred Astaire, Jane Powell.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"The Lemon Drop Kid," Bob Hope, Marilyn Maxwell.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
Through March 23: **THE 13TH LETTER.**
From March 24: "Rawhide," Tyrone Power, Susan Hayward.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Bird of Paradise," Louis Jourdan, Debra Paget.

State, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
Through March 23: "Tomahawk," Van Heflin, Yvonne De Carlo.
From March 24: "Up Front," David Wayne, Tom Ewell.

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
Through March 25: **STORM WARNING.**
From March 26: "Lullaby of Broadway," Doris Day, Gene Nelson.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
BORN YESTERDAY.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
BITTER RICE (in Italian).

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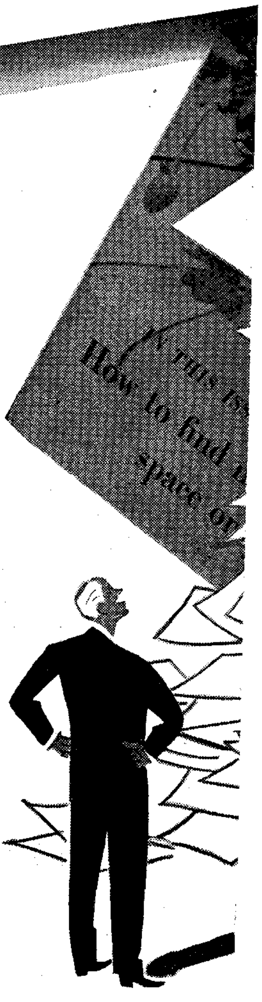

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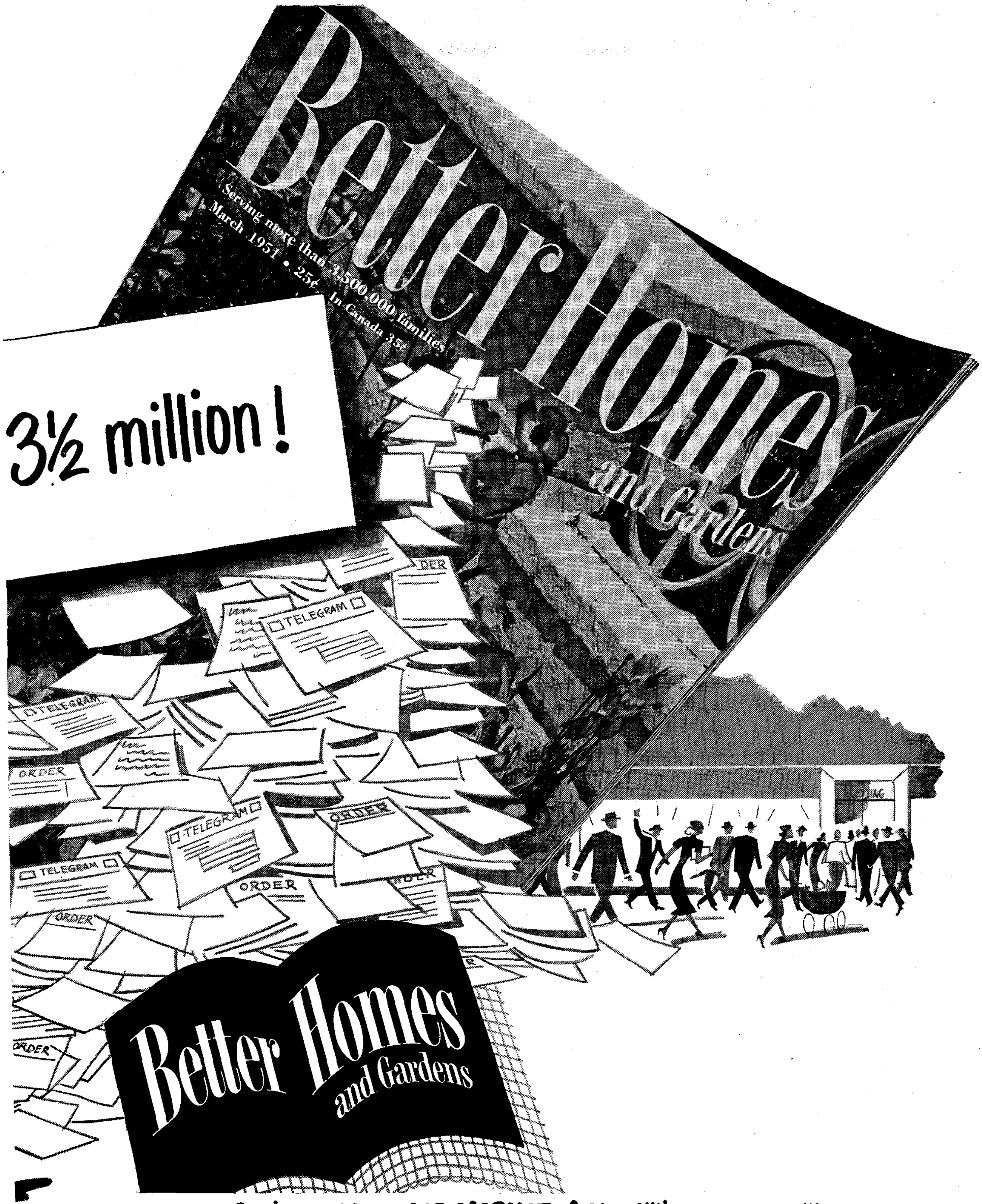
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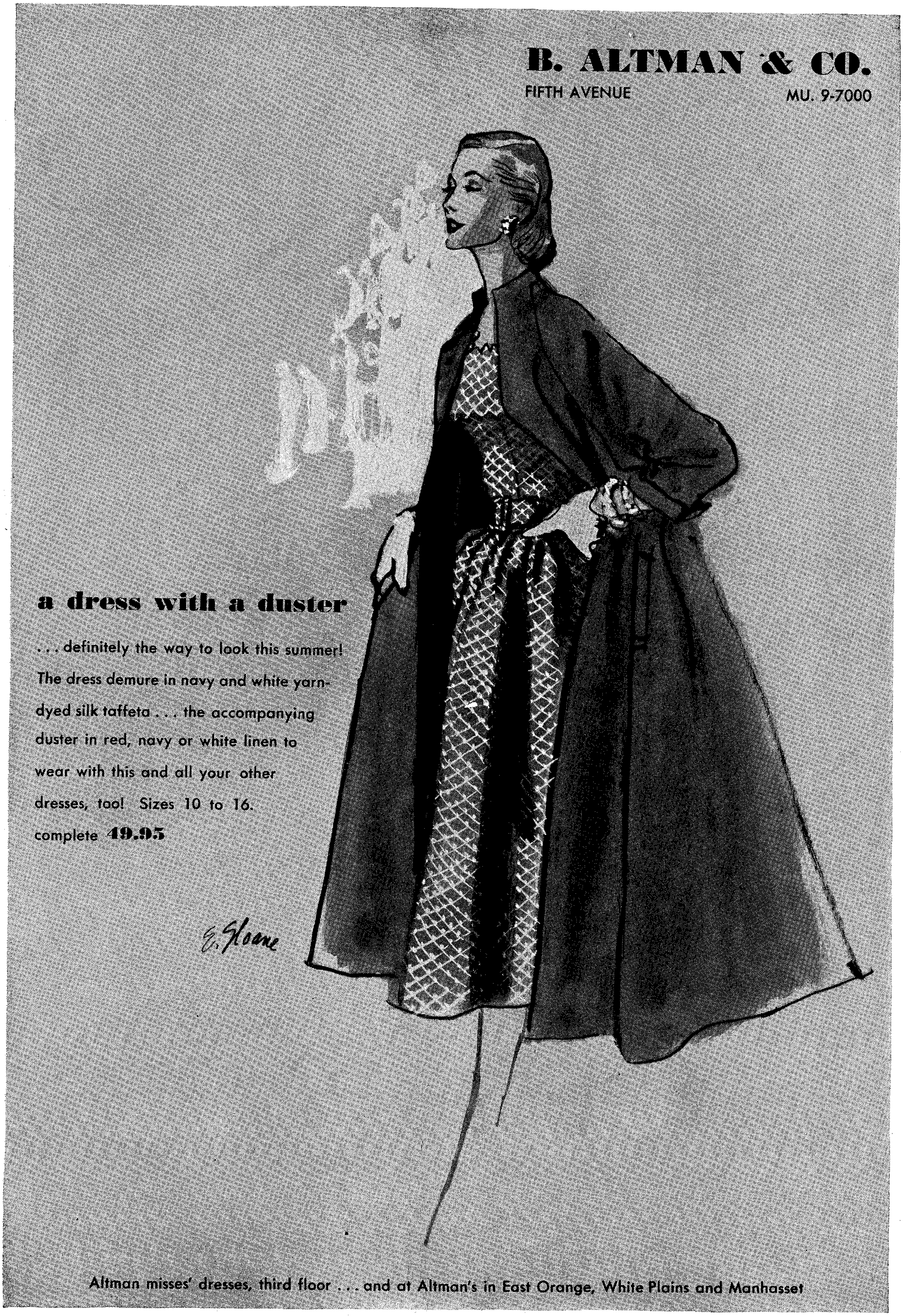

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A CITY back yard on many a winter's day is as shabby and unpromising a spot as the eye can rest on: the sour soil, the flaking surfaces of wall and fence, the bare branch, the doom-sprinkled sky. The tone of our back yard this past month, however, has been greatly heightened by the presence of a number of juncos, the dressiest of winter birds. Even the drabbest yardscape achieves something like elegance when a junco alights in the foreground—a beautifully turned-out little character who looks as though he were on his way to an afternoon wedding.

APPARENTLY there is some question down at Rollins College about the future of reading. Rollins goes in heavily for picture language (the earliest form of writing), now called "audio-visual aids." One of the teachers at the college quoted President Paul Wagner as saying that in fifty years "only five per cent of the people in the country will be reading." For this, of course, one must be prepared. But how prepare? To us it would seem that even if only one person out of a hundred and fifty million should continue as a *reader*, he would be the one worth saving, the nucleus around which to found a university. We think this not impossible person, this Last Reader, might very well stand in the same relation to the community as the queen bee to the colony of bees, and that the others would quite properly dedicate themselves wholly to his welfare, serving special food and building special accommodations. From his nuptial, or intellectual, flight would come the new race of men, linked perfectly with the long past by the unbroken chain of the intellect, to carry on the community. But it is more likely that our modern hive of bees, substituting a coaxial cable for spinal fluid, will try to perpetuate the race through audio-visual devices, which ask no discipline of the mind and which are already giving the room the languor of an opium parlor.

READING is the work of the alert mind, is demanding, and under ideal conditions produces finally a sort of ecstasy. As in the sexual experience, there are never more than two persons present in the act of reading—the writer, who is the impregnator, and the reader, who is the respondent. This gives the experience of reading a sublimity and power unequalled by any other form of communication. It would be just as well, we think, if educators clung to this great phenomenon and did not get sidetracked, for although books and reading may at times have played too large a part in the educational process, that is not what is happening today. Indeed, there is very little true reading, and not nearly as much writing as one would suppose from the towering piles of pulpwood in the dooryards of our paper mills. Readers and writers are scarce, as are publishers and reporters. The reports we get nowadays are those of men who have not gone to the scene of the accident, which is always farther inside one's own head than it is convenient to penetrate without galoshes.

Incense

ONE of the ceremonies performed in the Catholic Church during Holy Week is the blessing of five grains of incense, which are then pressed, in the design of a cross, into a large candle known as the Paschal candle and sealed into place with wax nails. This ceremony is observed on Holy Saturday morning, after the blessing of the new fire (all candles having been extinguished on Good Friday), and so on, and with it in mind we have been looking into the history of incense, which has been part of both the religious and the lay scene from earliest times. Any substance that gives off a pleasant, or at any rate an interesting, odor when burned is entitled to be called incense, but the favorite materials have always been wood, resin, bark, roots, flowers, fruits, and spices. Geographically, the main sources of incense are India, Arabia, East Africa, and the Far East. It is burned in the form of powder, grains, chips, balls, cones, and sticks.

Many ancient Egyptian temple paintings show Pharaohs offering incense in worship, and incense was often mentioned by Homer and Herodotus. That old mine of information, Aristotle, considered it an aid to health, and Pliny advanced it as an antidote to hemlock—a comforting thing to know if you should swallow some hemlock. Followers of Zoroaster used to burn incense five times a day, and maybe still do, and the members of certain American Indian tribes smoked it by the pipeful to get their rain gods to come through with some precipitation. The Hindus and Taoists used incense for religious purposes, and the Jews used it until the destruction of the Temple. The Old Testament gives the recipe for the incense the Jews burned, and it sounds fine: equal parts of stacte, onycha, galbanum, and frankincense, beaten to a powder and mixed with salt. Stacte is a dried resin, bitter to the taste, that was gathered by the Jews from a small tree growing in Palestine. Onycha is the fragmented operculum of a shell found along the shores of the Red Sea and the eastern coast of Arabia. Galbanum is the resin of certain plants; its pungent odor is supposed to drive off insects, and probably does. Frankincense is the resin of any of several trees that grow in East Africa and Arabia. The odor of this old Jewish incense was very strong and sweet.

The liturgical use of incense in the Catholic Church dates from the fifth century, though it was used before that at funerals. Incense may have come in handy in the catacombs, as a method of fumigation. The British discovered, or rediscovered, this attribute of incense in 1940, when they started looking around for an effective germ-killer for air-raid shelters. Tests showed that one particular incense was the best of several fumigants. The British experiments were the first that actually proved that incense has prophylactic properties. The contemporary Catholic Church has no prescribed recipe for incense, which it uses for solemn Masses, solemn blessings, processions, and the absolution for the dead. Each church buys its own incense from religious-supply houses, which get it from manufacturers. High Episcopal churches, which are also heavy users of incense, buy it the same way.

In the Orient, the use of incense has for centuries been looked on as an art as well as an adjunct to religion. The Chinese managed to divide it into six basic types: Tranquil, Recluse, Luxurious, Beautiful, Refined, and Noble, each of which was thought to evoke a different emotion. The Chinese often burn an incense that will harmonize with whatever flowers happen to be on display. Sandalwood goes with champac, and musk with *Michelia fuscata*, for instance. Japanese gentlemen used to blend their own individual incenses and liberally cense their clothes and hair with them, and a discerning Japanese had only to take a couple of sniffs on entering a room to determine which friends of his had been there and how recently they had left.

The world's largest manufacturer of religious incense is a concern bluntly named the Manhattan Incense Works, which doesn't care to discuss either its customers or its recipes. Vantines, a local firm that has been making incense since 1866 and is now the world's largest manufacturer of non-religious incense, occasionally receives a request from a follower of voodoo for an incense to aid in the conjuring up of spirits. Vantines replies that it makes incense only for its scent, and that its products are used principally to purify or sweeten the air in people's houses. It sells over a million cans of incense a year, at from ten cents to a dollar a can. Its pellets of incense are stamped out on machines adapted from those that stamp out aspirin tablets. Vantines uses sandalwood extensively, buying it from the Maharajah of Mysore. Since the firm is able to use both the oil that is squeezed out of the sandalwood and the pulp that is left, it is comparatively cheap. To our utter astonishment, we learned that innocent-appearing old Vantines prides itself on having started what might be called the unmentionable-secret trend in advertising. Thirty years ago, it ran scare ads posing the frightful question "My dear, don't you know *why* they avoid your house?," and others featuring the pensive reflection "I wonder why no one ever comes to my house twice."

◆

Incidental Intelligence: Educational Comics, Inc., 225 Lafayette Street, issues the following publications: *Vault of Horror*, *Tales from the Crypt*, *Weird Fantasy*, *Weird Science*, *Haunt of Fear*, and *Crime SuspenStories.*

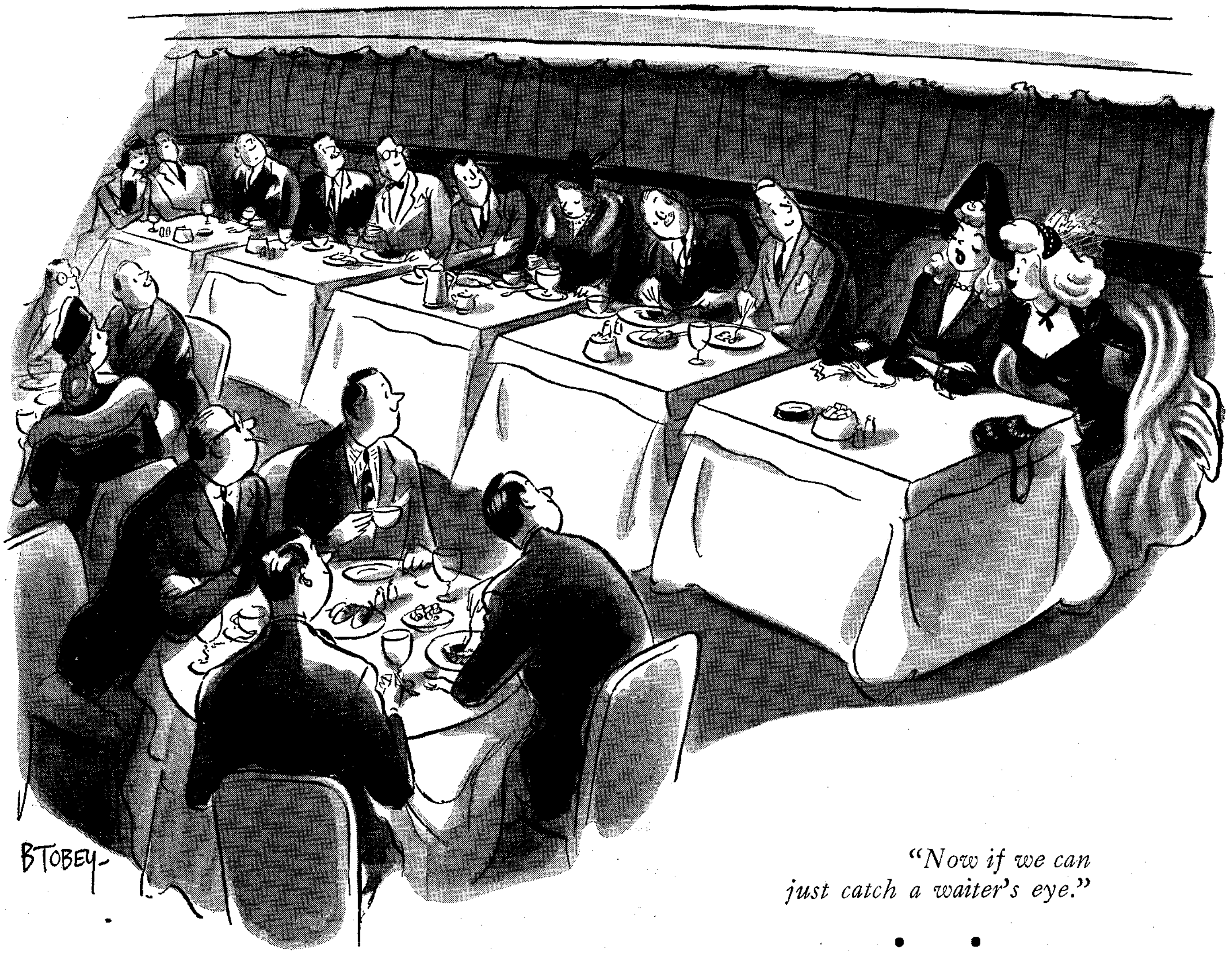
The shoes on the wooden horse in front of the H. Kauffman & Sons Saddlery, at 139 East Twenty-fourth Street, do not fit him.

Moosehead, Pride of Kentucky, a bourbon whiskey, is made by the Moosehead Applejack Brandy Distillery, of Lewiston, Maine.

Foiling Mr. Rat

With the permission of Colonel William A. Hardenbergh, Director of the Rodent Control Coördinating Unit of the City of New York, we attended, one blustery morning recently, a demonstration of rodentproofing by a sanitarian from the United States Public Health Service, in a bleak vacant lot on Fifth Avenue, near 118th Street. An apartment building adjoining the lot was the practice ground for the occasion. Surrounding us were half a dozen municipal rodent-control inspectors, eight or nine gentlemen in the vermin-and-rodent-extermination business, the Colonel, and a few other city officials, among them Joseph J. Weinstein, Assistant Director of the Rodent Control Coördinating Unit; P. F. Kelly, of the Department of Housing and Buildings; and Clinton Garvin, Supervising Inspector of the Rodent Control Unit of the Bureau of Sanitary Engineering of the Department of Health. All were bundled up against the weather and all were directing their attention to a Public Health Service truck, called a rodentproofing unit, from which the sides had been removed. The sanitarian—identified for us as Robert Murrill, an entomologist with the Public Health Service, who learned his profession at the University of Richmond and the Virginia Polytechnic Institute—began the proceedings by standing on the bed of the truck and calling down to the group, in a sunny Southern voice, an inventory of what it contained. "Sheets of heavy galvanized metal, for flashing doors and other openings," he said. "Big shears to chop off the strips of metal, barrels of nails for nailing them on, rolls of screen cloth for nailing over openings that don't have doors . . ." He indicated a contrivance standing on one side of the bed of the truck. It looked like a tailor's pressing machine. "This is a metal-bending brake," he said. "It puts a crimp in the strips of metal you use to flash doors. When you nail strips to a screen or door or wall, remember—crimp your metal! If you don't crimp, the outer edges won't be tight and your Mr. Rat will locate himself a gnawing point. The important thing with Mr. Rat is, see you don't give him a gnawing point. He gets a gnawing point, you might as well throw in the sponge." Mr. Murrill stooped down, fished some strips of galvanized metal from the floor of the truck, and asked for a volunteer to help him crimp them. Mr. Garvin hopped up on the truck and went to work. The all-important crimp turned out to be a lengthwise right-angle bend made in a strip of metal a short distance from one of its edges.

Colonel Hardenbergh tugged at our sleeve. "First thing we



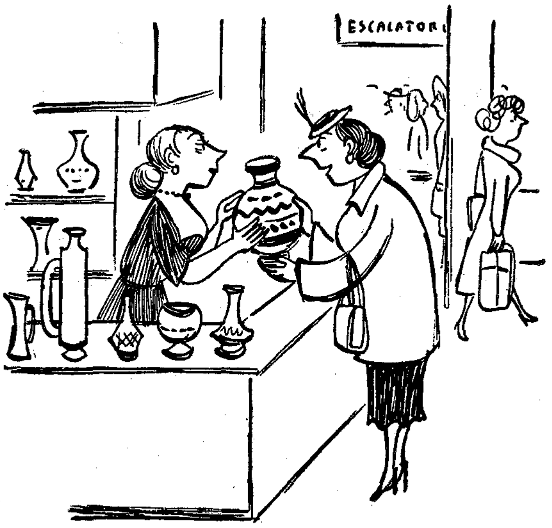
"Now if we can just catch a waiter's eye."

did when the Mayor established this office, last June," he told us, "was figure out a way to make the best use of the city's chief asset—eleven hundred private firms of pest-control operators. We got up an S.O.P.—that's Army for 'Standard Operating Procedure'—so the work of all the operators will meet the same qualifications. Suppose a city sanitation inspector finds evidence of rats in a building. He jumps on the owner. Got rats? How they getting in? Owner putting pressure on rats? Holes stuffed up? Rats got harborage? Maybe the owner doesn't know and doesn't give a hoot. Then the inspector files a report with the city, so the city can be sure the owner gets a move on. Purpose of this demonstration is to show our inspectors and the private exterminators how rats can be kept out of buildings. Poison not enough. Drive them out of their bases! Exterminators and inspectors tell the owners what materials are necessary for blocking holes. Owner has them blocked." "There are high-priced and low-priced ways to block a hole," Mr. Weinstein informed us. "You can cement the offending windows—" "A violation of the Building Code," Mr. Kelly put in quickly. "—or you can screen 'em," continued Mr. Weinstein. "Flashing wooden doors is cheaper than putting in metal doors."

The Messrs. Murrill and Garvin finished their crimping, and, loaded with strips of metal, a roll of screening, a pair of shears, a hammer, and nails, jumped off the truck and led the way down a flight of stairs to the dimly lighted cellar of the apartment house. Following Murrill's example, everyone peered at the bottom of a door that opened into a small empty room. "Norway rat's been here," Murrill declared. Several of the spectators nodded. "Found a gnawing point. We'll flash the door." He and Mr. Garvin thereupon nailed a strip of metal along the bottom of the door and a strip along the lower part of each side of it, the crimped-over edges fitting neatly around the door's corners. "Rats need an edge," the Colonel said. "They can't start gnawing on the flat." One of the inspectors went over to an open window, hauled out a ruler, and measured it. He called out the dimensions, and Murrill cut a piece of screening to cover the space. Colonel Hardenbergh told us that you never find mice where you find rats. "Mutually exclusive," he said. Murrill nodded. "Back in Virginia," he said, "I tried to breed a lady wild mouse and a male white mouse. She wouldn't have anything to do with him. Kept kicking him in the face. Anybody spot any holes anywhere?"

Opportunist

PERSONABLE lady bound for Florida went into the club car of her train and sat down next to a seat that was occupied a short while later by a man she recognized as a radio commentator she had once heard lecture and recalled as an amusing fellow. They struck up a conversation and were getting along cozily when a woman across the aisle said to the commentator, "Would you and your wife care to join me and my husband in a game of bridge?" "We'd love to," he said hastily, "as long as you don't mind our bickering. We bicker like mad when we play bridge." All hands repaired to a card table and played until the train reached Washington, at which point the radio man jumped up, said, "This is where I get off. See you later, 1.)



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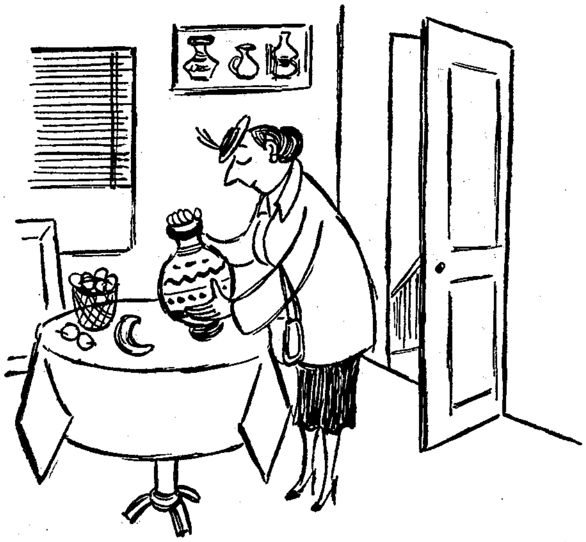

darling," gave his partner a resounding conjugal kiss, and beat it.

Locum Tenens

IN the absence of General Eisenhower, the acting head of Columbia is Dr. Grayson L. Kirk, vice-president and provost, a modest, pipe-smoking man of forty-seven with a wavy head of hair parted in the middle, a thin mustache, and an adequate supply of Barking Dog tobacco and Peterson's British Mixture, brands he smokes alternately. We called on him at his headquarters in the Low Memorial Library the other day to gather some personality data, and found him coöperative but astonished. "Why should anyone be interested in me?" he asked. "I'm just a *locum tenens* here until we get the boss back." We told him it wasn't every day we had a chance to interview a *locum tenens*, and, after some probing, learned the following: He was born and reared on a farm near Jeffersonville, Ohio, a town of eight hundred, and took his B.A. at Miami University, Oxford, Ohio, and his M.A. at Clark University, Worcester, Massachusetts, where he had a scholarship. After that, he taught history at Lamar College, Beaumont, Texas, for a couple of years, attended the Ecole Libre des Sciences Politiques, Paris, France, on an American Field Service Fellowship for a year, and then resumed teaching at the University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wisconsin, where he took his Ph.D. and, at thirty-four, became a full professor of political science. Two years later, in 1940, the offer of an associate professorship of government at Columbia brought him to New York; full professorship followed, then provostship, then provostship-*cum*-vice-presidency, then his present triple position.

"In France, I flirted with the idea of becoming a correspondent, but I went to Madison instead," Dr. Kirk told us. "Madison is a grand place, and I miss the sailing on Lake Mendota. But the professional opportunities in the field of economic relations are greater here. You meet all the visiting firemen." He meets a good many distinguished visiting firemen at shindigs of the Council on Foreign Relations, of which he is a director. The Council occupies the old Harold Pratt house, on Park Avenue, and entertains people like the Shah of Iran, Pleven, Bevin, and Nehru.

Dr. Kirk was on leave of absence from Columbia most of the time between 1942 and 1945, first as head of a State Department security section, and later as a member of the secretariat staff at the Dumbarton Oaks Conference and as the executive officer of the commission that set up the Security Council of the United Nations at the San Francisco Conference. He has had to abandon teaching at Columbia because of the demands of his *locum tenens*ship. "The deans come to me with their problems," he said. "In moving into administration, the thing that has struck me is the variety of problems involved. You shift gears constantly." Columbia's acting head lives in Scarsdale, and drives to and from work, shifting gears from time to time. He has a twenty-two-year-old son, John, who graduated from Harvard last year and is taking an M.A. at Columbia. Kirk *père* and *mère* sometimes spend the night in town, where they have a small apartment in Butler Hall. "I play a little bridge, but not very well," Dr. Kirk said, "and I like to garden, though I don't garden very well. With the General away, I travel more than I used to, making speeches before alumni groups, and such. We're keeping the General's house in a standby condition, with a skeleton staff, ready for occupancy at short notice. He is a grand person to work with. He's such a popular speaker that it was always difficult to get him off the hook and have me substitute for him on speeches when he was too busy." Dr. Kirk is the author of several books in the field of international relations, among them "Philippine Independence," a study of American policy in that archipelago, which he wrote at Wisconsin. "I found that the farmers in Wisconsin were very much in favor of giving the Philippine people their independence," he told us. "Idea was to get them outside our tariff wall."

There'll Always Be . . .

"THE COCKTAIL PARTY" has departed the Henry Miller Theatre and the cast has returned to England, but there's still a sign over its backstage water cooler reading, "Please Do *Not* Empty Teapot Here."

Conference

HAVING accepted an invitation to a sunglass-conference lunch given last week in the Baroque Room of the Plaza by the L. J. Houze Convex Glass Company, of Point Marion, Pennsylvania, we resolutely passed up the hotel's Crystal Room and its White and Gold Suite, where the British Commonwealth Chamber of Commerce and the Cast Iron Pipe Association were, respectively, lunching, and made our way to the foyer of the Baroque Room, where we

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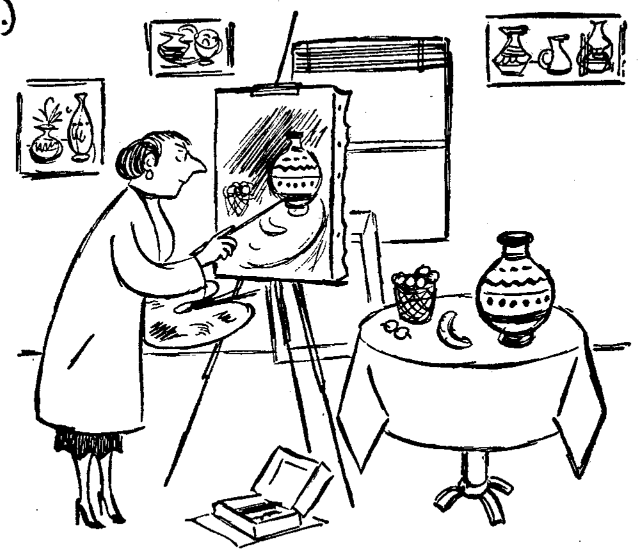

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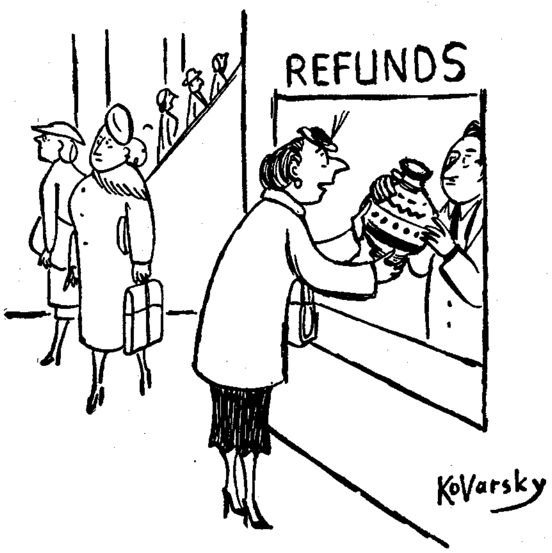

found a number of tables surmounted by models of the feminine head, decked out in sunglasses in various lens colors and in sundry and dazzling frame colors and styles. Burt Schultz, of Hill & Knowlton, Houze's publicity representatives, introduced us to the chief speaker of the occasion, Dr. Robert H. Peckham, associate professor of research ophthalmology at the Temple University School of Medicine, Philadelphia. Dr. Peckham, a tall, black-haired, bespectacled, scholarly man of forty-three who has been engaged in sunglass research for more than a decade, advised us over a cocktail that, thanks to the diligence with which the sunglass industry has met all the voluntary requirements of the United States Bureau of Standards, all sunglasses on the market, even the cheapest, are safe; that many of them, for maximum eye protection, should be darker; and that one lens color is as good as another. Dr. P. began to delve deep into sunglass research in 1940, when Temple lent him to the Navy as a civilian scientist. The next year, he got into uniform, and he ended up a commander, attached to the Navy's Bureau of Medicine and Surgery. As a member of the Army and Navy Vision Committee of the National Defense Research Committee, working for five years in Pensacola and Washington, he, together with his colleagues, discovered that one day's exposure of the eyes to the sun—on the deck of a ship, say—resulted in a fifty-per-cent loss of night vision for three or four days, and that a week's exposure resulted in a similar loss for two months. "This reaction, a reduced sensitivity of the retina, I call aphotesthesia," Dr. P. told us. "It was causing night pilots to fly into the ground, tanks to smash into trees, and Marines to be ambushed. We put sunglasses on every member of the armed forces—or at least we were on our way to doing it when the war ended. We'd ordered twenty-seven million pairs, and nine million of them had been delivered. Incidentally, we examined some Zeiss sunglasses captured on a German submarine, and found they were made of hand-blown beer-bottle glass. Pamphlets captured with them said they were the best in the world, but ours were better. Germany killed off most of its good ophthalmological people. The Japanese apparently did not use sunglasses; they stuffed their night fighters with Vitamin A to combat diminution of the retina's sensitivity. Vitamin A won't do this, though."

Dr. Peckham was brought up in Westchester County and Waterbury, Connecticut, where his father was an optometrist, and studied optics at the University of Rochester and Johns Hopkins. After the war, on behalf of Temple, he conducted sunglass experiments on seventy lifeguards in Atlantic City. These bore out his wartime research. He told us that the non-sunglasses he was wearing in the artificially lighted Baroque Room were intended to correct presbyopia, an affliction of old age with which he's been prematurely beset for two years.

In a number of speeches that followed the lunch, we learned that Nero used a sort of monocle made of an emerald to squint at gladiatorial combats, that Henry VIII and his daughter Queen Elizabeth wore dark glasses, and that Hollywood's part in popularizing modern sunglasses is recognized by the lens industry. During the lunch, Miss Jane Abbott, of the Powers-model outfit, informed us that the six basic face shapes—round, square, diamond-shaped, triangular, inverted triangle, and oval—call for such frame styles as "harlequin top with square lower," "harlequin top with round lower," and so forth. "Let's face it," she said. "Dark glasses are really here to stay. They can be a girl's best friend." Miss Alice Richardson, fashion editor of *Look*, observed, *inter alia*, that she believed in having a whole wardrobe of sunglasses, that one model (which she brandished enthusiastically) was "marvellous for driving in a convertible, because it has sort of windshields on the sides," and that the handbag and shoe people are coöperating extensively with the optical people in design tieups.

It was damn lucky we'd had our talk with Dr. P., for by the time the program got around to him, it was almost three, and we had to leave for an appointment. Two-thirds of the guests had drifted away by that time, but he began gamely, "Those of you who are left will be astounded . . ." As we slipped out of the door, Mr. Schultz told us that this was Hill & Knowlton's first fashion show. "Most of our clients have been people like National Airlines, Licensed Beverage Industries, and the Butter Institute," he said.

Stumped

A LADY appeared in a drygoods store in a Jersey suburb last Tuesday and asked to see any material in stock that shone like silver, explaining that she needed some for her small son to wear in a school play. The clerk dug around and came forth with several bolts, none of which seemed anywhere near right. "If only they hadn't made him a thimble!" sighed the lady.

CLANCY IN THE TOWER OF BABEL

JAMES and Nora Clancy came from farms near the little town of Newcastle. Newcastle is near Limerick. They had been poor in Ireland and they were not much better off in the new country, but they were cleanly and decent people. Their home farms had been orderly places, long inhabited by the same families, and the Clancys enjoyed the grace of a tradition. Their simple country ways were so deeply ingrained that twenty years in the New World had had little effect on them. Nora went to market with a straw basket under her arm, like a woman going out to a kitchen garden, and Clancy's pleasant face reflected a simple life. They had only one child, a son named John, and they had been able to pass on to him their peaceable and contented views. They were people who centered their lives in half a city block, got down on their knees on the floor to say "Hail Mary, full of grace," and took turns in the bathtub in the kitchen on Saturday night.

When Clancy was still a strong man in his forties, he fell down some stairs in the factory and broke his hip. He was out of work for nearly a year, and while he got compensation for this time, it was not as much as his wages had been and he and his family suffered the pain of indebtedness and need. When Clancy recovered, he was left with a limp and it took him a long time to find another job. He went to church every day, and in the end it was the intercession of a priest that got work for him, running an elevator in one of the big apartment houses on the East Side. Clancy's good manners and his clean and pleasant face pleased the tenants, and with his salary and the tips they gave him he made enough to pay his debts and support his wife and son.

The apartment house was not far from the slum tenement where James and Nora had lived since their marriage, but financially and morally it was another creation, and Clancy at first looked at the tenants as if they were made out of sugar. The ladies wore coats and jewels that cost more than Clancy would make in a lifetime of hard work, and when he came home in the evenings, he would, like a returned traveller, tell Nora what he had seen. The poodles, the cocktail parties, the children and their nursemaids interested him, and he told Nora that it was like the Tower of Babel.

It took Clancy a while to memorize the floor numbers to which his tenants belonged, to pair the husbands and wives, to join the children to their parents, and the servants (who rode on the back elevators) to these families, but he managed at last and was pleased to have everything straight. Among his traits was a passionate sense of loyalty, and he often spoke of The Building as if it were a school or a guild, the product of a community of sentiment and aspiration. "Oh, I wouldn't do anything to harm The Building," he often said. His manner was respectful but he was not humorless, and when 11-A sent his tailcoat out to the dry cleaner's, Clancy put it on and paraded up and down the back hall. Most of the tenants were regarded by Clancy with an indiscriminate benevolence, but there were a few exceptions. There was a drunken wife-beater on the third floor. He was a bulky, duck-footed lunkhead, in Clancy's eyes, and he did not belong in The Building. Then, there was a pretty girl in 11-B who went out in the evenings with a man who was a weak character—Clancy could tell because he had a cleft chin. Clancy warned the girl, but she did not act on his advice. But the tenant about whom he felt most concerned was Mr. Rowantree.

Mr. Rowantree, who was a bachelor, lived in 4-A. He had been in Europe when Clancy first went to work, and he had not returned to New York until winter. When Mr. Rowantree appeared, he seemed to Clancy to be a well-favored man with graying hair who was tired from his long voyage. Clancy waited for him to reëstablish himself in the city, for friends and relatives to start telephoning and writing, and for Mr. Rowantree to begin the give and take of parties in which most of the tenants were involved.

Clancy had discovered by then that his passengers were not made of sugar. All of them were secured to the world intricately by friends and lovers, dogs and songbirds, debts, inheritances, trusts, and jobs, and he waited for Mr. Rowantree to put out his lines. Nothing happened. Mr. Rowantree went to work at ten in the morning and returned home at six; no visitors appeared. A month passed in which he did not have a single guest. He sometimes went out in the evening, but he always returned alone, and for all Clancy knew he might have continued his friendless state in the movies around the corner. The man's lack of friends amazed and then began to aggravate and trouble Clancy. One night when he was on the evening shift and Mr. Rowantree came down alone, Clancy stopped the car between floors.

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"Are you going out for dinner, Mr. Rowantree?" he asked.

"Yes," the man said.

"Well, when you're eating in this neighborhood, Mr. Rowantree," Clancy said, "you'll find that Bill's Clam Bar is the only restaurant worth speaking of. I've been living around here for twenty years and I've seen them come and go. The others have fancy lighting and fancy prices, but you won't get anything to eat that's worth sticking to your ribs excepting at Bill's Clam Bar."

"Thank you, Clancy," Mr. Rowantree said. "I'll keep that in mind."

"Now, Mr. Rowantree," Clancy said, "I don't want to sound inquisitive, but would you mind telling me what kind of a business you're in?"

"I have a store on Third Avenue," Mr. Rowantree said. "Come over and see it someday."

"I'd like to do that," Clancy said. "But now, Mr. Rowantree, I should think you'd want to have dinner with your friends and not be alone all the time." Clancy knew that he was interfering with the man's privacy, but he was led on by the thought that this soul might need help. "A good-looking man like you must have friends," he said, "and I'd think you'd have your supper with them."

"I'm going to have supper with a friend, Clancy," Mr. Rowantree said.

This reply made Clancy feel easier, and he put the man out of his mind for a while. The Building gave him the day off on Saint Patrick's, so that he could march in the parade, and when the parade had disbanded and he was walking home, he decided to look for the store. Mr. Rowantree had told him which block it was in. It was easy to find. Clancy was pleased to see that it was a big store. There were two doors to go in by, separated by a large glass window. Clancy looked through the window to see if Mr. Rowantree was busy with a customer, but there was no one there. Before he went in, he looked at the things in the window. He was disappointed to see that it was not a clothing store or a delicatessen. It looked more like a museum. There were glasses and candlesticks, chairs and tables, all of them old. He opened the door. A bell attached to the door rang and Clancy looked up to see the old-fashioned bell on its string. Mr. Rowantree came out from behind a screen and greeted him cordially.

Clancy did not like the place. He felt that Mr. Rowantree was wasting his time. It troubled him to think of the energy in a man's day being spent in this place. A narrow trail, past tables and desks, urns and statues, led into the store and then branched off in several directions. Clancy had never seen so much junk. Since he couldn't imagine it all being manufactured in any one country, he guessed that it had been brought there from the four corners of the world. It seemed to Clancy a misuse of time to have gathered all these things into a dark store on Third Avenue. But it was more than the confusion and the waste that troubled him; it was the feeling that he was surrounded by the symbols of frustration and that all the china youths and maidens in their attitudes of love were the company of bitterness. It may have been because he had spent his happy life in bare rooms that he associated goodness with ugliness.

He was careful not to say anything that would offend Mr. Rowantree. "Do you have any clerks to help you?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," Mr. Rowantree said. "Miss James is here most of the time. We're partners."

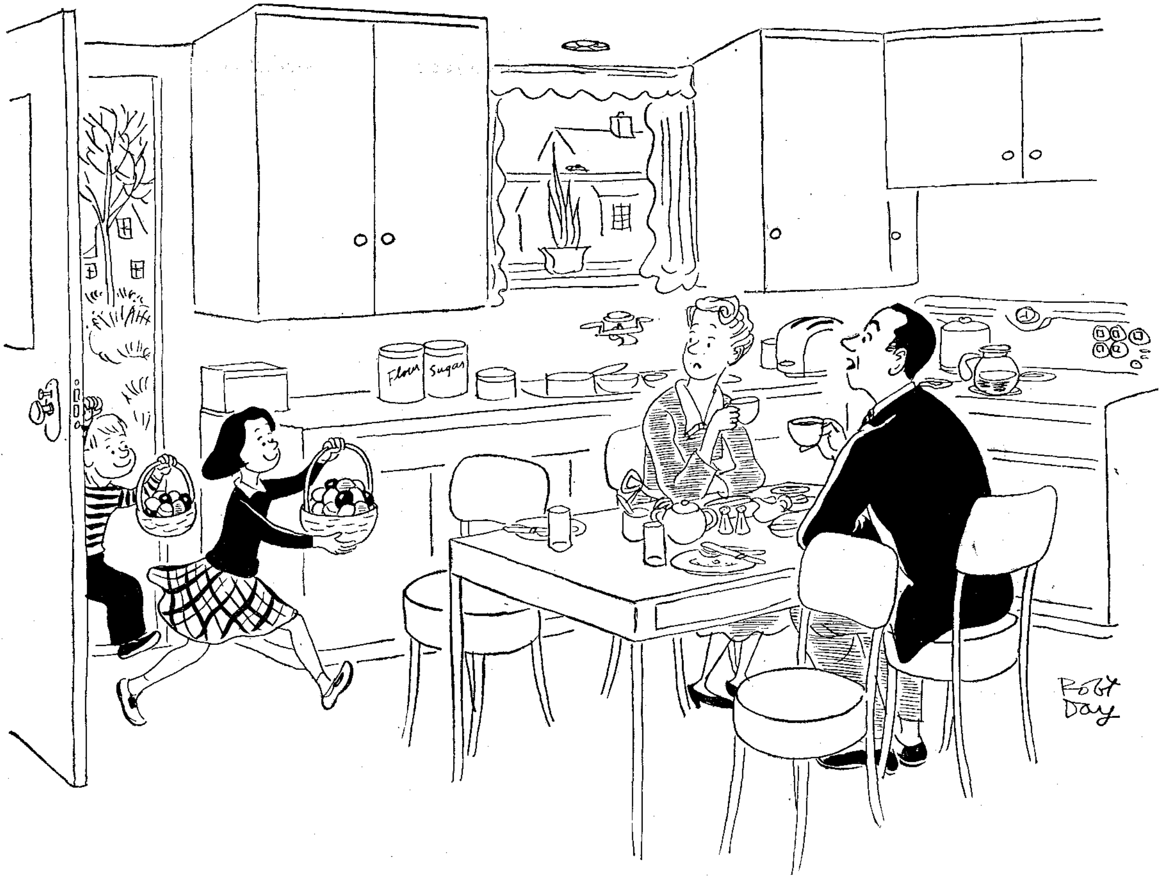
That was it, Clancy thought. Miss James. That was where he went in the evenings. But why, then, wouldn't Miss James marry him? Was it because he was already married? Perhaps he had suffered some terrible human misfortune, like having his wife go crazy or having his children taken away from him. "Have you a snapshot of Miss James?" Clancy asked.

"No," Mr. Rowantree said.

"Well, I'm glad to have seen your store and thank you very much," Clancy said. The trip had been worth his while, because he took away from the dark store a clear image of Miss James. It was a good name, an Irish name, and now in the evenings when Mr. Rowantree went out, Clancy would ask him how Miss James was.

Clancy's son, John, was a senior in high school. He was captain of the basketball team and a figure in school government, and that spring he entered an essay he had written on democracy in a contest sponsored by a manufacturer in Chicago. There were millions of entries, but John won honorable mention, which entitled him to a trip to Chicago in an airplane and a week's visit there with all expenses paid. The boy was naturally excited by this bonanza and so was his mother, but Clancy was the one who seemed to have won the prize. He told all the tenants in the building about it and asked them what kind of city Chicago was and if travelling in airplanes was safe. He would get up in the middle of the night and go into John's room to look at the wonderful boy while he slept. The boy's head was crammed with knowledge, Clancy thought. His heart was kind and strong. It was sinful, Clancy knew, to confuse the immortality of the Holy Spirit with earthly love, but when he realized that John was his flesh and blood, that the young man's face was *his* face improved with mobility and thought, and that when he, Clancy, was dead, some habit or taste of his would live on in the young man, he felt that there was no pain in death.

John's plane left for Chicago late one Saturday afternoon. He went to confession and then walked over to The Building to say goodbye to his father. Clancy kept the boy in the lobby as long as he could and introduced him to the tenants who came through. Then it was time for the boy to go. The doorman took the elevator, and Clancy walked John up to the corner. It was a clear, sunny afternoon in Lent. There wasn't a cloud in the sky. The boy had on his best suit and he looked like a million dollars. They shook hands at the corner, and Clancy limped back to The Building. Traffic was slow on the elevator, and he stood at the front door, watching the people on the sidewalk. Most of them were dressed in their best clothes and they were off to enjoy themselves. Clancy's best wishes followed



"We're going to hear from the neighbors about this. I only hid eight."

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them all. At the far end of the street he saw Mr. Rowantree's head and shoulders and saw that he was with a young man. Clancy waited and opened the door for them.

"Hello, Clancy," Mr. Rowantree said. "I'd like to have you meet my friend Bobbie. He's going to live here now."

Clancy grunted. The young man was not a young man. His hair was cut short and he wore a canary-yellow sweater and a padded coat but he was as old as Mr. Rowantree, he was nearly as old as Clancy. All the qualities and airs of youth, which a good man puts aside gladly when the time comes, had been preserved obscenely in him. He had dope in his eyes to make them shine and he smelled of perfume, and Mr. Rowantree took his arm to help him through the door, as if he were a pretty girl. As soon as Clancy saw what he had to deal with, he took a stand. He stayed at the door. Mr. Rowantree and his friend went through the lobby and got into the elevator. They reached out and rang the bell.

"I'm not taking you up in my car!" Clancy shouted down the lobby.

"Come here, Clancy," Mr. Rowantree said.

"I'm not taking that up in my car," Clancy said.

"I'll have you fired for this," Mr. Rowantree said.

"That's no skin off my nose," Clancy said. "I'm not taking you up in my car."

"Come here, Clancy," Mr. Rowantree said. Clancy didn't answer. Mr. Rowantree put his finger on the bell and held it there. Clancy didn't move. He heard Mr. Rowantree and his friend talking. A moment later, he heard them climb the stairs. All the solicitude he had felt for Mr. Rowantree, the times he had imagined him walking in the Park with Miss James, seemed like money lost in a terrible fraud. He was hurt and bitter. The idea of Bobbie's being in The Building was a painful one for him to take, and he felt as if it contested his own simple view of life. He was curt with everyone for the rest of the day. He even spoke sharply to the children. When he went to the basement to take off his uniform, Mr. Hirasti, the superintendent, called him into his office.

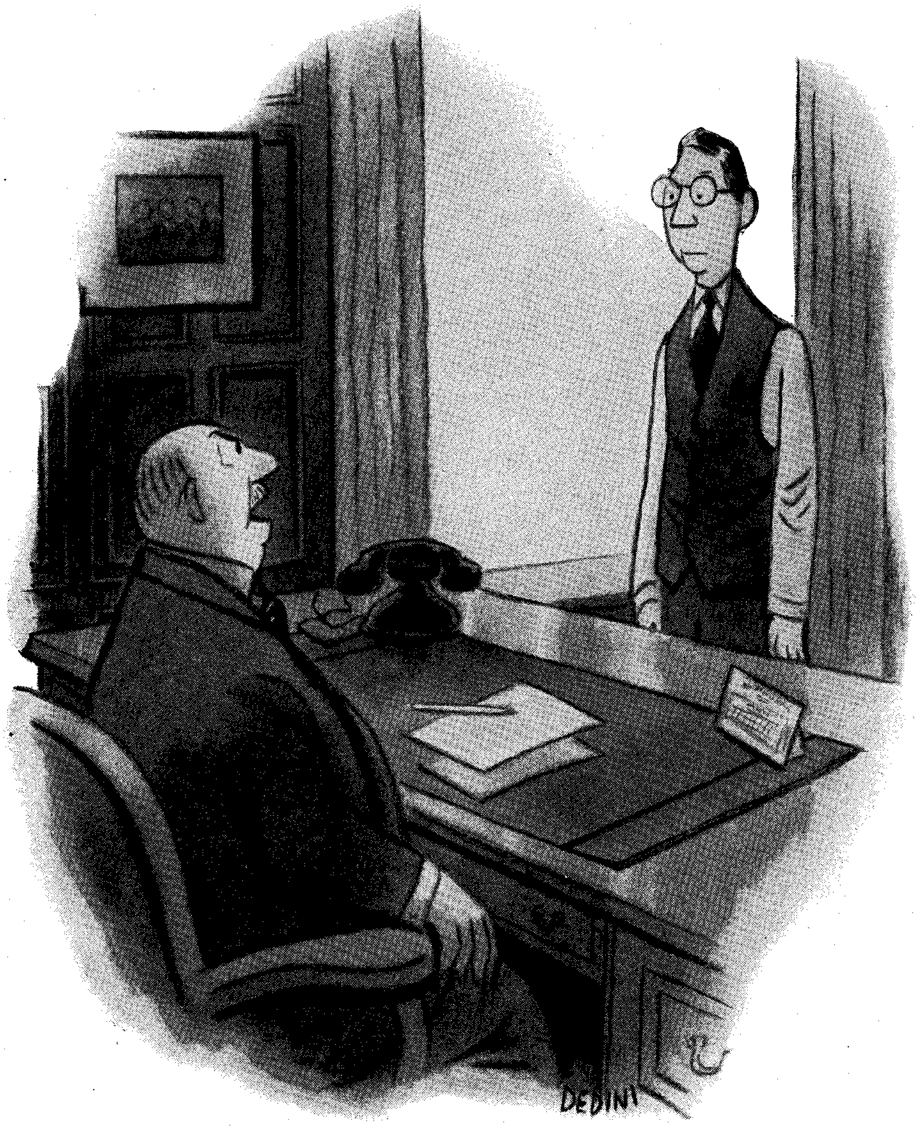
"Rowantree's been trying to get you fired for the last hour, Jim," he said. "He said you wouldn't take him up in your car. I'm not going to fire you, because you're a good, steady man, but I'm warning you now. He knows a lot of rich and influential people, and if you don't mind your own business, it won't be hard for him to get you kicked out." Mr. Hirasti was surrounded by all the treasures he had extricated from the rubbish baskets in the back halls—broken lamps, broken vases, a perambulator with three wheels.

"But he—" Clancy began.

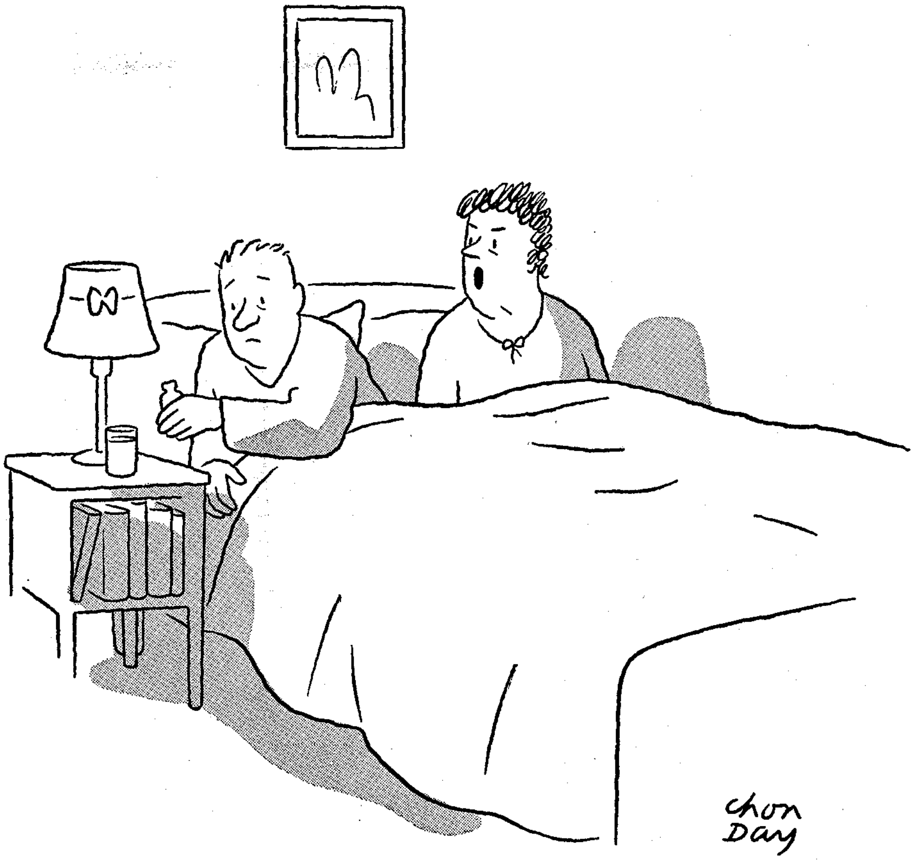
"It's none of your business, Jim," Mr. Hirasti said. "He's been very quiet since he come back from Europe. You're a good, steady man, Clancy, and I don't want to fire you, but you got to remember that you aren't the boss around here."

THE next day was Palm Sunday, and, by the grace of God, Clancy did not see Mr. Rowantree. On Monday, Clancy joined his bitterness at having to live in Sodom to the deep and general grief he always felt at the commencement of those events that would end on Golgotha. It was a gloomy day. Clouds and darkness were over the city. Now and then it rained. Clancy took Mr. Rowantree down at ten. He didn't say anything, but he gave the man a scornful look. The ladies began going off for lunch around noon. Mr. Rowantree's friend Bobbie went out then.

About half past two, one of the ladies came back from lunch, smelling of gin. She did a funny thing. When she got into the elevator, she stood with her face to the wall of the car, so that Clancy couldn't see it. He was not a man to look into somebody's face if they wanted to hide it, and this made him angry. He stopped the car. "Turn around," he said. "Turn around. I'm ashamed of you, a woman with three grown children, standing with your face to the wall like a crybaby." She turned around. She was crying about something. Clancy put the car into motion again. "You ought to fast," he mumbled. "You ought to go without cigarettes or meat during Lent. It would give you something to think about." She left the car, and he answered a ring from the first floor. It was Mr. Rowantree. He took him up. Then he took



"To tell you the truth, Roberts, I'm not getting by on mine either."



"Don't take that sleeping pill yet. I've got a lot more to say."

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Mrs. Malcomson up to 14. She was a nice woman, and he told her about John's trip to Chicago. On the way down, he smelled gas.

For a man who has lived his life in a tenement, gas is the odor of winter, sickness, need, and death. Clancy went up to Mr. Rowantree's floor. That was it. He had the master key and he opened the door and stepped into that hellish breath. It was dark. He could hear the petcocks hissing in the kitchen. He put a rug against the door to keep it open and threw up a window in the hall. He stuck his head out for some air. Then, in terror of being blown into hell himself, and swearing and praying and half closing his eyes as if the poisonous air might blind him, he started for the kitchen and gave himself a cruel bang against the doorframe that made him cold all over with pain. He stumbled into the kitchen and turned off the gas and opened the doors and windows. Mr. Rowantree was on his knees with his head in the oven. He sat up. He was crying. "Bobbie's gone, Clancy," he said. "Bobbie's gone."

Clancy's stomach turned over, his gorge opened and filled up with bitter spit. "Dear Jesus!" he shouted. "Dear Jesus!" He stumbled out of the apartment. He was shaking all over. He took the car down and shouted for the doorman and told him what had happened.

The doorman took the elevator, and Clancy went into the locker room and sat down. He didn't know how long he had been there when the doorman came in and said that he smelled more gas. Clancy went up to Mr. Rowantree's apartment again. The door was shut. He opened it and stood in the hall and heard the petcocks. "Take your God-damned fool head out of that oven, Mr. Rowantree!" he shouted. He went into the kitchen and turned off the gas. Mr. Rowantree was sitting on the floor. "I won't do it again, Clancy," he said. "I promise, I promise."

Clancy went down and got Mr. Hirasti, and they went into the basement together and turned off Mr. Rowantree's gas. He went up again. The door was shut. When he opened it, he heard the hissing of the gas. He yanked the man's head out of the oven. "You're wasting your time, Mr. Rowantree!" he shouted. "We've turned off your gas! You're wasting your time!" Mr. Rowantree scrambled to his feet and ran out of the kitchen. Clancy heard him running through the apartment, slamming doors. He followed him and found him in the bathroom, shaking pills out of a bottle into his mouth. Clancy knocked the pill bottle out of his hand and knocked the man down. Then he called the precinct station on Mr. Rowantree's phone. He waited there until a policeman, a doctor, and a priest came.

Clancy walked home at five. The sky was black. It was raining soot and ashes. Sodom, he thought, the city undeserving of clemency, the unredeemable place, and, raising his eyes to watch the rain and the ashes fall through the air, he felt a great despair for his kind. They had lost the warrants for mercy, there was no movement in the city around him but toward self-destruction and sin. He longed for the simple life of Ireland and the City of God, but he felt that he had been contaminated by the stink of gas.

He told Nora what had happened, and she tried to comfort him. There was no letter or card from John. In the evening, Mr. Hirasti telephoned. He said it was about Mr. Rowantree.

"Is he in the insane asylum?" Clancy asked.

"No," Mr. Hirasti said. "His friend came back and they went out together. But he's been threatening to get you fired again. As soon as he felt all right again, he said he was going to get you fired. I don't want to fire you, but you got to be careful, you got to be careful." This was the twist that Clancy couldn't follow, and he felt sick. He asked Mr. Hirasti to get a man from the union to take his place for a day or so, and he went to bed.

CLANCY stayed in bed the next morning. He got worse. He was cold. Nora lighted a fire in the range, but he shivered as if his heart and his bones were frozen. He doubled his knees up to his chest and snagged the blankets around him, but he couldn't keep warm. Nora finally called the doctor, a man from Limerick. It was after ten before he got there. He said that Clancy should go to the hospital. The doctor left to make the arrangements, and Nora got Clancy's best clothes together and helped him into them. There was still a price tag on his long underwear and there were pins in his shirt. In the end, nobody saw the new underwear and the clean shirt. At the hospital, they drew a curtain around his bed and he handed the finery out to Nora. Then he stretched out in bed, and Nora gave him a kiss and went away.

He groaned, he moaned for a while, but he had a fever and this put him to sleep. He did not know or care where he was for the next few days. He slept most of the time. When John came back from Chicago, the boy's company and his story of the trip picked Clancy's spirits up a little. Nora visited him every day, and one day, a couple of weeks after Clancy entered the hospital, she brought Frank Quinn, the doorman, with her. Frank gave Clancy a narrow manila envelope, and when Clancy opened it, asking crossly what it was, he saw that it was full of currency.

"That's from the tenants, Clancy," Frank said.

"Now, why did they do this?" Clancy said. He was smitten. His eyes watered and he couldn't count the money. "Why did they do this?" he asked weakly. "Why did they go to this trouble? I'm nothing but an elevator man."

"It's nearly two hundred dollars," Frank said.

"Who took up the collection?" Clancy said. "Was it you, Frank?"

"It was one of the tenants," Frank said.

"It was Mrs. Malcomson," Clancy said. "I'll bet it was that Mrs. Malcomson."

"One of the tenants," Frank said.

"It was you, Frank," Clancy said warmly. "You was the one who took up the collection."

"It was Mr. Rowantree," Frank said sadly. He bent his head.

"You're not going to give the money back, Jim?" Nora asked.

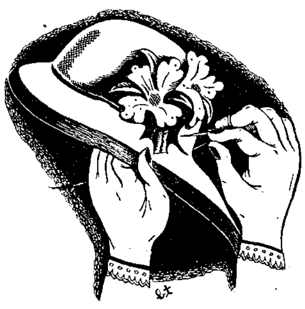
"I'm not a God-damned fool!" Clancy shouted. "When I pick up a dollar off the street, I'm not the man to go running down to the lost-and-found department with it!"

"Nobody else could have gotten so much, Jim," Frank said. "He went from floor to floor. They say he was crying."

Clancy had a vision. He saw the church from the open lid of his coffin, before the altar. The sacristan had lighted only a few of the vaseline-colored lamps, for the only mourners were those few people, all of them poor and old, who had come from Limerick with Clancy on the boat. He heard the priest's youthful voice mingling with the thin music of the bells. Then in the back of the church he saw Mr. Rowantree and Bobbie. They were crying and crying. They were crying harder than Nora. He could see their shoulders rise and fall, and hear their sighs.

"Does he think I'm dying, Frank?" Clancy asked.

"No, Jim."



"He thinks I'm dying," Clancy said angrily. "He's got one of them soft heads. Well, I ain't dying. I'm not taking any of his grief. I'm getting out of here." He climbed out of bed. Nora and Frank tried unsuccessfully to push him back. Frank ran out to get a nurse. The nurse pointed a finger at Clancy and commanded him to get back into bed, but he had put on his pants and was tying his shoelaces. She went out and got another nurse, and the two young women tried to hold him down, but he shook them off easily. The first nurse went to get a doctor. The doctor who returned with her was a young man, much smaller than Clancy. He said that Clancy could go home. Frank and Nora took him back in a taxi, and as soon as he got into the tenement, he telephoned Mr. Hirasti and said that he was coming back to work in the morning. He felt a lot better, surrounded by the smells and lights of his own place. Nora cooked him a nice supper and he ate it in the kitchen.

After supper, he sat by the window in his shirtsleeves. He thought about going back to work, about the man with the cleft chin, the wife-beater, Mr. Rowantree and Bobbie. Why should a man fall in love with a monster? Why should a man try to kill himself? Why should a man try to get a man fired and then collect money for him with tears in his eyes, and then perhaps, a week later, try to get him fired again? He would not return the money, he would not thank Mr. Rowantree, but he wondered what kind of judgment he should pass on the pervert. He began to pick the words he would say to Mr. Rowantree when they met. "It's my suggestion, Mr. Rowantree," he would say, "that the next time you want to kill yourself, you get a rope or a gun. It's my suggestion, Mr. Rowantree," he would say, "that you go to a good doctor and get your head examined."

The spring wind, the south wind that in the city smells of drains, was blowing. Clancy's window looked onto an expanse of clotheslines and ailanthus trees, yards that were used as dumps, and the naked backs of tenements, with their lighted and unlighted windows. The symmetry, the reality of the scene heartened Clancy, as if it conformed to something good in himself. Men with common minds like his had built these houses. Nora brought him a glass of beer and sat near the window. He put an arm around her waist. She was in her slip, because of the heat. Her hair was held down with pins. She appeared to Clancy to be one of the glorious beauties of his day, but a stranger, he guessed, might notice the tear in her slip and that her body was bent and heavy. A picture of John hung on the wall. Clancy was struck with the strength and intelligence of his son's face, but he guessed that a stranger might notice the boy's glasses and his bad complexion. And then, thinking of Nora and John and that this half blindness was all that he knew himself of mortal love, he decided not to say anything to Mr. Rowantree. They would pass in silence.

—John Cheever

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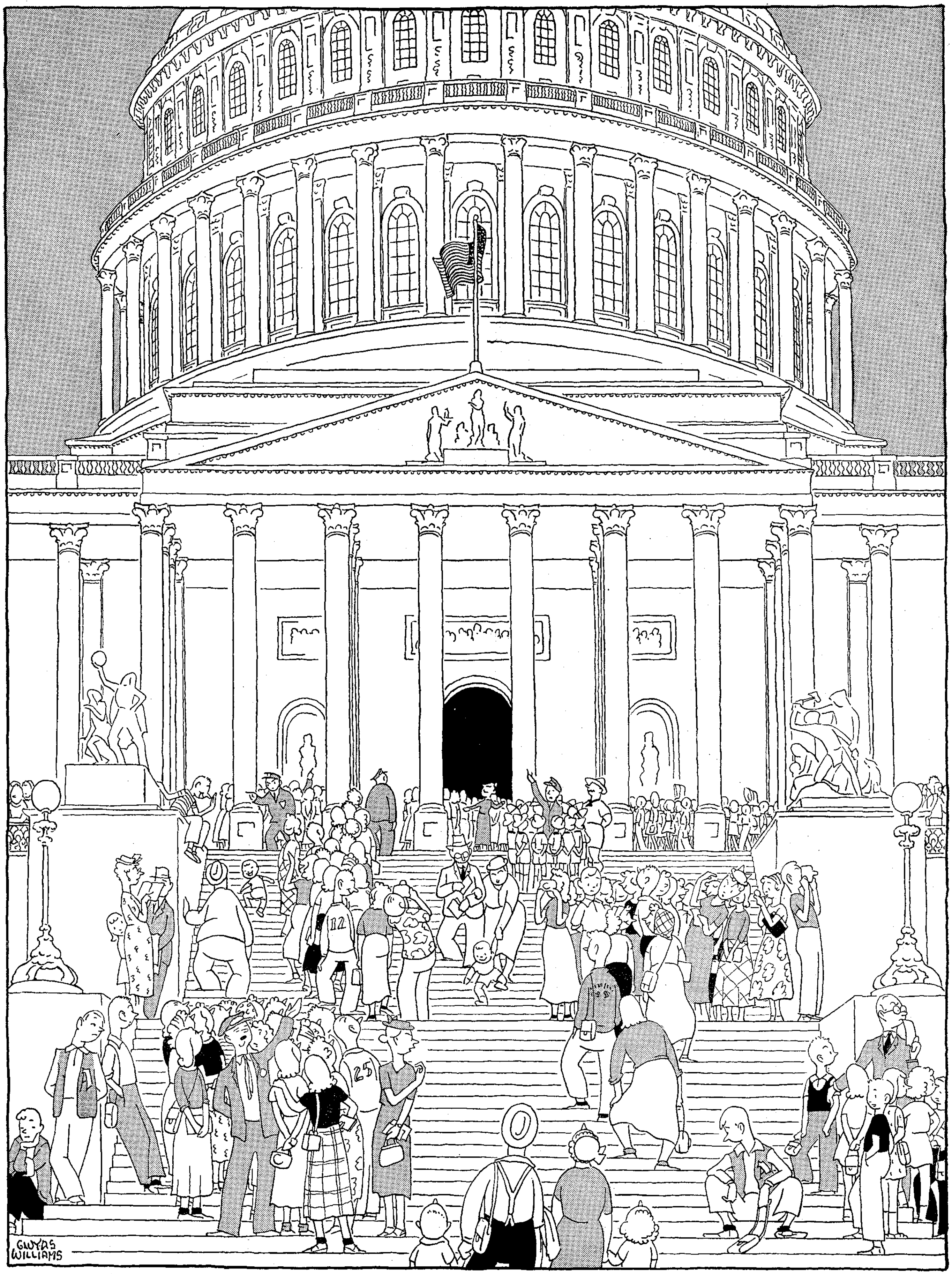
FOR THE RAIN IT RAINETH EVERY DAY

(To William Graves, Aged 8)

Arabs complain—or so I have been told—
Interminably of heat, as Lapps complain
Even of seasonable Christmas cold;
Nor are the English yet inured to rain
Which still, my angry William, as of old
Streaks without pause your birthday windowpane.
But you are English too;
How can I comfort you?

Suppose I said, "Those gales that eastward ride
(Their wrath portended by a sinking glass)
With good St. George of England are allied"?
Suppose I said, "They freshen the Spring grass;
Arab or Lapp would envy a fireside
Where such green-fingered elementals pass"?
No, you are English too;
How could that comfort you?

—Robert Graves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GLUYAS WILLIAMS

AMERICA'S PLAYGROUNDS

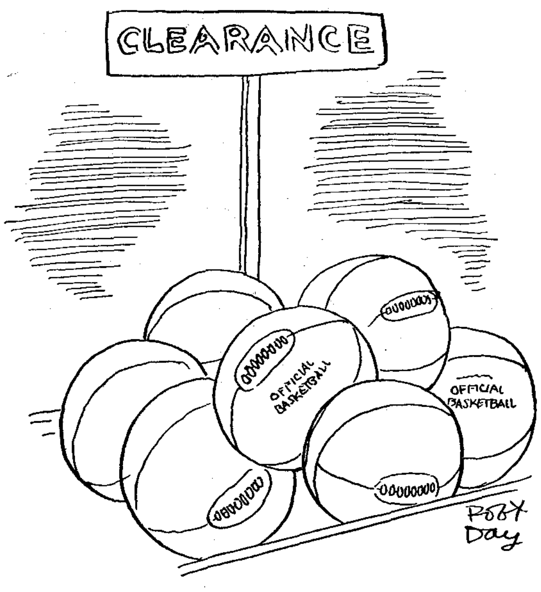
Washington—Easter Vacation

MATTHEW, MARK, LUKE, AND JOHN

NOWADAYS, the Church of England is extremely prim about the extra-rubrical ornaments of its sacred edifices. Memorial windows, altar frontals, new pulpits for old—all must pass a censorship before they can be allowed in; even such trifles as hassocks have to comply with an approved standard of what a Church of England hassock should be. It was otherwise in the days when Queen Victoria was in the last glow of her Indian summer and my Great-Aunt Florence in her prime. There was more latitude then. The Church of England was broader and took a broader view, and when Florence's husband, Geoffrey Larpent, D.D., retired from a university professorship to the college living of Woodham Garnish, it did not cross her mind, or anyone else's, that the parish church could be anything but improved by her improvements.

When I think of Florence as she was at that date, I hold up my hands in wonder and thankfulness that anyone could be so fortunately circumstanced. She was in her mid-fifties, with perfect health. Her views were settled, her mind was active, and she had considerable private means. In the words of Scripture, her husband rose up and called her blessed; in other words, when he saw her stripping for action, he went into his study, saying, "You settle it, my dear. You are sure to know best." Her servants liked being her servants. Her four children were grown up and off her hands, the boys established, the girls married. The parish was peaceable, the rectory faced south, and the church, though structurally sound, was ideally lacking in the sort of improvements Florence felt ideally fitted to supply.

She had not sat through her first Evensong in Advent before she resolved to get the better of those drafts. A fortnight later, the congregation found themselves sheltered, as though in some gigantic pious four-poster, by curtains of the best crimson baize, curtains hanging in abundant folds and lying on the floor in generous, draftproof rumples. Gratefully sweltering, they looked forward to her next good idea. Their confidence was justified, for it was coconut matting along the aisle. After that came plump hassocks, in place of the old kneeling boards; hymnbooks in bold type; and an oil heater for christenings. By the time Florence advanced on the chancel, the church council was hers to a man.



While in the nave, Florence had concentrated on the comfort of the congregation. In the chancel, after supplying a nice little Turkey carpet and a suitably Gothic chair for any visiting bishop (it was of oak, richly carved, with the words *"Deus misereatur"* in bold relief where the bishop's shoulders might be expected to seek support), she turned her mind to the glory of God, which, first and foremost, demanded a new reredos. The Ten Commandments, almost illegible in yellow lettering on black-painted deal panels, were not at all her notion of the beauty of holiness. She therefore proposed to supplant them by likenesses of the four Evangelists, which she would paint in oils herself.

"Spider and Pawsey quite agree with me," she said, looking in on Geoffrey in his study to announce her project and borrow the Iconography. (Spider and Pawsey were the churchwardens, and until Florence's advent they had never been in agreement about anything.) Geoffrey, coming halfway out of Saint Ambrose, murmured something about perhaps consulting the archdeacon, just as a matter of civility. Florence replied that of course she would consult the archdeacon—she wanted him for dinner on the thirteenth anyway.

By the close of dinner, the archdeacon was quite ready to assent to the four Evangelists, and to give his approval to some preliminary sketches, which were served with the coffee. He had no idea Mrs. Larpent was such a gifted artist—really, most remarkable.

"I have always painted," said Florence, with the calm of a fish remarking that it had always swum.

Geoffrey added that in the year '81 Florence had exhibited two pictures in the Royal Academy. The archdeacon's "Really, really! But it does not surprise me" intervened before Geoffrey could add that both the exhibits had been portraits.

New oil paints, brushes, and gold leaf were bought, the canvas was stretched, and Florence began on the left-hand side of the composition with a dash at Saint Matthew. She had devoted some thought to the essentials of her design and had settled that Matthew should be in green and crimson, Mark in brown and gold, Luke in gray with touches of purple, and John in shades of blue; that Matthew should be reading his book, John looking upward for inspiration, Mark and Luke meditating in post-creative calm; and that the evangelical beasts had better be kept small and unobtrusive, since it was a country parish, where too much interest was taken in animals already. But it was not until she had laid on the first bold swathes of Matthew's drapery that she began to consider the evangelical features. "Beards," she muttered. "How I hate beards! They always remind me of Professor Lothbury." Four beards, four full, flowing beards; it was really more than she felt equal to. And must all the beards be gray? A gray beard would look like nothing against Saint Luke's drapery. If Luke had a brown beard and Mark a black beard, then she could give Mark black eyes and a ruddy coloring, and Luke's eyes could be blue. This would leave hazel eyes for John, and Matthew— Could Matthew have green eyes? The thought of a green-eyed Evangelist was rather abrupt and needed consideration. Perhaps a dark-green eye—and as he would be looking down at his book, not much of it would show.

She was suspended thus when the solution burst upon her. Not for nothing had she two sons and two sons-in-law, and a wonderful talent for catching likenesses. How much more interesting it would be, and how much more in keeping with the great age of religious art, to use her sons, James and Daniel, and her sons-in-law, Egbert and Harold, for the Evangelists. In a second revelation, she knew that Mark must be Egbert, for Mark was the only Evangelist she could imagine with a mustache.

She set to work, and by the next day four portrait sketches enlivened the halos, for which, in order to achieve perfect circularity, she had used a soup plate.

"Dear me," said Geoffrey,

peering in. "Dear me. I hope they won't mind."

"Mind? Why, who should mind what? They'll infinitely prefer it to those battered old Commandments."

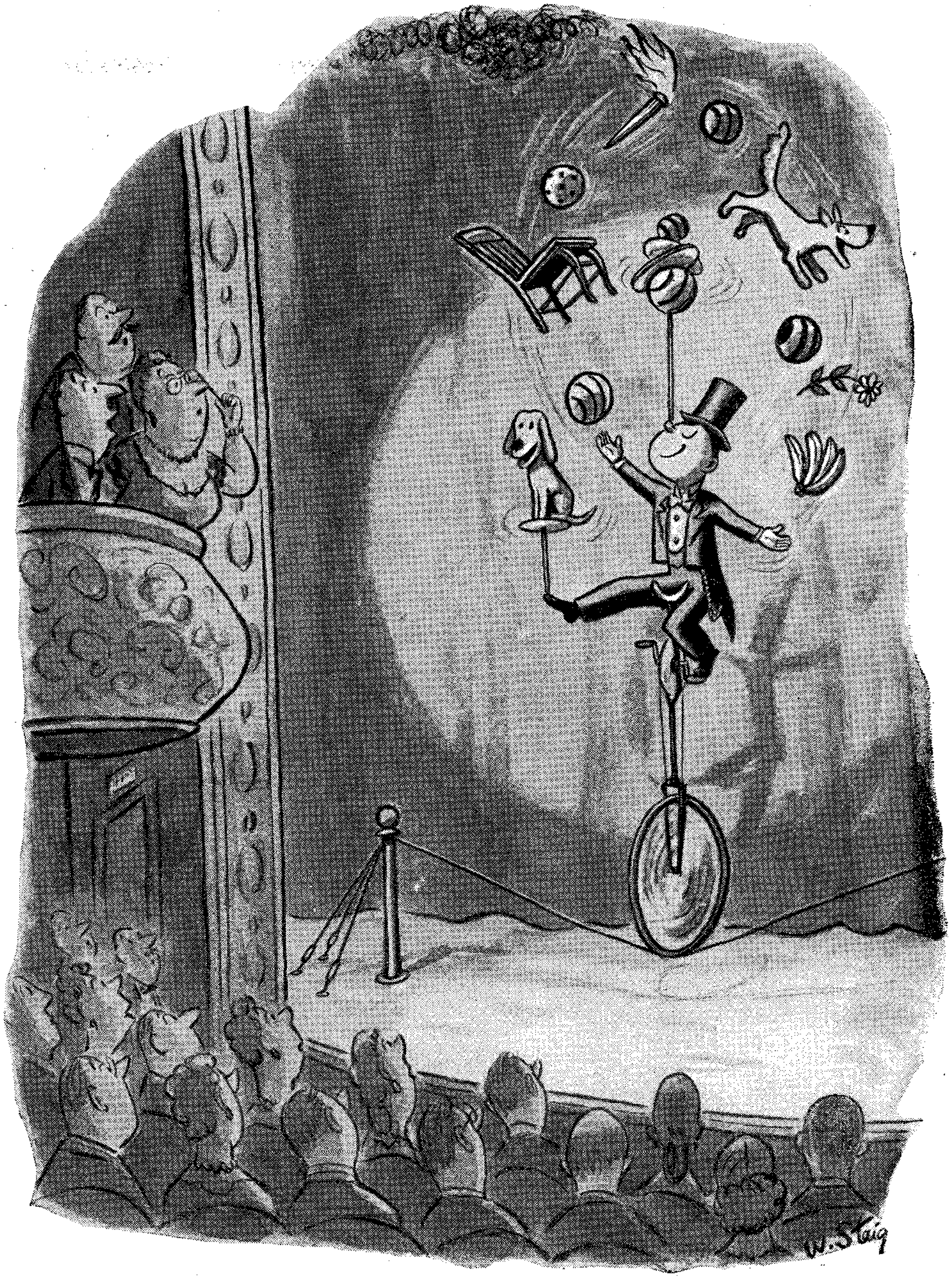
"I was only wondering how Egbert would take it. Army men are sensitive. I don't suppose Harold will object—you've made him extremely handsome, my dear—and, of course, James and Daniel will think nothing of it. I mean, it won't surprise them in the least. They'll be delighted, I'm sure. But Egbert . . . I admit to feeling a little dubious about Egbert."

"I think he's the best of the lot," said Florence.

"Oh, yes, he is. Undoubtedly he is. And, of course, he'll have a lion. That will please him. He's shot several. I could never willingly shoot a lion myself."

SAINT MARK might be the best likeness, but Saint Luke was by far the most admired when the finished reredos was set in its place and burst on the congregation for Whitsunday. Such a handsome Evangelist had never been suspected in Woodham Garnish—such flashing eyes, such regular features, and looking, so to speak, such a real gentleman. For, at the time of painting, Harold was very much Florence's favored son-in-law. The cult spread. During the next twelvemonth, several children were christened Luke on the strength of him. The mother triumphing over the artist, Florence touched up Matthew and John a little and, while she was about it, added some ten years to Saint Mark's age, for Egbert was being rather trying just then, always catching colds and backing the wrong horses, till Cecily was quite fagged out with nursing and economizing. Not that she complained. It was the younger daughter, Rosalind, who complained. Like other wives of very handsome husbands, Rosalind was apt to feel herself neglected, and she had enough of Florence in her to resent being a second fiddle to Harold. Rosalind had even gone so far as to say, her tone of acrimony only slightly disguised by her mouth being full of moss (for, having come down with the children for Easter, she was helping to decorate the church), "If you knew Harold as well as I do, Mother, I don't think you'd put him in an altarpiece."

Evading the main issue, Florence replied, "How disobliging daffodils are! It would be quite easy to alter him, if you don't like him as he is. I've made several changes in Saint Mark, and your father thinks they've been the making of him."



DREAMS OF GLORY

World's Greatest Juggler

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Rosalind snatched a bucket up and put it down again rather violently, but said no more. It will soon blow over, thought Florence.

It blew over. Saint Luke remained in all his beauty, and the cult continued, though now, identifications having been established, the votive infants were christened Harold. Except for some wistful aspirations that Geoffrey might now and then be called on to sprinkle a James, a Daniel, or even a Geoffrey, Florence had not a care in the world. As Edward VII succeeded Victoria, and the harmonium gave place to an organ, and the crimson curtains mellowed, Harold's mellowing career in the Civil Service took him and his family to Cairo.

It was from Cairo that the telegram came: "THIS TIME HAROLD HAS GONE TOO FAR AM RETURNING WITH CHILDREN ROSALIND."

Florence, having read it through, exclaimed, "Goodness! Geoffrey, do attend. This is from Rosalind, and she says Harold has gone too far and she's coming here with the children. What on earth can she mean?"

"A woman," said Geoffrey, coming up from Saint Jerome.

Florence said she couldn't believe it; Harold was attractive, but not that kind of man. A letter from Daniel, in the course of which he remarked that there were some odd rumors about Harold going the rounds and that he was afraid poor Rosie would have to open her eyes at last, shook her disbelief, and when it was followed by thirteen closely written pages from Rosalind, with exclamatory postscripts squeezed into all their corners, the last hope of incredulity vanished.

And with an acrobat, too!

THE letter with the story of Mlle. Zizi came on a Saturday. By the following Wednesday, Rosalind and her children would be arriving at Woodham Garnish. "I must change everything as much as possible!" cried Florence. "We can't have the house looking just the same as it did when they were here together. I have decided to turn the spare room into the nursery, and put Rosalind into—" She was about to say "—your dressing room" when the thought of a more essential change silenced her. Harold could not possibly be left *flaunting in the character* of St. Luke. Too full of purpose to explain her intentions, she hurried off to the church with her paints, brushes, and palette, seated herself on the altar, and set to work.

But now something went wrong. Try as she might to expurgate him, Harold continued to exercise a demoniacal possession of Saint Luke. Twice and thrice it seemed to her that she had got him down under quite a new countenance, and each time some final improvement—the arching of an eyebrow, the flaring of a nostril—conjured him back. Realizing that she was at the mercy of her talent for catching likenesses, she resolved to base a Saint Luke on Mr. Pawsey. This came better. Mr. Pawsey was everything that a rector's churchwarden should be, helpful yet unobtrusive. Satisfied at last, she scrambled off the altar and took the artist's few paces back to view the completed work. It was no use. Draped in Mr. Pawsey's cheeks, and leering through Mr. Pawsey's mild blue eyes, Harold surveyed her with a sardonic bo-peep.

"Very well!" she exclaimed, addressing only Harold. "Very well! Have it your own way. Since you insist on being Harold, I'll Harold you!"

Dusk had fallen before she laid on the last strokes. As she gave the renewed Harold a parting inspection, it seemed to her that she had shown him in his true colors.

THE pure light of a Third Sunday in Lent revealed an interpretation of Saint Luke that came as a surprise even to the artist, and perfectly outraged the congregation. What had happened to their Beloved Physician? What ever had come over Mrs. Rector? It seemed to the more imaginative of them that the Devil had got into the church overnight, leaving a strong smell of oil paints and a self-portrait.

"I am very sorry, Florence," Geoffrey said at luncheon, "but I cannot possibly conduct divine service under the supervision of that malevolent card-sharper. I quite understand your feelings. As far as they are feelings of a parent, I share them, and as the feelings of an artist, I respect them. All the same, my dear, you must repaint Saint Luke before next Sunday. And before Evensong it would be as well to fill the altar vases with laurel, or some vigorous shrub of that kind."

Florence readily admitted that Saint

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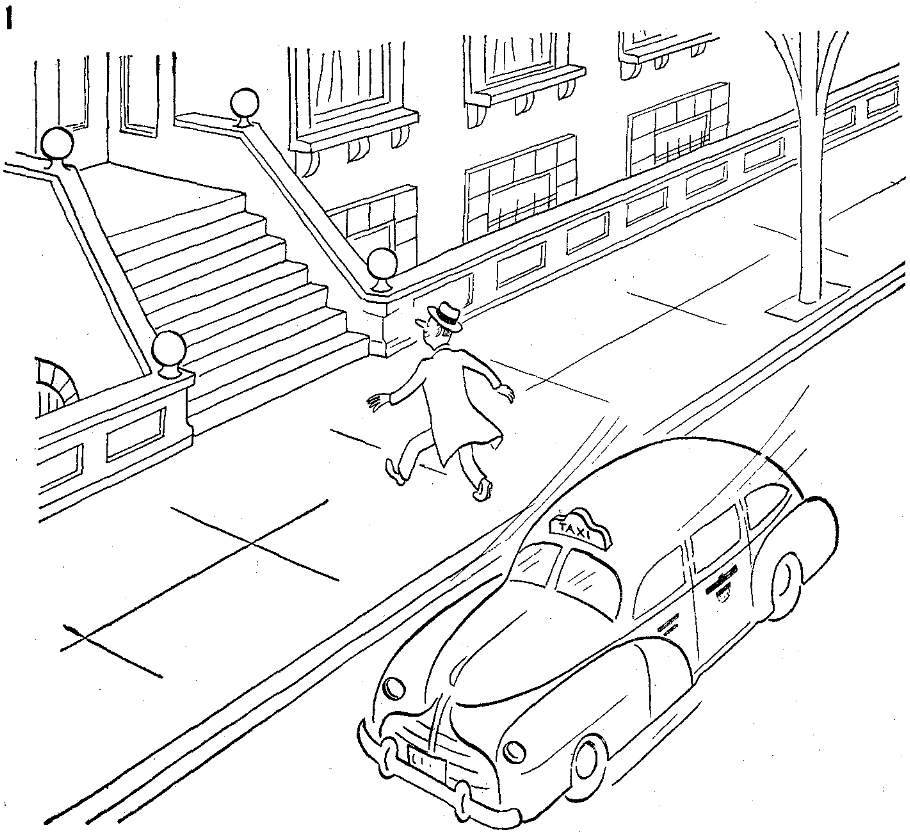

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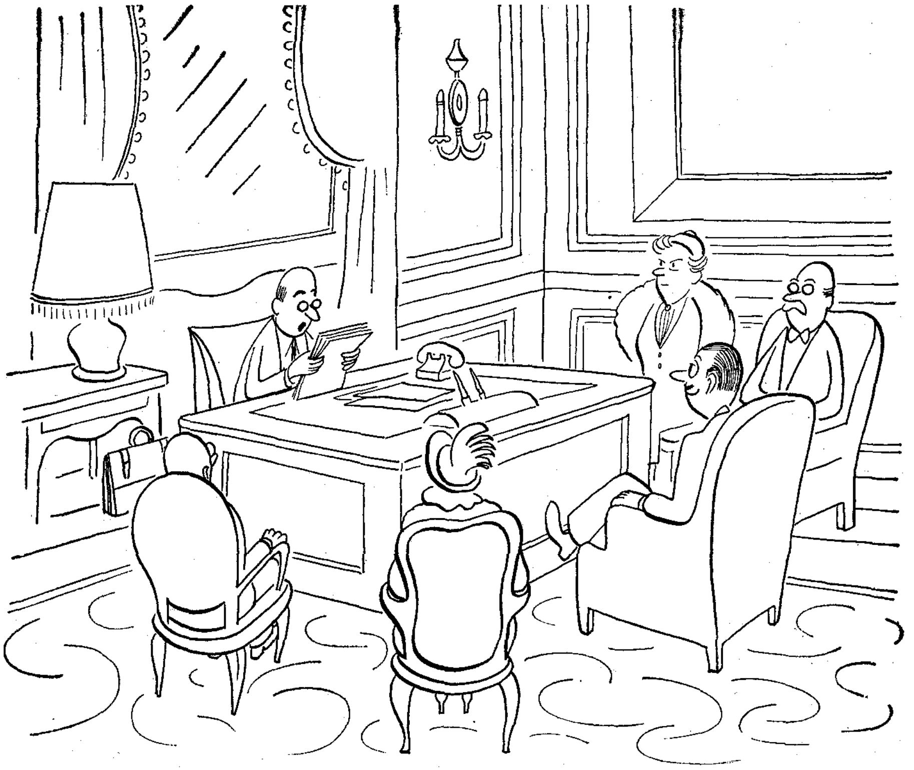

Luke had gone beyond the bounds of sacred art. "The trouble is," she pleaded, "I can't paint a face unless it's a likeness. And if it's not to be Harold, who is it to be? I tried Pawsey, but Harold got the better of him—and even if he hadn't, the village might have thought it not very reverent, and Spider would have had every reason to be jealous and talk about favoritism."

"It would not be irreverent to paint me," said Geoffrey. "I shall sit to you tomorrow afternoon."

ON the Fourth Sunday in Lent, the congregation observed that Saint Luke was now the Reverend. Rosalind did not go to church. She was not equal to it. The energetic wrath that had whirled her across Europe evaporated in the climate of home. She lay in bed, weeping copiously, refusing all nourishment except cups of strong tea and anchovy toast, and incessantly talking of Harold. Not even the fact that she was bedded in her father's dressing room was able to distract her from what seemed an inveterate determination to be reminded of Harold by everything she saw or heard, including her father's confident approaches to her door and his sighs of frustration as he went on toward the bathroom. She wept, and talked of Harold's cynicism and her ruined life, and Geoffrey said, "My poor child, what you need is rest. Try to sleep a little," and went away; and Florence persisted in expatiating on all the other delightful, stirring things there are in the world besides husbands; and the children, that natural solace for the feelings of an injured wife, were no solace at all, for they had made friends with a pig farmer and talked of nothing but boars and farrowings.

After a week of this, with no letters except letters of sympathy and approval from her sisters-in-law, Rosalind turned to religion, put on a hat, and crept out to sit quietly in the church by herself. Being shortsighted, she was halfway up the aisle before she noticed that a change had taken place in the third Evangelist. She hurried into the chancel for a closer examination. After a minute, she leaned forward and planted her finger on Saint Luke's nose. The rich impasto was still moist.

From the drawing-room window, Florence saw Rosalind crossing the churchyard with a springy, purposeful gait, and rejoiced to think that at last the poor little soul had taken her mother's insinuations to heart and found something better to do than brood on Harold. If by any chance it were the unfolding beauties of nature, and she could be persuaded to take the children for some good, long walks. . . . The springy and purposeful gait had entered the house, the door flew open, and Rosalind came to a violent halt in the middle of the room.

"Mother! This is too much! I have borne a great deal, but there are some things I ought not to be expected to put up with, and will not put up with, and one of them is to be held up to derision in Woodham Garnish. I should have thought you might feel that I had enough to endure already, what with Harold breaking my heart, and that appalling journey, and the children getting so spoiled that they are completely beyond my control, and my health ruined by all these worries, and never able to snatch a wink of sleep because of that odious dovecot below the dressing room. I must say I didn't expect this. I didn't expect my own mother to turn against me. But now I see that I was wrong."

"My dear," Florence said, "if it's the doves that are troubling you—"

"Doves! Doves! I'm not talking about doves. I never mentioned doves. Poke me away anywhere you like—why not the box room? That's nothing to do with it. I'm quite accustomed to that sort of treatment. But I am still a married woman, and entitled to some respect and consideration, and now to be insulted in this way, held up to ridicule, and published in church like banns—it's outrageous, outrageous, outrageous!"

"Rosalind!"

"Outrageous, I say. To come home, as I did, after all I'd gone through, and then to find my husband obliterated from a reredos! The paint still wet! And not a touch on any of the others, so you can't pretend it's one of your old fiddle-faddle improvements. Quite apart from anything else, I'm positive it's libellous, and if Harold were to sue you, he would be more than justified. What do you suppose people will think? Everyone knew Saint Luke was Harold, and now you go and plaster Father on top of him, and what other conclusions can they come to? I've never been so insulted in my life. And you always pretended to be so fond of him, too. You might have remembered that, even if you've got no consideration for what it all means to me."

"Don't rant, Rosalind. Your father and I both agreed that in order to spare your feelings—"

"Pooh! I don't for a moment suppose you said a word to him. *He* would never want to rob me of my one little crumb of comfort, my only chance of catching a glimpse of Harold's old self."

"Really, Rosalind, if you can find no better consolation in a visit to church than—"

"What else do you suppose I went for? To glut my eyes on Egbert?"

"I had not expected that Canon Burroughs would be so late," said Geoffrey, coming in with his watch in his hand and an appearance of not having heard anything out of the usual. "Well, my dear, I see that you have been for a little turn in the fresh air. It has done

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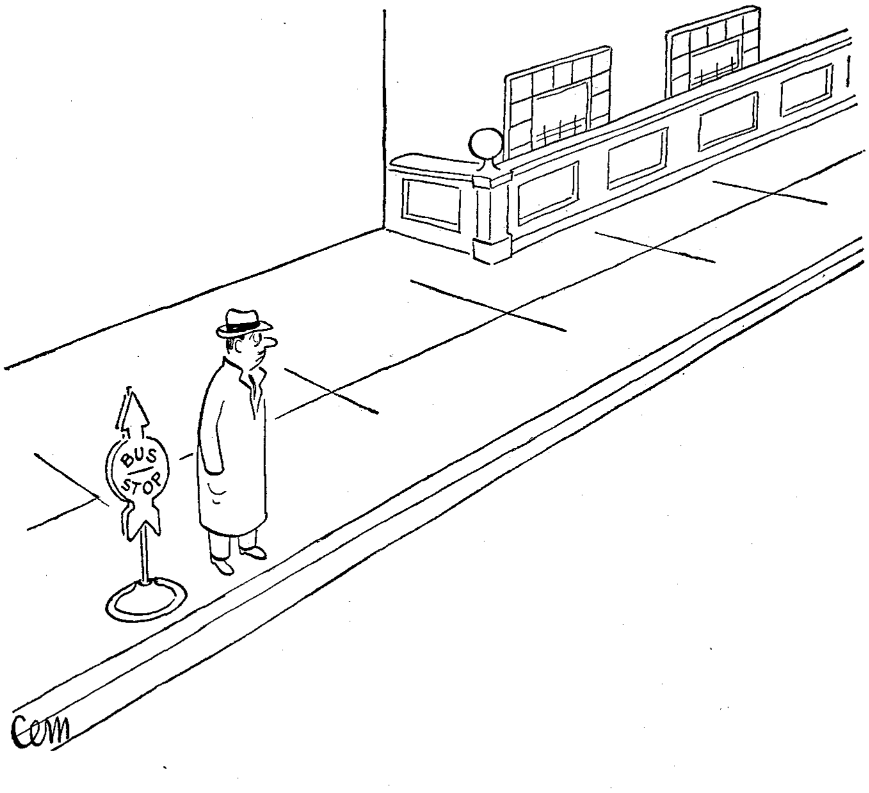
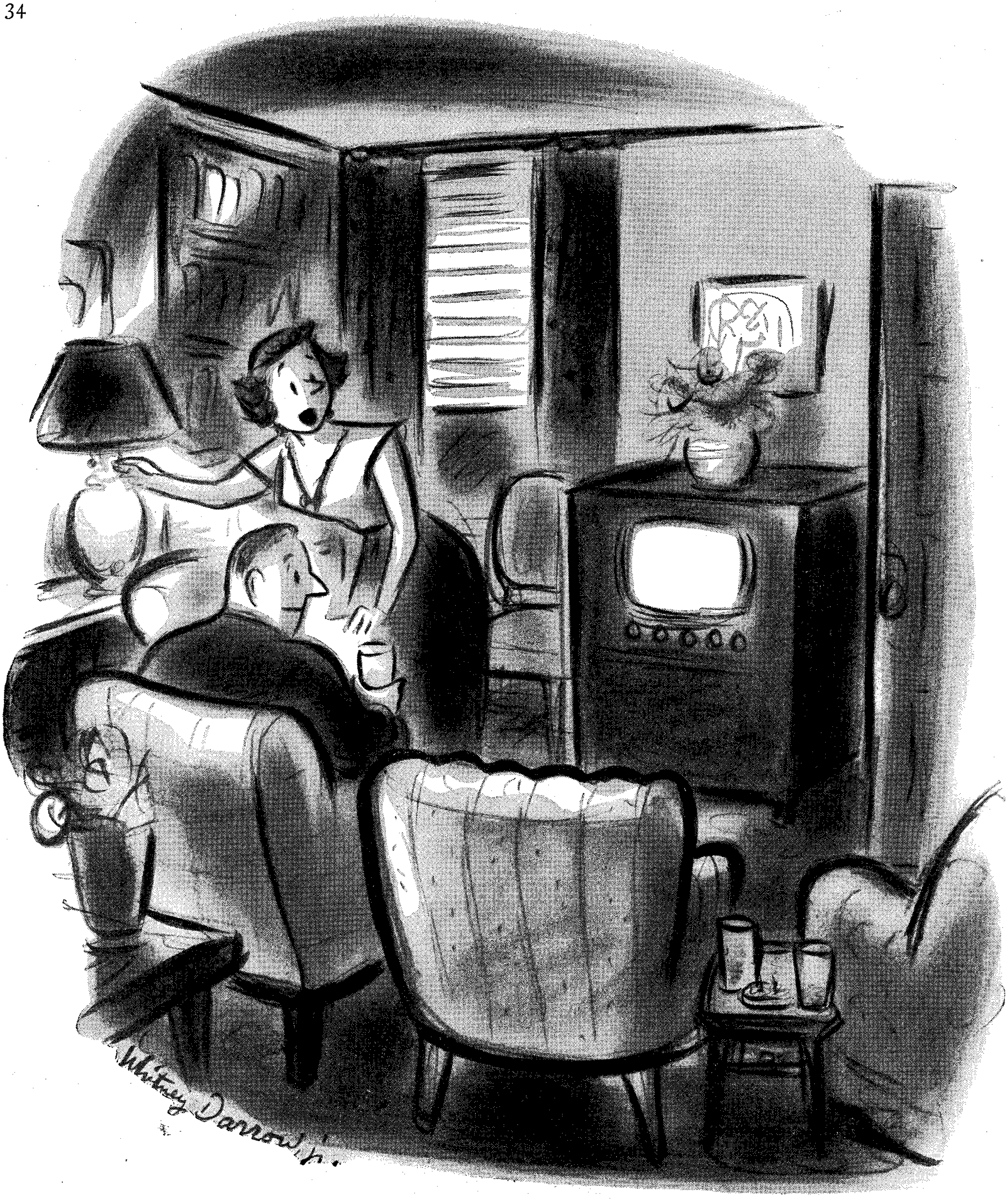



Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"Why, they've gone!"

• •

you good. You have quite a color."

"I'm going out again," Rosalind said. "Now. To the post office."

The front door slammed. Geoffrey said, "She has gone to send a telegram to Harold, to tell him she's coming back."

"Poor Rosalind!" said Florence. "Do you suppose he will want her?"

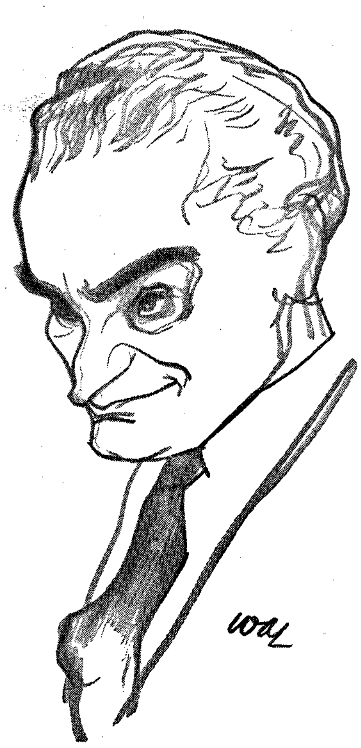
"I'm sure he will. Men like Harold are always pleased to see a wife come back. My dear, do you suppose she will take the children?"

She did. Thanks to their artless farewells it was quite a touching and seemly departure, and after the last wave to the wagonette, Geoffrey and Florence finished up the breakfast coffee and turned their minds to the arrangements for Holy Week. As for the reredos, it went on quietly enough until just before Trinity Sunday, when Geoffrey said that Florence must buy a length of some handsome brocade, of the correct liturgical green, and make curtains that could be drawn in front of it, after the style of a dossal. For while cutting a bunch of asparagus he had overheard two little girls disputing in the lane, and one of them had said that Saint Luke didn't half look queer now he was the Reverend, and the other had said, correctingly, that when he was Mr. Harold, it was Saint Luke, but that now he was the Reverend, it was God the Father.

—Sylvia Townsend Warner

PROFILES

ONE-MAN LOBBY



Sirdar Jagjit Singh

SIRDAR JAGJIT SINGH, the president of the India League of America, a privately supported, nonprofit organization that seeks to interpret India to, and to further Indian causes in, this country, is, at fifty-three, a handsome, six-foot Sikh who by means of persistent salesmanship, urbane manners, and undeviating enthusiasm has established himself as the principal link between numberless Americans and the vast, mysterious Eastern subcontinent where he was born. A resident of the United States for the past quarter of a century, who is known to his friends as "J. J." (a short cut to "Jagjit") and who years ago discarded his sectarian turban, beard, and long hair held up by a comb for the Occidental conceits of a black Homburg, a daily shave, and periodic visits to the barber, Singh has also made himself a most industrious interpreter of Americans to his fellow-Indians. As a living refutation of Kipling's never-the-twain-shall-meet thesis, he eclectically embraces India and the United States with equal and unflagging devotion. He has made extended visits to Asia and lately, broadening his horizons, has emerged as a fervent spokesman for the whole of that awakening continent. Last summer, he went on a two-and-a-half-month tour of Europe, which he described as his first step in educating himself to become a true citizen of the world. An Indian diplomat who recently stopped off in New York, en route to New Delhi, and spent a few evenings with Singh—evenings compounded of earnest conversation and visits to restaurants, theatres, and night clubs—said, shortly before he sailed, "J. J. is among that handful of Indians who have managed to rise out of their skins."

Singh's position as head of the India League is nonremunerative (he has, as a matter of fact, been one of its sturdiest financial props), and he has been obliged therefore to continue to be what he was when he first came to this country—an importer of Indian goods. His shop, India Arts and Crafts, at 14 East Fifty-sixth Street, deals mostly in luxurious Indian silks and cottons, and it numbers among its steady customers some of the more or less well-known individuals Singh encountered in his earlier, self-described "playboy days," before he renounced dancing, bridge, and fancy-dress parties for the relatively sedate life of an evangel of freedom for India. The establishment, fortunately, is well managed by Miss Suzanne Goutal, once a buyer for Best's, who has been Singh's assistant for seventeen years and whose competence makes it possible for him to assume a fairly cavalier attitude toward commerce. "I'm not avaricious where money is concerned," he says. "I gave up the idea of becoming rich when I decided to devote myself to public life." Nevertheless, the business still nets him an income that provides comfortably, for his needs, which are those of a bachelor who enjoys good clothes, good food, and travel, and that also enables him to contribute generously to the support of the League, his only dependent.

Singh's home for the last twelve years has been a two-room river-view suite in the Beaux Arts apartments, on East Forty-fourth Street, which he has adorned with a random assortment of vases, ivory elephants, and other Indian ornaments. A fine sketch of Gandhi, whom Singh venerated, hangs on one wall. Piles of *Time*, *Life*, and *Esquire* occupy a hallway shelf, together with fifty or so books, which are fairly equally divided between subjects exemplified by Gandhi's autobiography, on the one hand, and "Forever Amber," on the other. In this setting, Singh rises at noon every day, having sat up until two or three in the morning reading Indian and American newspapers to prepare for another day of international endeavor. He squeezes himself a glass of grapefruit juice, dresses, walks to his shop, and goes at once to an alcove in the rear, where, seated at a three-by-six-foot desk behind a delicately carved wooden screen, he gets ready to carry on his increasingly serious tête-à-tête with the world at large. Before addressing himself to the problems of the day, however, he brews himself several cups of coffee in a Silex and eats two scrambled eggs on toast and a couple of buns, sent in from a nearby drugstore—his standard midday repast for the last twenty years. The meal over, he settles down to a consideration of matters that concern the India League. Although the League has an office, at 40 East Forty-ninth Street, consisting of a couple of rooms in which a paid secretary and a part-time volunteer take care of its correspondence, Singh prefers to conduct most of its affairs from his shop. This is partly because he wants to keep a casual eye on his business, but in larger part it is because he feels more at home in the shop's opulent atmosphere than in the austere, quiet headquarters of the League. The shop conveys the suggestion of an Oriental bazaar, which he finds attractive. While an expensive sari is being displayed out front, in an aura of rich perfume and light feminine chatter, Singh, in back, is apt to be phoning someone at the United Nations to discuss anything from a point of protocol to a plebiscite. He rarely goes out to greet a customer himself unless it is some old friend who has traded with him for years, such as Leopold Stokowski, Greer Garson, Mrs. Wendell Willkie, Mrs. John Hay Whitney, Charles Laughton, or Laughton's wife, Elsa Lanchester. When the friend departs, Singh retires at once to his alcove.

Far too busy keeping abreast of the present to find time to tidy up the past, Singh works at his ample desk surrounded by a litter of old newspapers and magazines, letters, and memoranda. Crowding bolts of silk stored in the rear of the shop are tiers of filing cabinets overflowing with documents pertaining to League affairs. During an average afternoon, Singh may make a couple of dozen telephone calls about international matters, draft a letter to the editor of the *Times*, draw up a list of speakers for a meeting commemorating the anniversary of the death of some famous Indian figure, write a column for the Calcutta *Hindusthan Standard* explaining American reactions to Asian events, prepare the seating list and menu for an interhemispheric dinner to be given at the Waldorf, complete arrangements for a quick trip to Washington to urge some friends of his in Congress to vote in favor of a bill to send wheat to India (he testified in its favor before the House Foreign Affairs Committee last month), and track down for federal and city authorities a lascar seaman who has jumped ship. In the evening, there may be a session of the India League's executive committee, which includes three other Indians and eleven Americans. These sessions are private, quasi-social gatherings, and it is at them that Singh's colleagues often get their sharpest insight into his character. As he outlines his—and the League's—plans for future action, it becomes evident that, in the words of one of his admirers, "J. J. is conscious of greatness." One of the League's principal current projects is to raise ten million dollars for a Gandhi Memorial in Washington, which has already been approved, thanks to Singh's prodding, by a joint resolution of Congress. The prospect of getting people to subscribe that much money might faze a man of less self-assurance, but Singh has no doubts at all about reaching his eight-figure objective. (The quota Singh has set seems even more formidable when one takes into consideration the fact that there are in this country today only about four thousand Indians, consisting, in the main, of Hindus, Moslems, and Sikhs, along with a few Parsees and members of other Indian sects. Three thousand of them, mostly Sikhs, are farmers on the West Coast. Five hundred others, the majority of them Hindus and Moslems, live in Greater New York, where they work mainly in silk mills, restaurants, and garages, or are occupied as businessmen or students, and most of the remainder are employed in Detroit automobile factories.) Most of Singh's friends consider his outspoken confidence in himself—what has been called his "modest immodesty"—rather appealing. "He always makes it sound as if what he has done or is going to do is merely incidental but that, in fairness to all human beings, he ought to mention it," one of them said the other day. "You couldn't stand it if you didn't know he had integrity of purpose."

Presiding over the open meetings of the India League, which are held from time to time in various auditoriums around town, Singh is at his best. He tries to make each meeting as much of an international event as he can, and loads his dais with a diversified group of speakers, many of whom find in the cause of Indian freedom and the problems arising from it their one common bond. Flanked by these light- and dark-skinned guests, Singh, as the meeting gets under way, fills the role of cosmic interlocutor, quipping through introductions with the jaunty urbanity that has become one of his chief traits. At these meetings, at dinners, and, more and more, in his daily contacts with people, Singh conducts himself in accordance with his own code of protocol, a warm and universal one in which friends are referred to as colleagues and good friends as dear colleagues. To a considerable degree, he possesses what sportswriters call the ability to get a crowd with him, but according to those who have known him a long while, this is definitely an acquired knack that is not to be compared with, say, the easy, natural, picnic-grounds familiarity of a Jim Farley. Sometimes, indeed, Singh, resorting to an exaggerated use of first names and marginally successful anecdotes, leaves his audience with the feeling that he is straining a bit too hard. To compensate for this, the enthusiasm with which he approaches the world in all its immensity and reduces it to cozy proportions exerts a hypnotic effect upon his listeners. "J. J. always gives the audience the impression that he's either just arrived from somewhere or is just about to take off for somewhere—somewhere important," an associate of Singh's in the League has said. Singh's physical appearance makes him an arresting figure on the rostrum. His eyes, behind horn-rimmed glasses, flash with emotion and, when narrowed beneath his bushy, arching brows, give him a crafty look. His jaw juts sharply, his nose is twisted and curved, and flat at the end, and his lips are full and mobile. Part of his success in conducting meetings derives from his propensity for pantomiming the emotions of his speakers. After delivering an intimate introduction, Singh will sit down, remove his glasses, turn his striking profile to the audience, and appear alternately shocked, despairing, hopeful, cynical, and philosophical, depending on what is being said at the moment.

Singh's Indian friends are inclined to take a view of him that differs somewhat from that of their American counterparts. An American journalist with much experience in the Orient, who speaks admiringly of both the suave, sophisticated adjustment Singh has made to Western ways and the wild, impulsive remnants in his personality of his native northern India, has described him as "an uninhibited character with all the veneer and polish of Manhattan night clubs." On the other hand, an Indian friend, who respects the insistence and

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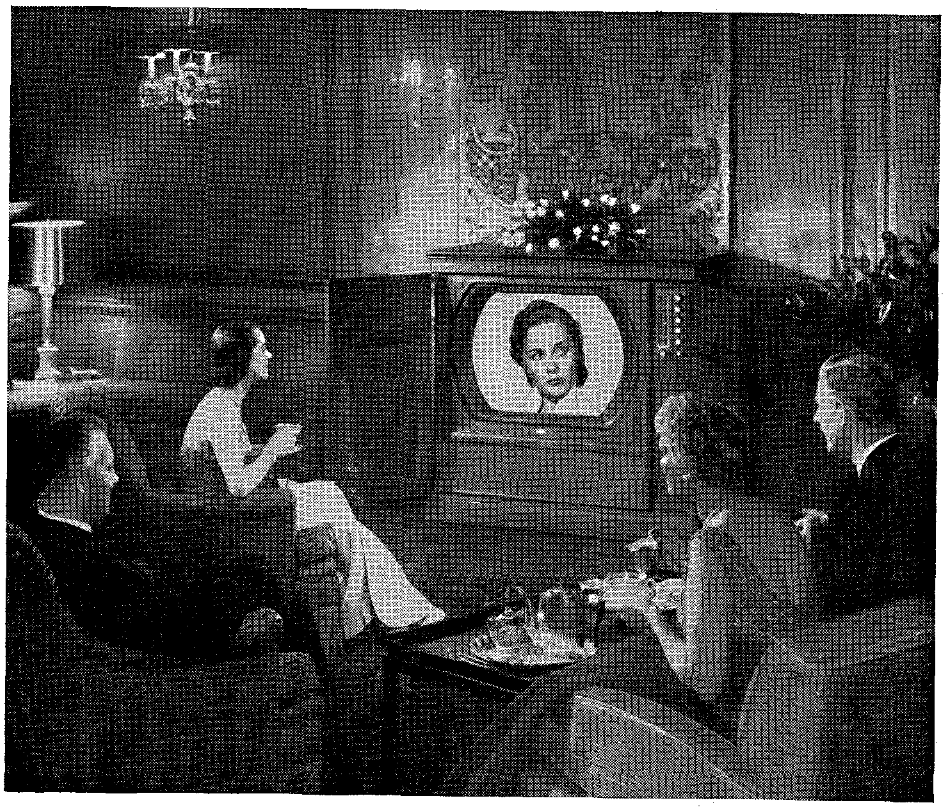

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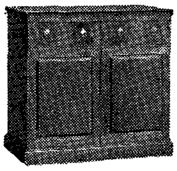

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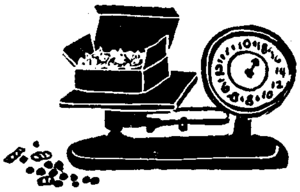
grace with which Singh has sought to further India's cause but who himself, despite an even longer residence in America, has persistently preserved his reflective and serene personal identity, sees his compatriot as having perhaps moved ahead a little too far and too fast. "J. J. is a product of the Indian Renaissance," he says, "in the way we talk of individuals who were products of the Italian Renaissance. He is a twentieth-century personality, a man of the modern ferment. He's like a fabric dipped into a dye, and he's taken the coloration extremely well, especially the New York coloration. But he's become in the process a trifle too much like a weathercock. He follows trends, not thoughts. Reality to him is no longer a matter of basic cause and effect but the daily unfolding of the news."



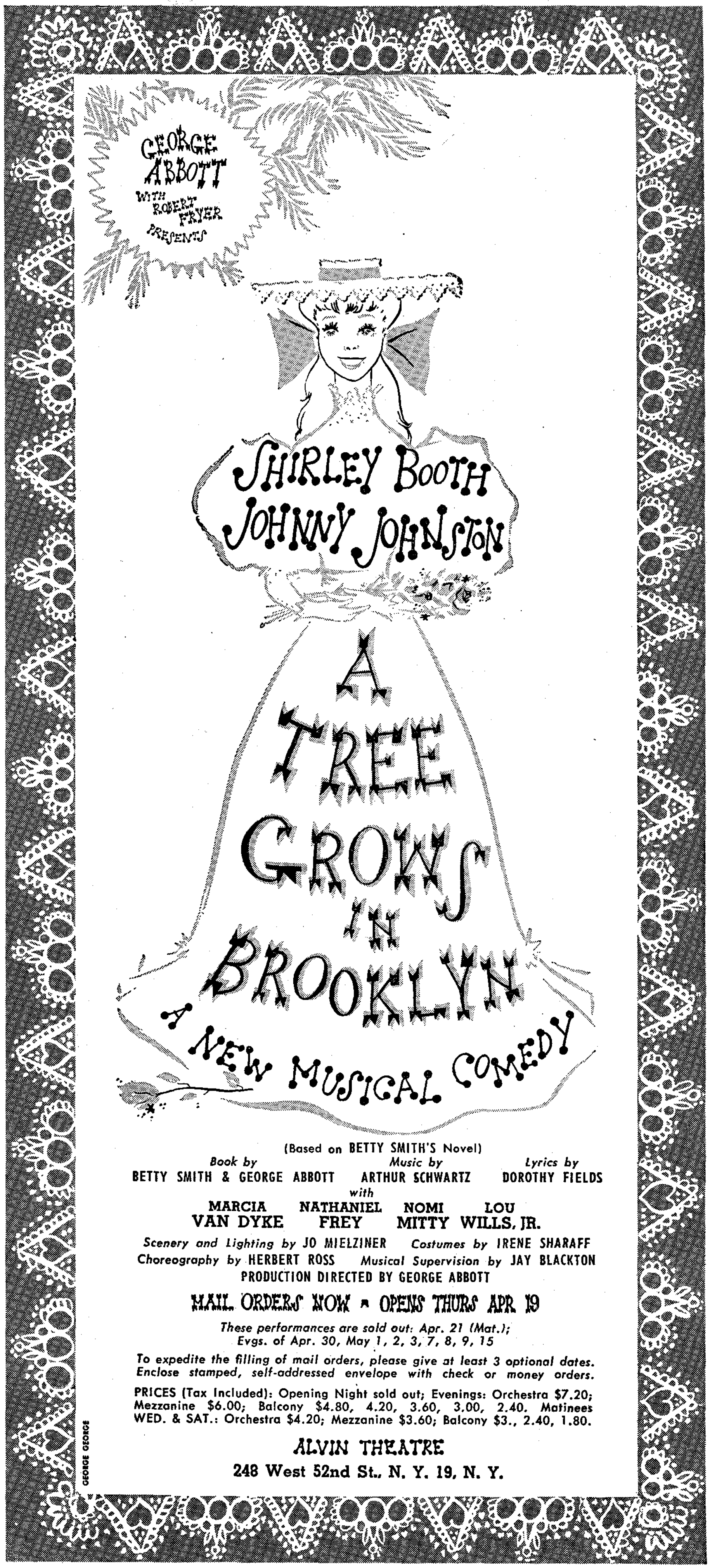
THE fact that Singh has been largely responsible for the most significant period of Indian activity in the United States is, as he himself has said, clearly the result of one of those lucky accidents that put the right man in the right place at the right time. For half a century before he appeared on the scene, a strange procession of Indian activists followed one another to the United States, and few of them attracted more than evanescent attention. The first Indian leader to explain his country to Americans was a swami named Vivekananda, who in the nineties solicited aid for Indian education. In 1906, a branch of the Free Hindustan movement, the first political group dedicated to the overthrow of British rule in India, was started in the United States. It was succeeded by the Friends of Freedom for India, headed by Sailendra N. Ghose, a colorful scholar and revolutionist. He established a practical working relationship with certain Irish-Americans who were also plumping for independence from Great Britain, and ended up, anticlimactically, as a British education officer in Calcutta. During the twenties and early thirties, Britain played a sort of cat-and-mouse game with some of the more troublesome Indian nationalists. The majority of them were in prison most of the time, but occasionally one of them would be released and would succeed in making his way here to lecture. Immediately upon his return to India, he would be popped right back into his cell.

This essentially unrewarding period of Indian-American activity ended in 1939, with the emergence of Singh. Up to that time, although he had briefly been a revolutionist in India as a young man and had lived in the United States since 1926, he had taken little or no part in the free-India movement here. Now and then, he had unenthusiastically dined with a small group of his countrymen in the Ceylon India Inn, on West Forty-ninth Street, where the evening would be reverently devoted to a reading of the poetry of Sir Rabindranath Tagore or some such, but that was the nearest he had come to identifying himself with any nationalist drive. The Indian intellectuals who ran these rather sombre gatherings looked down on whatever merchants there were in their midst with the traditional consciousness of caste, and they were especially leery of Singh, who, they felt, had "become an American" with a vengeance. Singh would have been the last to deny this. During the first ten or twelve years he spent in this country, his main interest in life, aside from business, was having as good a time, with as many of what he considered the best people, as possible. These included some of New York's better-publicized hostesses, whose parties he attended and whose débutante daughters he took dancing. Hostesses and daughters alike were usually more curious about India than concerned about it. Years later, in an article he wrote for a number of Indian newspapers, Singh, taking a backward look, had this to say about Americans:

> It is absolutely correct that the vast majority of Americans are ignorant about conditions that obtain in India. This lack of knowledge and the existence of so much misinformation is certainly annoying, to say the least. I should know. Because, if the visiting Indians are perturbed and annoyed at the prevailing ignorance about India in 1946, you can well imagine how much worse it was in 1926, when I first arrived in this country. I distinctly recall that in those days when I used to go to parties (this country is great for parties—cocktail parties, dancing parties, bridge parties, house parties, theatre parties, etc.), I was, as a rule, a social flop because I was unable to produce a couple of snakes from my pockets or do the rope trick in the living room.

Singh exaggerated his social ineptitude. Actually, he readily captivated his acquaintances with his breezy, cosmopolitan chatter, and he was constantly sought after by hostesses as an exotic extra man. This generally carefree existence might have gone on indefinitely had it not been for two events in the middle thirties, which produced an almost Augustinian change in Singh. One was the Indian provincial elections in which the Congress party of Gandhi and Jawaharlal Nehru gained control of six out of eleven provincial legislatures. The other was the publication of Nehru's autobiography, "Toward Freedom," which so moved Singh that he wrote to Nehru about having it published in America. He also sent a copy to President Roosevelt—"through my good friend Jimmy Roosevelt"—which is now in the memorial library at Hyde Park. (Two years ago, just before Nehru visited the United States, Singh also sent a copy to President Truman, recommending the parts he thought the President should read.)

During a visit home in 1937, Singh discussed his own future in relation to India's with some influential associates of his youthful days. Where, he asked, could he be most helpful—there or here? He was advised to return to the United States and do what he could to set up an India Chamber of Commerce here, for the purpose of trying to interest Washington in a bilateral trade agreement with India. Singh dutifully went through the motions, but he found that the dull commercial dickering involved failed to satisfy his now resurgent revolutionary spirit. After another trip to India, during which he received Nehru's unofficial blessing as the man to stir up support in this country for India's fight for independence, he appeared one night in 1939 at one of the sleepy, sporadic meetings in New York of the India League, then an organization of the Ceylon India Inn intellectuals, whose active membership had dwindled to twelve. Singh listened to the expression of lofty thoughts for a while and then proposed that the League pay less attention to culture and philosophy and more to politics and propaganda. He also proposed that the League abandon its policy of restricting its membership to Indians and that it set about corralling some prominent American members. The intellectuals, regarding Singh as a shallow fellow who had never known his Bhagavad-Gita and who was at best a sparkling social phenomenon, looked upon his proposal to sell Indian nationalism by methods similar to those he employed to sell saris as fantastically gross. There ensued one of those violent internal battles that frequently shake such organizations. The upshot was that Singh became the dominant figure in a revamped League, with no racial restrictions on its membership, and the intellectuals established a rival, all-Indian group called the National Com-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mittee for India's Independence, with headquarters in Washington. The fact that Singh was in a position to give a good deal of time and money to the League (he has, to date, donated about fifty thousand dollars to it) did nothing to endear him to the opposition.

As the new head of the League, Singh soon came to play a role that in some of its more flamboyant aspects was akin to the effulgent one played almost simultaneously in Brooklyn by Larry MacPhail, who in 1941 brought to the Dodgers their first pennant in decades. Singh at once showed himself to be an adroit promoter, fully conscious that a proper mixture of ballyhoo and ability creates valuable publicity. Before long, he was getting more newspaper space for the League and for himself than any other Indian organization or nationalist had ever enjoyed here, and had signed up a number of lively, aggressive Americans as members. After Pearl Harbor, it was agreed that the League's principal objective should be to convince Americans that the Indians would put up a real fight for the Allies only in return for Britain's promise of freedom. A campaign was mapped out "to influence the influencers," a phrase that has since become a slogan with Singh. "We decided that in order to get anywhere," he explained not long ago, "we would have to get after the columnists, the radio commentators, and the rest of the blah-blah people who make public opinion, as well as those who make policy." Help came initially from an unanticipated source—William Randolph Hearst, who in one of his columns advised the British to concede the Indians their independence at once. Singh wrote Hearst a letter of thanks which so impressed the publisher that he used it as the basis for a second column on the subject and asked Singh for more. Singh quickly adapted himself to the peculiar chest-thumping, boldface-caps San Simeon style. He wrote of "the bloodstained claws of the Japanese" and sounded dire warnings about America's "duty to herself and the cause of democracy to make the British yield."

Although Singh has always had a rare gift for promulgating ideas, and a zeal that is both tireless and infectious, he knew very little at first about American publicity methods or about speechmaking. The Americans who enrolled in the League became his coaches and collaborators, marshalling his facts for him and helping him write his speeches, and they marvelled at his aptitude. The ideas Singh soon was promulgating were, if not always feasible, at least headline-catching. He urged President Roosevelt, for example, to rush a million modern rifles to India for a volunteer corps—that had still to be formed—to defend that nation against possible attack by the Japanese, and suggested that a special diplomatic team composed of Wendell Willkie, Lord Halifax, T. V. Soong, Manuel Quezon, and Maxim Litvinov take off immediately by plane for New Delhi to arrange a truce between the Hindus, the Moslems, and the British. The weekend Nehru was arrested, in August, 1942, Singh was a guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Luce, in Greenwich (he had got to know Mrs. Luce by helping her arrange a trip to India, from which she had just returned). Singh told his host and hostess that he thought Nehru's imprisonment was imminent, and their respect for their guest increased when his prediction came true shortly after he returned to town. "I WON'T SAY I TOLD YOU SO," Singh wired Luce magnanimously, "BUT NOW I NEED YOUR HELP," and he went on to appeal for the support of the Luce magazines. *Time* quickly came up with a cover story on Nehru, representing an editorial decision that Singh doesn't believe was altogether a coincidence.

The definitely Mephistophelean expression that Singh can assume on occasion, always elegantly set off by neatly tailored two-hundred-dollar suits, has frequently helped him gain entrance to cloistered places and to command an audience with their occupants once he gets there. He showed up, looking his fiercest, one summer day in 1942 in the precincts of the *Times* and, sweeping past a brace of startled attendants, strode into the office of Edwin L. James, the managing editor, where he denounced the *Times* for not printing a story on a League meeting held the previous night, although the *Herald Tribune* had written it up. Incredulous, James began to thumb through a copy of that day's *Times*. "Don't bother to look. It's not there, you know," Singh said. After a vain search, James called in a reporter, and the next morning the *Times* printed a long interview with the president of the India League that more than made up for the oversight.

Shortly thereafter, Singh invaded Washington, where he thought he might find a more resonant sounding board for his ideas. A Washington correspondent whose wife Singh had met socially opened his eyes to the value of the journalistic phenomenon known as the mass press conference. All that was needed to make a mass press conference

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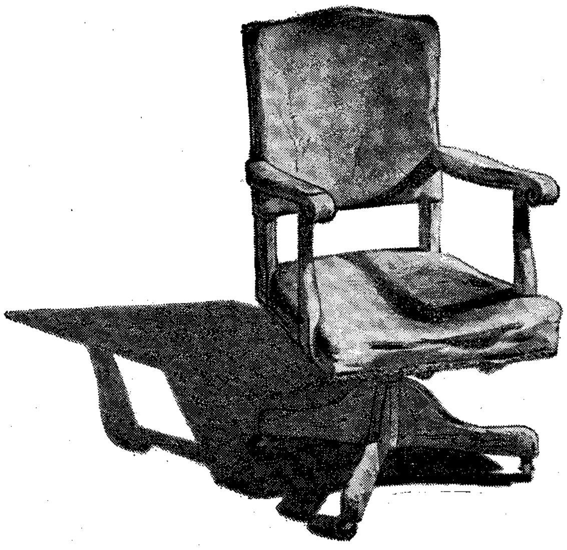
a success, he advised Singh, was some "spot news." Singh presently called a conference at the Hotel Willard and told the large number of reporters who attended that he had received "secret information" that the British were ready to quit India and that the Japanese were about to invade that country with Burmese and dissident-Indian troops. His dashing appearance, the passionate note of sincerity in his voice, and, above all, the fact that he was something new under the Washington sun were effective. "I believe in the Atlantic Charter and the Four Freedoms," he said. "So does Gandhi. But what does the Atlantic Charter mean to the [Indian] peasant, the farmer, the silversmith? All he knows is that India has been enslaved for more than a hundred and fifty years, and he blames foreign domination for his poverty and misery." Singh got a wide and sympathetic press. A correspondent representing the Sioux City (Iowa) *Journal* expressed a typical reaction. "Mohandas Gandhi's personal popularity in this capital is so low he'd have to chin himself to touch bottom," he wrote, "but his influence has brought out one of the most interesting personalities to hit town in a dog's age. . . . Dramatically handsome and built like a varsity tackle, [Singh is] visibly affected when he talks of his homeland." It wasn't long before word of the new personality got around and people were asking each other over cocktails, "Have you seen this Indian yet—J. J. Singh?"

Singh's success in public relations has been more than matched by his success as a lone-wolf lobbyist. In this capacity, he has also demonstrated the indefatigability and bounce that are an integral part of his personality. A congressman whose vote Singh has several times swayed has said, "He's got something the others lack. Maybe it's because his heart's in it." Singh's reputation as a one-man lobby stems from his campaign to obtain Unrra aid for the victims of the Bengal famine of 1943. It was his contention that India was a war-devastated nation in view of the fact that the rice supplies that in normal times were shipped from Burma to Bengal had been cut off by the fighting. He began at the top, by sending President Roosevelt a telegram, and received a reply from a junior official of the State Department to the effect that the government would do what it reasonably could to alleviate the famine. Singh was dissatisfied with the vagueness of the message. A preparatory conference of the Council of Unrra was being held



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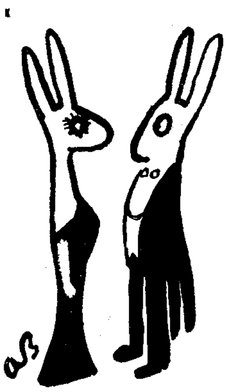
at the time at the Claridge, in Atlantic City, and he hurried there, checking in at a hotel nearby. The Claridge was surrounded by military police, but Singh wangled a pass from a delegate's aide and got through the lines. The man he particularly wanted to talk to was Dean Acheson, the permanent chairman of the conference and the chief American representative to it, who had publicly taken the position that India's plight was not directly attributable to the war. Singh had publicly disputed this. After several postponements, Acheson finally consented to see Singh. Their meeting was not a fruitful one. "I never got such a cold reception, such a brushoff," Singh has since recalled. "Acheson more than implied I was a distinct nuisance."

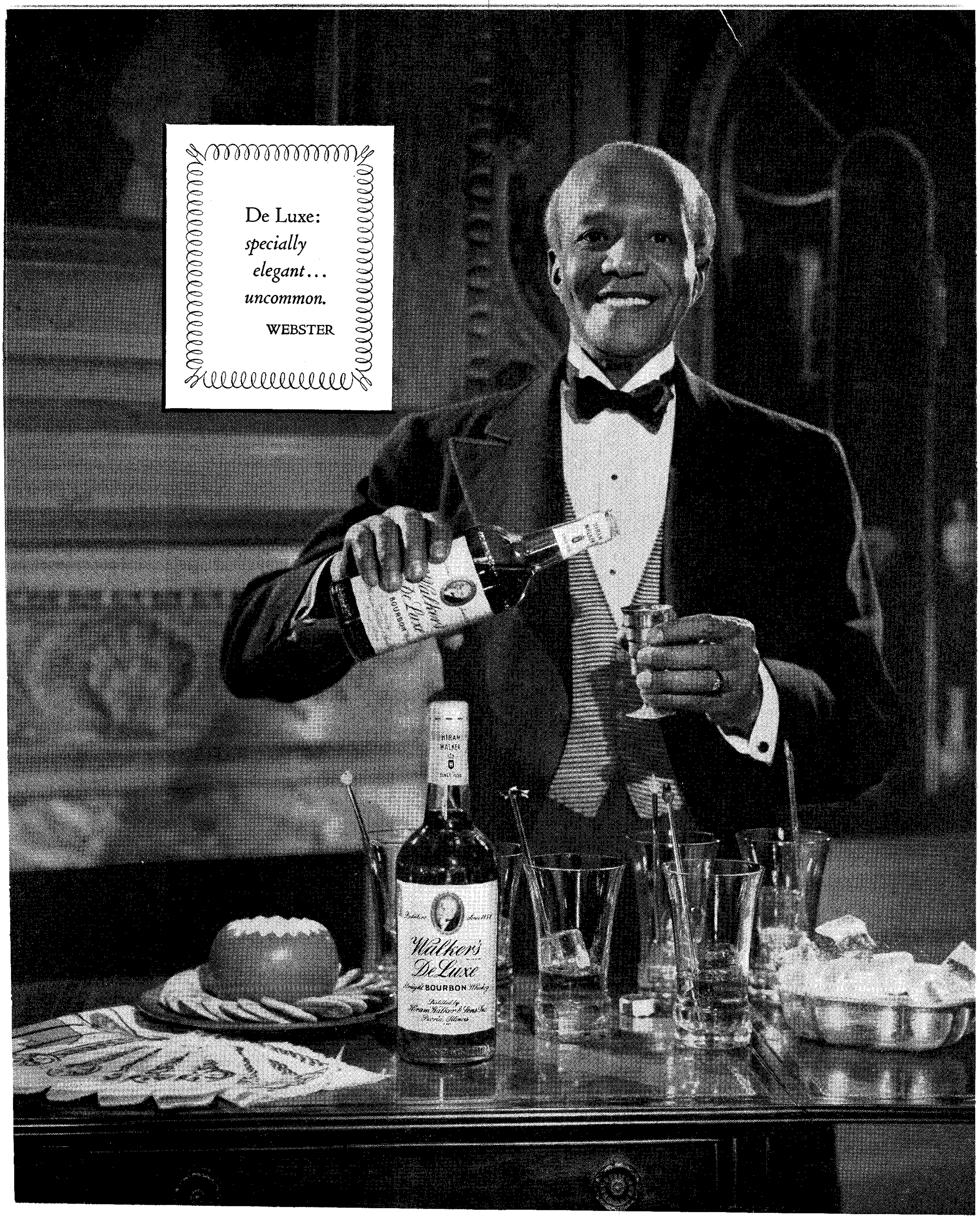
Undaunted, Singh returned to Washington, where a bill authorizing an appropriation to enable this country to participate in Unrra was under discussion in the House of Representatives. Only one man on the important House Foreign Affairs Committee, Karl E. Mundt, of South Dakota, was receptive to Singh's entreaties. Mundt agreed to introduce an amendment on the floor of the House to bring India within the scope of Unrra. Engineering its passage was a far from easy task. He recommended that Singh do his persuasive best to line up congressmen behind the amendment. Each morning at nine, Mundt would meet Singh and draw up a list of congressmen for Singh to visit, briefing him on their political inclinations, likes, dislikes, and idiosyncrasies. "I'd kind of give him a little lowdown and off he'd go, like a shot," Mundt says. "I took a lot of kidding about it in the cloakrooms. The boys began asking me about 'that big Indian, your soothsayer.' They'd heard me making speeches about the Sioux out in South Dakota and got him mixed up with them." Singh would complete his rounds by noon and would report back to Mundt before the House went into session. Mundt, circulating in the cloakrooms and on the floor, would then press for the conversion of those of his colleagues who were showing signs of being softened up by Singh.



As the days passed, it began to look as though Singh's cause had a chance. High-priced lobbyists with large expense accounts were baffled by the progress he made as a result of merely padding endlessly up and down the halls of the House Office Buildings. "Never take too much time" has always been Singh's lobbying formula. "Get your point across and then get up and leave," he says. "Don't become a bore." Experienced Washington correspondents were equally impressed. The authors of one syndicated column reported to their readers, "Washington's professional lobbyists are simply flabbergasted by the near-miracles that Sirdar J. J. Singh . . . has been performing around here lately. Through one of the most persistent, inspired, and naïvely skillful campaigns that any man has ever put on here, he apparently is about to win over no less an advocate than Congress itself." And Singh did win over Congress itself, advocate or otherwise. The amendment was passed by a voice vote. The victorious Singh went to see his old antagonist Acheson. They had a polite half hour's talk, during which each explained to the other why he had acted as he had. Singh remembers that despite their differences he regarded Acheson, who was then an Assistant Secretary of State, as a coming man. "We've been good friends ever since," he says. "Dean has been very sympathetic toward the League's aims."

Another of Singh's outstanding accomplishments as a lobbyist was the passage of an amendment to the 1924 immigration laws that permits a hundred Indians a year to enter this country and become permanent residents and citizens. Singh worked for two years, aided by other groups—among them the League's rival, the National Committee for India's Independence—to get the measure adopted. Again he covered miles in Congressional hallways. Finally, in 1944, the necessary bills were introduced by Representatives Emanuel Celler and Clare Boothe Luce and Senator William Langer. This time, Celler acted as Singh's mentor. "He was sagacious and delicate," Celler has said. "He never made a nuisance of himself. He didn't have to wine 'em and dine 'em, because he had a good cause and he had the facts in hand. The stenographers said he had oomph. They were fascinated by him. He was a rarity, like a prince with a jewel in his forehead."

As time went on, Singh grew to enjoy winning over a senator or a representative as much as he had dancing attendance on a débutante, and to be equally adept at it. Not long ago, he recalled with enthusiasm a particularly stubborn contest he once had with a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senator, a salty-tongued Southerner whose coöperation he needed to push through a certain piece of legislation. "Even the President had talked to him, but he wouldn't budge," Singh said. "So I set up the usual pressure tactics. I got hold of the church groups down in his native state and told them to write letters. They approved of what the League wanted, so they agreed. The senator had already refused to see me several times. Along about the sixth time I called, though, the pressure started to show, and, sure enough, he said he'd see me. So I walked in. He gets up and shakes hands with me. 'Sit down, Mr. Singh,' he says. He looks me in the eye and says, 'I'm against your bill.' 'Now,' I say to myself, 'he's a straightforward guy.' I look him in the eye and say, 'Senator, you're the kind of guy I like. I like a man who shoots straight from the shoulder.' Within ten minutes, we're getting on famously. He says to me, 'You know, I'm going to do my damnedest to beat this bill,' and I say, 'And I'm going to do my damnedest, Senator, to get it through.' So I tell him, 'Senator, you're a fair man and a strong man. At least give me a chance. Unless you, as chairman, call up your committee, how can I have a chance to beat you?' He looks back at me and says, 'Damn it, Singh, I'll bring the bill before the committee.' I didn't waste any time after that, because I knew I had the committee with me, three to two."

IN Punjab Province, where Singh was born, on October 5, 1897, in the town of Rawalpindi, the title Sirdar, which precedes his name, once denoted a military rank, but since the middle of the nineteenth century, when the Sikh nation ceased to exist, it has been an honorary designation to which the males of prominent families are entitled. (Singh's first name, Jagjit, means Conqueror of the World, and his last name, which is as common in northern India as Smith is here, means Lion.) Singh's father, Sirdar Rup Singh, was as prominent as it was possible for a man to be in Indian civil-service circles at the time, holding the post, by British appointment, of Extra Assistant Commissioner and acting as an itinerant judicial and executive officer in the North-West Frontier Province. Young Jagjit, an only son, sometimes accompanied his father on his travels, from city to city in winter and from hill station to hill station in summer, and sat beside him as he presided in the local courts. The elder Singh's status entitled the boy

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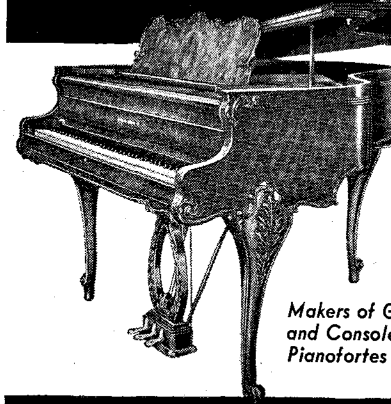

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to the services of a red-liveried flunky, who accompanied him wherever he went. "I can remember going into bazaars at the age of ten and having rich, influential businessmen salute me—me, a little kid," Singh has since said. "They had to, but it wasn't me they were saluting. It was the British. Now that I look back on it, I see how cleverly the British maintained their power. The wider the chasm they could create between their chosen native officials and the populace, the easier it was for them to rule through us."

Singh attended the Lahore Commercial College, and in 1917, when he was in his third year, he began to take an interest in the National Congress, then still largely made up of striped-trousers-and-cutaway, British-educated Indians. Two years later, he became involved in the anti-British movement that precipitated, among many other incidents, the Lahore riots. "That was my first rude awakening," Singh recalls. "Gandhi was on his way to Lahore, but the Punjab government stopped him, and mobs gathered in the city to protest. I suddenly found myself leading a mob. Well, it was soon reported back home that the young son of Rup Singh had been leading a bunch of demonstrators. I was quite scared when I went home. My father walked into the room, quiet and subdued. 'I hear you've been pretty active,' he said. 'Well, yes,' I admitted. He looked at me, and all he said was 'Well, you're old enough now, and you've decided not to serve the British. If you choose to take an active part against them, that's up to you.' Father told Mother, 'Your son has taken part in the demonstrations. You mustn't worry. I'm sure he'll be a great man someday.' "

In 1920, Singh organized the first Congress committee to be formed in the North-West Frontier Province district of Hazara. Later, in response to an appeal by Gandhi for a national demonstration, Singh and two other members of the Congress persuaded the drivers of trucks and lorries that provided the only transportation to certain mountain villages to suspend operations for a day. The three ringleaders were held in jail overnight by the British. When Singh was twenty-four, he became the youngest of the three hundred members of the All-India Congress Committee, and made the acquaintance of Gandhi, a fellow-member. Joining a movement to restore the ancient power and independence of the Sikhs, he was instrumental in waging a twenty-one-day campaign of civil disobedience

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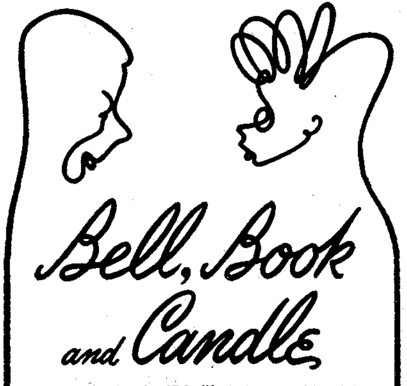

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in an effort to wrest the Sikh temples from the British, who had been maintaining them with the help of some of the priests. "We picked out one temple for a test case and sent wave after wave of demonstrators against it," Singh says. "Twenty-one men in each wave, all civilians and unarmed, except for their traditional daggers, which they didn't use. The police—they were Indians, led by British sergeants—would disperse our men by beating them, but we eventually won out, and the temple reforms were begun."

Singh's revolutionary activity came to an abrupt stop in 1923, when Gandhi chastised the Congress for resorting to violence, in Lahore, among other places. "He told us we weren't fit for civil disobedience," Singh says. " 'Go back to your homes and cleanse your souls,' he said. I didn't know how to cleanse my soul. I didn't have one. I was like a pricked balloon, with nothing left. I had given up my studies, and I didn't feel like spinning and praying and being really Gandhi-like." Singh was so depressed and confused by this turn of events that, after a short rest at home, he fell back on the classic panacea of the disillusioned young sons of well-heeled parents. He went away on a trip. He journeyed through most of southeast Asia, stopping off wherever his family had friends who could help indulge him in his malaise.

RETURNING home after an abbreviated *Wanderjahr*, Singh found his friends glumly doing penance for having used violence. Despite his dislike for the British, he decided to go to England and study law. "All my mental ties were with England," he has explained. "There was really no other possible place to go." Singh had intended to study at the Inner Temple, and he might be a lawyer today were it not for the fact that when he arrived in London, in 1924, the British Empire Exhibition was just getting under way at Wembley Park. He found this considerably more stimulating than the prospect of three years at the Inner Temple and, abandoning his plans for a law career, set himself up as a concessionaire on the Exhibition grounds, after arranging with a cousin back home to send him regular shipments of silks, hand-loomed cloth, and other Indian wares. These proved so popular that during the first six months of the fair Singh netted twenty thousand dollars. By the end of the Exhibition's second season, Singh's profits from his concession, coupled with returns from a number of outside investments he had made, totalled eighty thousand dollars. At this point, an emissary from the Philadelphia Sesqui-Centennial showed up in London and persuaded Singh that he could do even better in the United States. Singh accordingly advanced on Philadelphia, where the Sesqui-Centennial proved a flop, and he lost fifty thousand of his eighty thousand dollars. He considered returning to England, but, before making up his mind, opened a retail store on Walnut Street, in Philadelphia, with the idea of at least getting rid of the merchandise he had left on his hands—semiprecious stones and bolts of cloth, mostly. To his surprise, the stuff sold readily and profitably. In 1927, he came to New York and opened a wholesale importing house on lower Fifth Avenue, where he had a large showroom, considerable storage space, and a staff of five. Thirteen years ago, after two or three moves, he established himself in his present premises.

By 1930, Singh had recouped his Sesqui-Centennial losses. Then the depression struck and he was in trouble again. During the early thirties, he was reduced to acting as his own travelling salesman. With a forty-pound sample case, he pushed up through New England, out across the Midwest, and into the South. "I was miserable," he says. "I didn't know anyone, and I didn't even have any telephone numbers. I was a lonesome man after five-thirty." Life was definitely more pleasant whenever he returned to New York. Singh moved in the social circles of Mrs. George Washington Kavanaugh and the Rhinelanders. He acquired a reputation as a personable bachelor who dressed well, could talk easily on most subjects, and was a good fourth at bridge or tennis. "I found myself quite in demand, and I enjoyed it, because I enjoyed chic people," Singh says. "I liked going to night clubs and I loved dancing. In those days, the music was slow—there was no bebop and no jitterbugging—and I cut a good figure on the floor. I loved the theatre, and I got to know the Broadway crowd, too—Freddie March and the rest. I got along well with everyone. I suppose it was because I was unusual." One group of people Singh *didn't* get along well with were the out-of-town buyers, whom he might logically have entertained. "I found them a dull lot," he says. "I wouldn't appease them. I'm sure if I had, I would have made a good deal more money."

One of the more momentous decisions Singh made during his first few years in New York was to have his hair cut and dispose of his comb, beard, and turban. The Sikh religion dictates the observance of the five "K"s—*kesha* (long hair and beard), *kara* (bracelet), *kirpan* (sword at side), *kacha* (knee-length underwear), and *kanga* (comb, held in place by a turban). Singh was brought up in a religious household (until the age of fifteen, he rose at four every morning and prayed for two hours and then went to a temple and prayed for three hours more), but he is something of a pragmatist, and by the time he came to this country he had already eliminated the prayers, the long underwear, and the sword. During the Sesqui-Centennial, his long hair, beard, and turban attracted customers, but after it closed, he found them an embarrassment. "I used to stop traffic at every corner," he told a friend a while ago, nostalgically stroking his chin. "I was the cynosure of all eyes. It was a nice, long, rather curly beard, but it was an awful mental strain. Finally, after travelling around and learning a lot more than I used to know, I came to the conclusion that religion was a good thing but that it had nothing to do with having a beard and turban. When I was in New York in those days, I lived in hotels, moving from one to another. So one time—I was in Toronto, I remember—I decided that as soon as I got back to New York, I'd have my hair cut and my beard shaved off and then go to an altogether new hotel. I had no regular barber, so a friend arranged to send his up to my office. The barber arrived and my three office girls were all excited. I took the barber into the back room with me. By the time it was all over—I had decided I would keep a Vandyke and a mustache—the girls had gone out to lunch. I went out, too, and bought a Dobbs hat. When I got back, the girls were there, and one of them rushed up and shrieked, 'You handsome dog!' I felt quite relieved." Singh dropped the Vandyke a short while later, and then had the mustache shaved off, too. He still wears his *kara*, however—a thin iron bracelet—on his left wrist.

Conformity to custom appears to have been a matter of much concern to Singh during this period of his development, for at about the same time that he began to go to the barber, he wrote a letter to Gandhi urging him to put aside his loincloth during a visit to this country that he was contemplating (but never made) and instead to dress like Nehru, in "close-fitting pajamas and a close-collared coat." Gandhi re-

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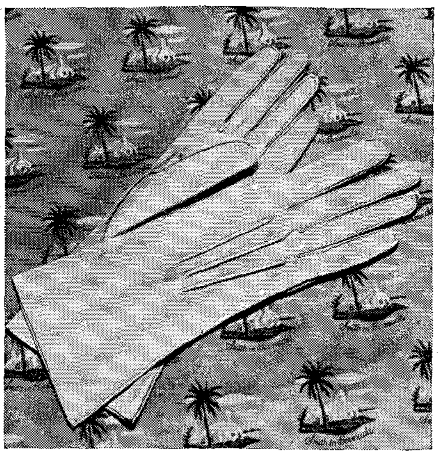

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plied that he couldn't do it. "My loincloth is an organic evolution in my life," he wrote. "It came naturally, without effort and without premeditation." Singh, in his letter, had sought to explain why he had, as a youth, participated in the acts of violence that caused Gandhi displeasure. "Though I believe in the efficacy of your theory, I am too weak to practice it," he wrote. "I am a six-foot-tall Sikh and can hardly see my way to turning the right cheek when the left one has been struck." In 1947, Singh returned to India for a visit and called on Gandhi. They discussed Indian politics. Both men were aware that for some time Nehru and other party leaders had been making decisions without consulting Gandhi. "Events had begun to pass him by," Singh says sadly. When, a year later, Gandhi was assassinated, Singh organized an impressive memorial meeting at Town Hall.

SINGH revered Gandhi as a saint, but his earthly idol and political model has always been Nehru. In his early days in India, Singh became acquainted with Nehru when the latter's father, Motilal, was elected president of the National Congress. Singh and Nehru have corresponded, irregularly, through the years, and Singh has visited Nehru on the occasional trips he has made back to India. While the two men operate on completely separate planes, intellectually and otherwise, Nehru's unquestionably tempered regard for Singh has in it the quality, as one admirer of both has put it, of "a father's hidden affection for a black-sheep son who has made good." Nehru is said to respect Singh's vast knowledge of America and his extrospective ability to explain Americans and Indians to each other, an ability lacking in many other Indians, including official representatives, whose emotional insularity sometimes continues to cut them off even after they have lived for years in Western countries. It is more than likely that Nehru's estimates of Singh, both pro and anti, underwent some revisions as a result of reports he received of the latter's ebullient activities at the United Nations Conference in San Francisco, in 1945. Singh attended the gathering as a correspondent for a number of Indian newspapers and thoroughly enjoyed himself, for he is never happier than when he is acting as a member of the working press. He went out to the Coast on a special train for correspondents and had a glorious time wandering from car to car, meeting his co-workers from all over the

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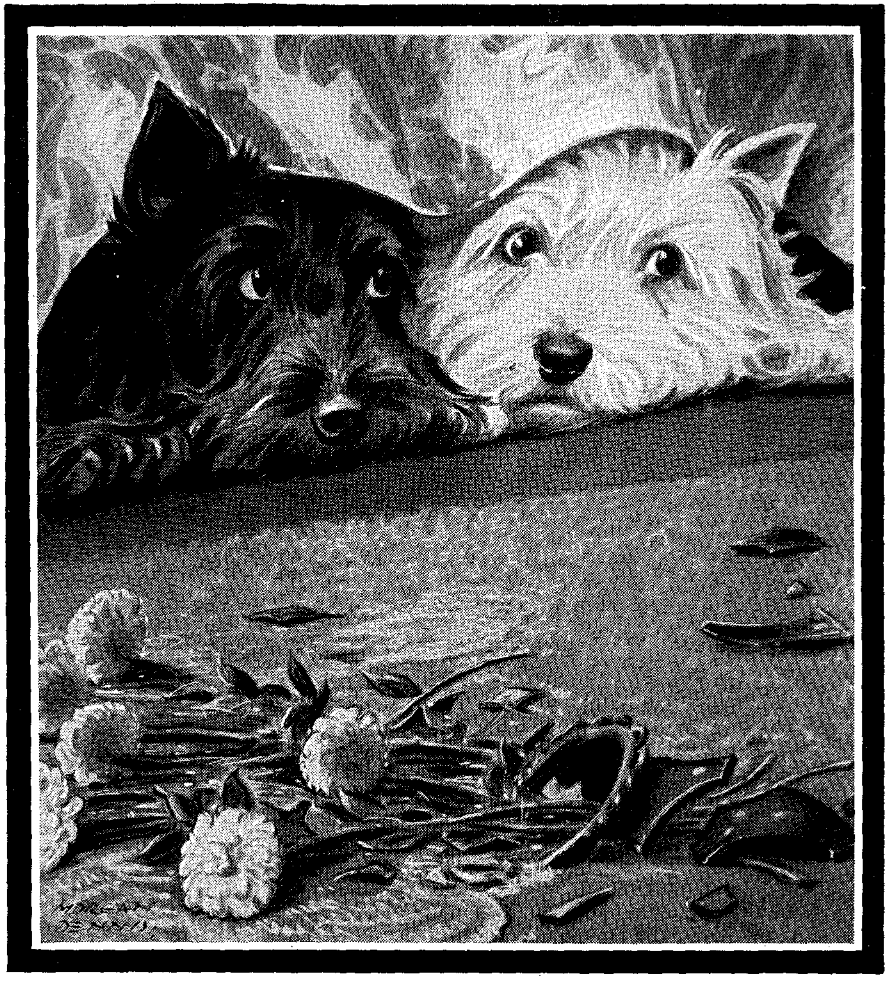
world. "Poker parties are flourishing," he wrote in a dispatch cabled to India en route. As both a propagandist and a reporter, he probably attended more press conferences than any of the twelve hundred other correspondents who were on hand. His copy was, as it always is, full of free-and-easy observation, some of which he later regretted, such as the following bouquet he tossed to Molotov:

> Yesterday after attending the newly arrived Ukrainian delegates' first Press conference . . . I went down to the Press snack bar in the Veterans building for lunch. I had hardly eaten anything when a little before 2 P.M. the news flashed that M. Molotov was giving a press conference at 2:30 at the St. Francis Hotel. . . . All the big shots of the press and the radio world were craning their necks and standing on chairs and in other vantage positions. I decided to stand and so crept against the wall and stood within ten feet of the platform. . . . I like M. Molotov. He is so human. He looks like the kind of guy who would be a good husband and a good father, a guy who loves his dog and tends his flowers. I just like him, that's all.

Singh has since made it clear on a number of occasions that he is neither a Communist nor a Communist sympathizer and that the journalistic tribute he paid Molotov represented simply an exuberant burst of feeling about the man as an individual. His reporting from San Francisco was equally vivid in describing Anthony Eden:

> Undoubtedly Mr. Eden is a handsome specimen. He has excellent physique. . . . One can easily understand why he is popular with women. . . . If it weren't for the fact that Mr. Eden represents a clique that wants to continue to rule India, I could like Mr. Eden almost as much as I like M. Molotov. . . . I managed to follow him to the elevator, where he had to wait a few minutes for the elevator to come down. People started getting his autograph. I pushed a couple of autograph-hunters aside and asked Mr. Eden in a whisper, "Any chance of Nehru being released shortly?" He smiled and said, "Ah, another question." Then quickly, he added, "I don't know."

Altogether, Singh's coverage of the conference was something of a tour de force, combining the approach of a Cholly Knickerbocker with that of the brothers Alsop. Through his work in Washington and his previous social connections, he was acquainted with many of the delegates, and he flitted from table to table in hotel dining rooms, slapping backs, shaking hands, and exchanging friendly political quips and digs. On the serious side, he regarded himself as being engaged in a personal struggle against Britain's representatives to the conference and the three



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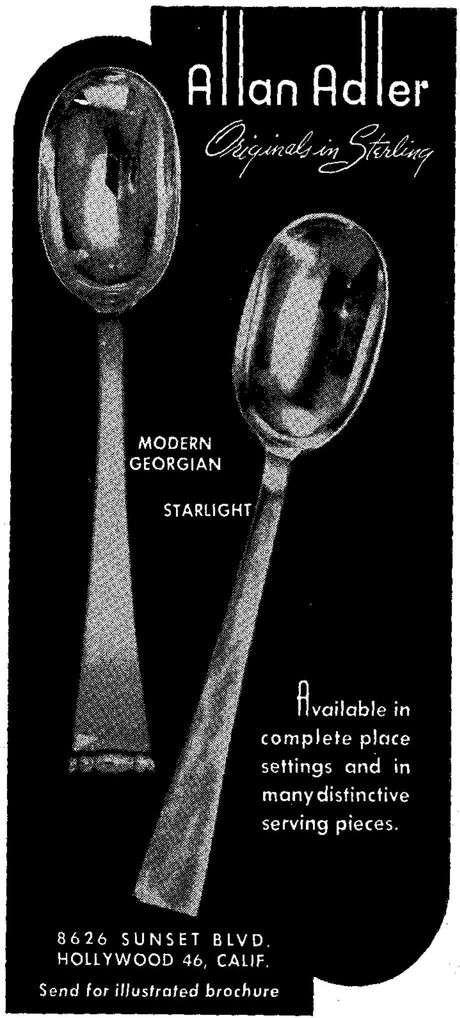

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Indian delegates, whom he referred to as "the three knighted stooges." He found himself in the position of having to keep his flanks constantly covered. He not only had to contend with the British and the official Indians but, to add to the confusion, with another group of Indians who were present, operating independently. This contingent was headed by Mme. Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit, Nehru's sister, who happened to be visiting in the United States at the time and had attached herself to the intellectual coterie that had broken off from the India League. Mme. Pandit has never regarded Singh with enthusiasm. At San Francisco, she made a point of ignoring him as completely as she ignored the British and their Indian followers. For many onlookers, it was almost impossible to figure out who really represented India—an aspect of Indian politics that has similarly baffled onlookers on other occasions.

WHEN, in September, 1949, Nehru announced his intention of visiting America, Singh was overjoyed. Since this was something he had been urging for years, he considered the Prime Minister's decision a personal triumph. From the moment of Nehru's arrival, Singh strove to make himself as much a part of the visit as possible. The Prime Minister was to be given several dinners in New York, and Singh wanted the League to be the host at one of them. However, Mme. Pandit, who by then had become the Indian Ambassador to the United States, had other ideas. She finally agreed to permit the League to be one of four organizations sponsoring a dinner at the Waldorf. "Once J. J. had his foot in the door, of course, that was enough," a friend recalled the other day. "Naturally, he sold more tickets than anybody else, and he knew everyone at the Waldorf, from the cook and headwaiter on up." Even so, when the affair came off, Singh had to content himself with a secondary spot on the dais—next to Mrs. Roosevelt—and a five-minute spot on the program. He read a short welcoming speech, during which he described Nehru, with an appropriate semicircular gesture of his arm, as "a rainbow, reaching from East to West." Despite his modest role in the proceedings, Singh managed to bring off one coup. Mme. Pandit had successfully opposed an idea of his to have Nehru appear at a rally—in Madison Square Garden, perhaps. Over the soup, Singh murmured a few discouraged words about the matter to Mrs. Roosevelt, whom he had known in Washington, and when it came her turn to speak, she expressed her regret that such a rally had not been held. Singh beamed at Mme. Pandit, whom, for all their differences, he affectionately addresses as Nan.

The rally never materialized, but one way or another, Singh kept a finger in the pie throughout Nehru's stay in New York. At a welcoming ceremony in City Hall, for example, Singh contrived, with the help of his friend and prototype Grover Whalen, to get himself up on the platform alongside Mayor O'Dwyer and Nehru. Two days before Mme. Pandit sent out invitations to a semiprivate reception at which the Prime Minister had consented to answer questions off the record, Singh mailed notes to the prospective guests informing them that they were *about* to be sent formal bids. At another reception, he whispered to Nehru—whom he addressed as "*bhai*," which is Hindustani for "brother"—that he believed the Prime Minister would do well to have a talk while he was in this country with Walter Reuther, head of the automobile workers, and to put in an appearance at a birthday dinner that was soon to be given in honor of Dr. John Dewey, the nonagenarian philosopher and educator, in the ballroom of the Commodore. Singh brought both these projects off triumphantly. He whisked Reuther up to Nehru's suite at the Waldorf one evening and kept him entertained there for an hour or more, until the Prime Minister returned from having a look at the city from the top of the Empire State Building. The Dewey affair gave Singh some harrowing moments. Nehru had previously committed himself to address another gathering on the same evening at the Waldorf and could only agree to drop in afterward. The Commodore dinner for Dr. Dewey was over at eleven, by which time, Singh learned by telephone, Nehru had just begun his speech. Singh begged the guests to remain, gave them sporadic pep talks, and finally raced downstairs, commandeered two bellhops, and stationed himself with them in front of the hotel. When he heard the sirens of Nehru's motorcycle escort approaching, he tagged one of the bellboys, who shot back up to the ballroom with the news that Nehru was on his way. The second boy followed swiftly with the news that Nehru had entered the lobby. Four-fifths of the guests had lingered, and they were well rewarded. Nehru spoke briefly but with great emotion, saying how much Dr. Dewey's books and thoughts had meant to him during his long months of solitude in jail. "It was a high point of Panditji's visit," Singh said later.

Toward the end of the Prime Minister's stay in this country, he granted Singh a forty-minute interview, which to him was tantamount to beatification. On the day of Nehru's departure, Singh accompanied his idol to the airport and placed a garland of flowers around the Prime Minister's neck, repeating the performance three times for the benefit of photographers. He was moved to tears by Nehru's farewell words of affection for the American people. "You could tell he meant the real people, not the blah-blah people," he says. Singh watched the plane fly off and then disconsolately went home to the Beaux Arts, where he sat down to write a long interpretive article for the Indian press. The visit had been "a conquest of love," he declared.

Singh's reverence for Nehru, transcending ordinary hero worship, and for the Nehru gospel has intensified lately and may well represent the mood of a man who has suddenly realized that he is growing older and is alone in the world, however much at home he may be in many parts of it. Singh speaks more and more, with regret, of his lack of a family. The fact that he has never married, although he has several times come close to it, no longer means that he is enjoying a gay bachelorhood. A sister, the last member of his immediate family, died a few months ago, and his friends think they recognize in him an increasing sense of loneliness. One sign of this, they say, is a growing desire to keep moving, to occupy his mind with travel. They point to Singh's trip to Europe last summer, which he regarded as an overwhelming success. He was everywhere warmly received, at airports and railway stations, by local Indian representatives, who met him in official cars and placed them at his disposal. It all served to bolster his confidence in himself as India's unofficial standard-bearer in the United States and as a man of the world. "You know," he said euphorically when he returned to New York, "those people really knew about me." —ROBERT SHAPLEN

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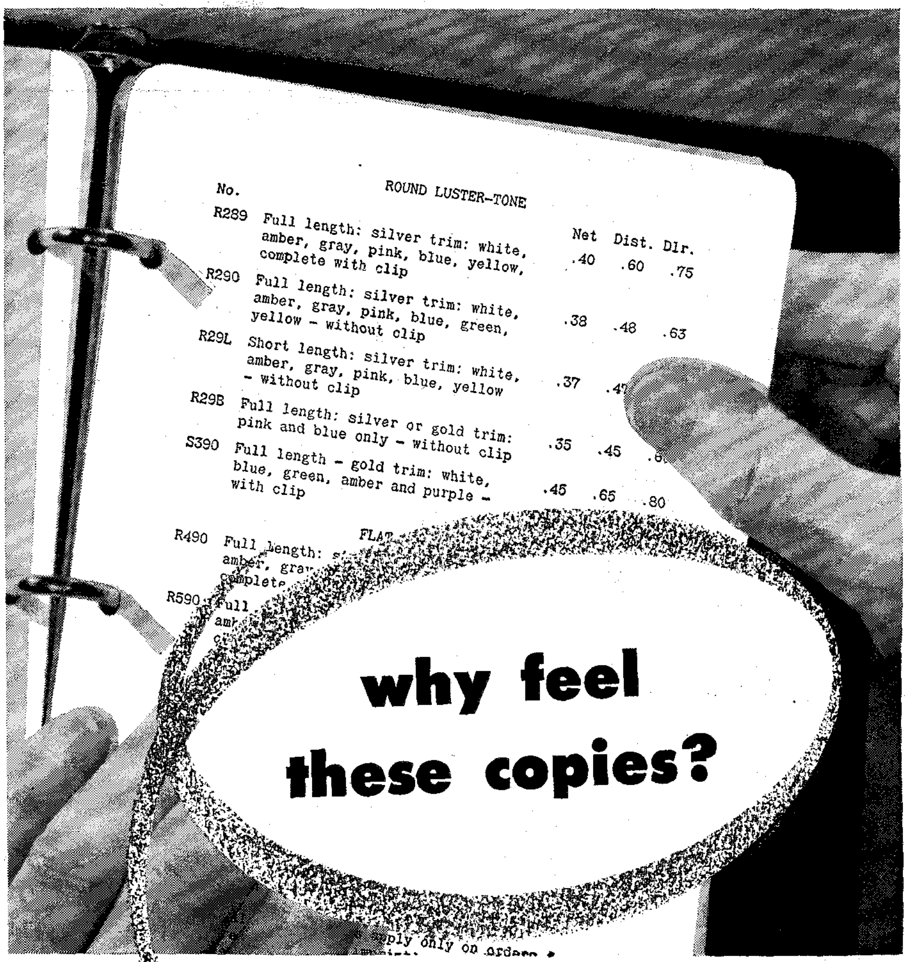
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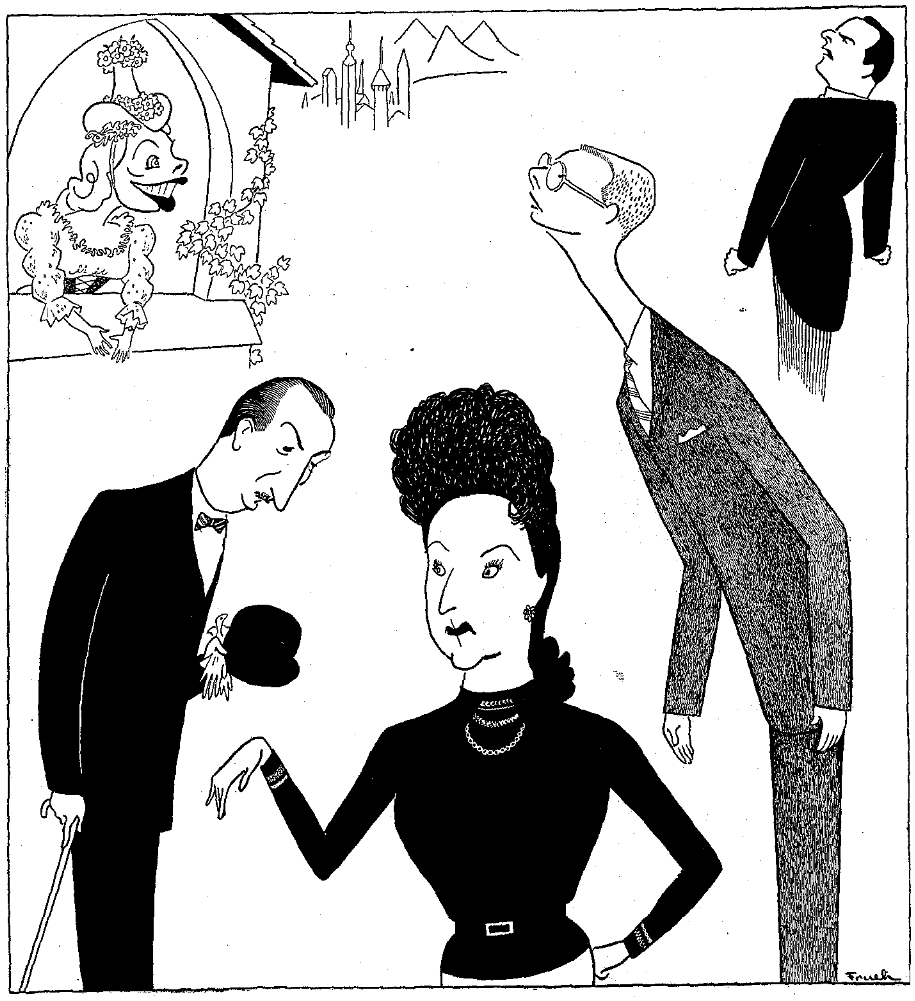
THE THEATRE

REVIVALS, USEFUL AND OTHERWISE

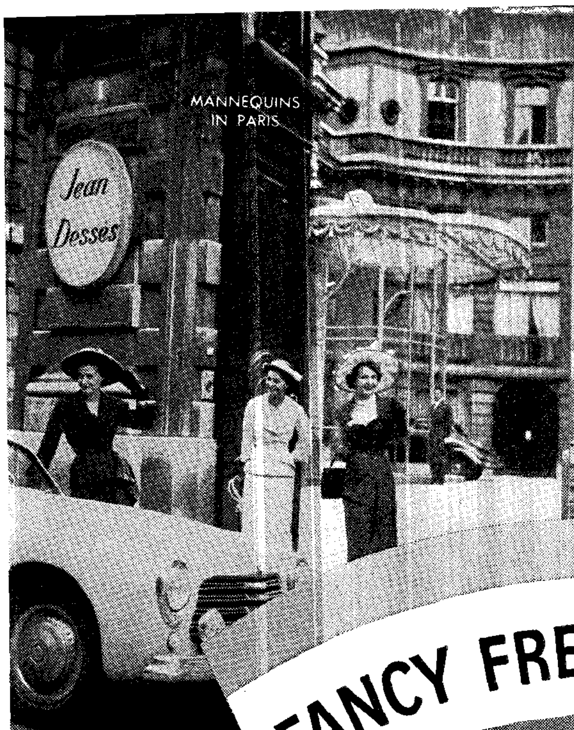
TWO plays that first appeared here about twenty years ago were brought back to the local stage last week. The case for reviving "The Green Pastures," which moved into the Broadway Thursday night, turned out to be strong enough to stand up in any court. However, the return of "Springtime for Henry," which took a new lease, at the Golden, one night earlier, on something superficially resembling life, called to the mind of this witness the words of a Chinese philosopher: "There is a time for fishing and a time for drying the nets." By that, it seems almost certain, he meant that there is a time for playing "Springtime for Henry" and a time for letting it lay. In 1931, the year of its New York début, the Benn W. Levy comedy made a pretty fair impression on the reviewers and the public. I doubt whether its precious and dated humor would have the same kind of success today even if the play were being performed now, as it was originally, in the spirit in which it was written. The question is hypothetical. "Springtime for Henry" in its present incarnation serves as a punching bag for Edward Everett Horton, a star who likes his material to be in a shape that suits him, even if he has to knock its ears off to get it that way. In his interpretation of the role of an aging Piccadilly playboy, Mr. Horton feints Mr. Levy's lightweight sex fable off balance with a simper and reduces its brittle text to pulp by repeating some of the lines as many as three or four times in quick succession. The other actors in the cast—Hugh Wakefield, Haila Stoddard, and Ursula Howells—abet Mr. Horton meekly in his demonstration of power. The Horton "Springtime for Henry" is said to have entertained Horton fans over a wide range of out-of-town country during the last few years. It may be that there are enough Horton fans in this neighborhood to keep the play in action for a while, though it seems to me that people who have tasted, as a great many New York people did almost immediately after "Springtime for Henry" came to town, such superb low comedy as Virginia Hill Hauser's television hour with the Kefauver Committee will tend to be intolerant of routine professional stuff for a long time to come.

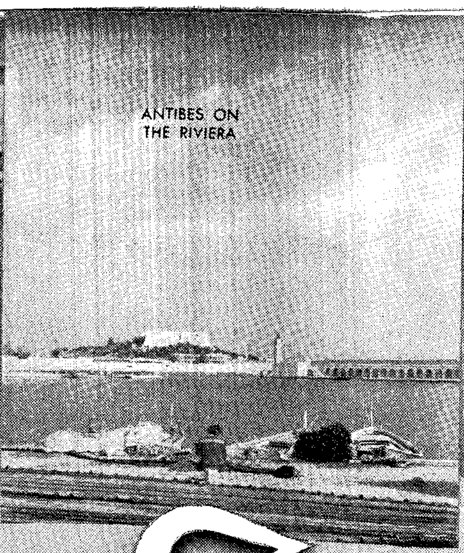
THE new edition of "The Green Pastures" is an entertainment too moving and vigorous to be jeopardized by any sort of competition, including the competition it is sure to have, in the memories of older playgoers, from the first "Green Pastures," which began its run in 1930. There are some small differences in mood, emphasis, and dialogue in the two productions of Marc Connelly's play. There are also differences in the settings and costumes, and, obviously, there has been a wholesale change in casting. This time, the weight of Mr. Connelly's Old Testament comedy is carried by Noah, rather than by the frustrated horn player Gabriel. It is a wise adjustment, considering the richly funny performance of Alonzo Bosan as the earnest, dignified, slightly alcoholic ark-builder. If I am not mistaken, at least two other parts—those of Pharaoh's head magician and the King of Babylon, both played by Avon Long, who has four parts altogether—have been somewhat expanded. In the role of God is William Marshall, an actor with a smooth, young face, gray hair (onstage, anyway), and a voice full of melody and power. He is as tall as a pivot man on a basketball team, but twice as im-



"CALL ME MADAM"

Everybody, of course, knows the lady in the middle of this picture. The males surrounding her are, from left to right, Paul Lukas, Russell Nype, and Alan Hewitt, and the sporty girl up in the corner is Galina Talva. The Berlin-Crouse-Lindsay musical is at the Imperial.


MANNEQUINS IN PARIS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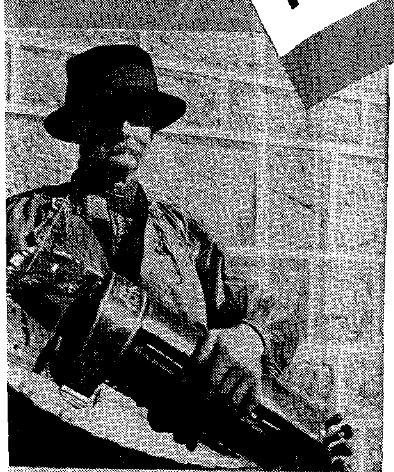
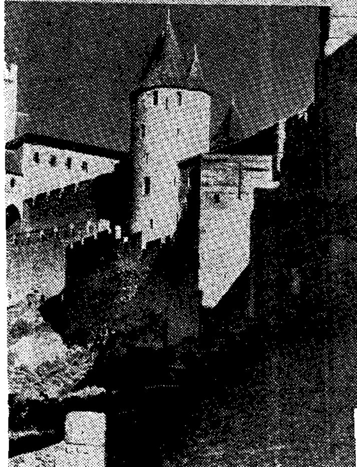
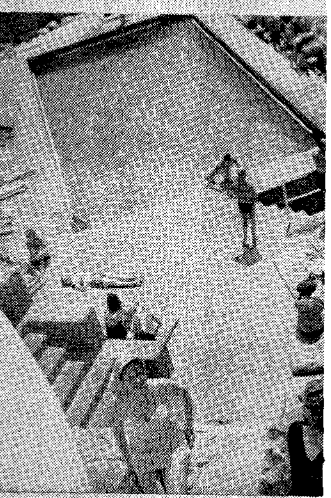
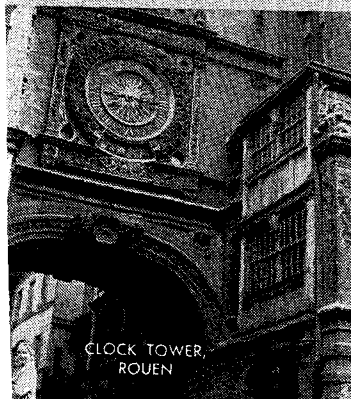

The vielle, an ancient type of hurdy-gurdy, from the Auvergne.

Mont Blanc, in the French Alps, seen from the spa at St. Gervais.


Still inhabited, Carcassonne is a perfect medieval walled city.


All the smart world suns and swims at Cote d'Azur's Eden Roc.

A NIGHT CLUB, PARIS


CLOCK TOWER, ROUEN

OFF TO FRANCE BY AIR!

posing as any pivot man I have seen. Among the differences in mood I thought I noticed in the new "Green Pastures" is one that I may have imagined; that is, it may have been a change in my own mood rather than the play's. The production seemed to me to be slicker, patter, more mechanical than the first one, and its spirit to be somehow less innocent and gentle. Twenty years ago, the creatures of Heaven and earth put on the stage by Mr. Connelly impressed me with a sense of their amateur standing, which is a characteristic especially suitable to the angels in Heaven and to some, at least, of the sinners on earth, as they are pictured in the dreams and discussions of a Sunday-school teacher and his class. If I missed this quality last week in the show at the Broadway, I'm now inclined to believe that it is the natural penalty for a second pilgrimage to "The Green Pastures." Very likely it remains true that the most important feeling people have on seeing the play for the first time is one of happy astonishment that such a miracle of entertainment should have been brought to pass. Clearly, that is a feeling that won't come a second time. Those to whom it is still available are to be congratulated, and those who can't be astonished will probably find themselves getting a good deal of pleasure from another look at a fine, tender, eloquent play. It should be added, because the point has perhaps not been made as often or as strongly as it might have been, that the contribution to "The Green Pastures" of Roark Bradford, on whose stories in "Ol' Man Adam an' His Chillun" Mr. Connelly based the piece, has been a great and fundamental one—a contribution to the central poetic tone and spirit of Mr. Connelly's work as well as to its plot.

—John Lardner

• •

FOX TROT ON A TYPEWRITER

The quick brown fox
Comes trot, trot, trot
With bright eyes, white teeth,
Sharp, sharp, sharp.
Like ducks in a box
We quack, quack, quack
When the train tick-ticks,
Down the track, track, track.
Oh, don't look back, trot tick, tick, tick,
Oh, jump from the bright fox,
Quick, quick, quick.

But whose sharp ears?
Whose sleek coat?
Whose bright question marks
Seek my throat?

Take a letter, take a letter, pack my bag
With six dozen liquor jugs, jag, jag, jag.
Now back, fox! Slink, fox! I hear the boss say
Raise, yes a raise, in my pay, pay, pay,
For I work, work, work
And I sell, sell, sell
And I beat all the records to a fare-thee-well.
Oh, the day, day, day,
Oh, the joys, joys, joys,
When I eat lunch
With the big, big boys!

But whose sharp ears?
Whose sleek coat?
Whose bright question marks
Seek my throat?

For, at my back,
Wherever I walk,
Follows the quick fox, trot, trot, trot.

—Sheila Flume Taylor

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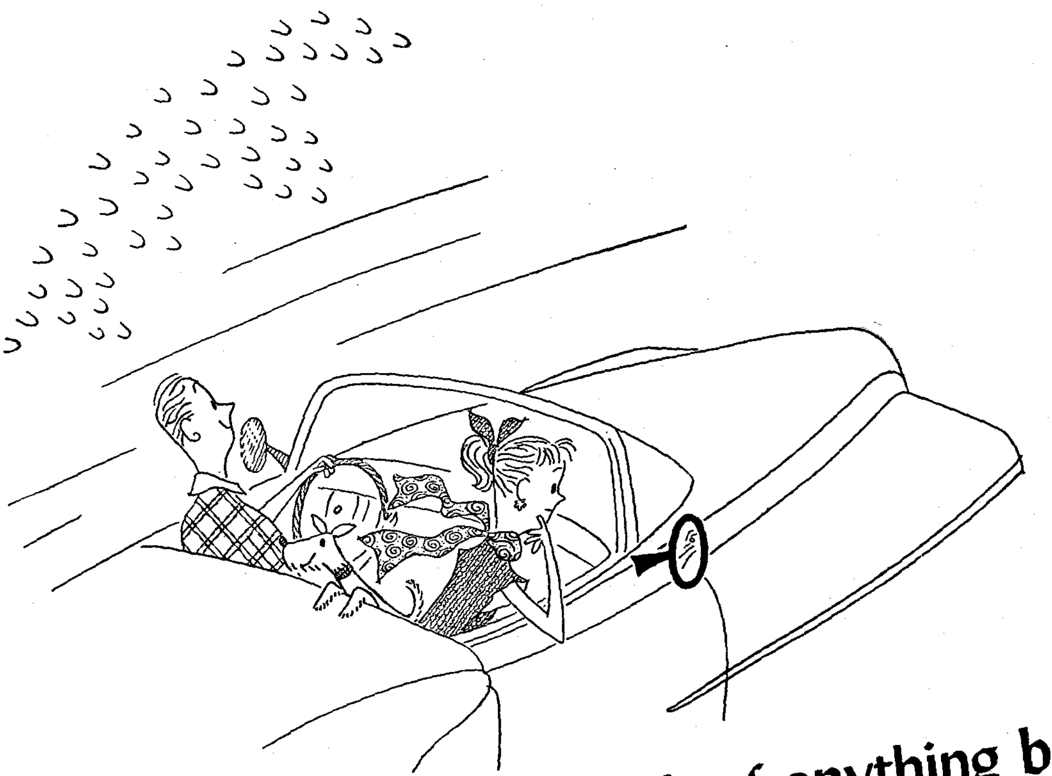
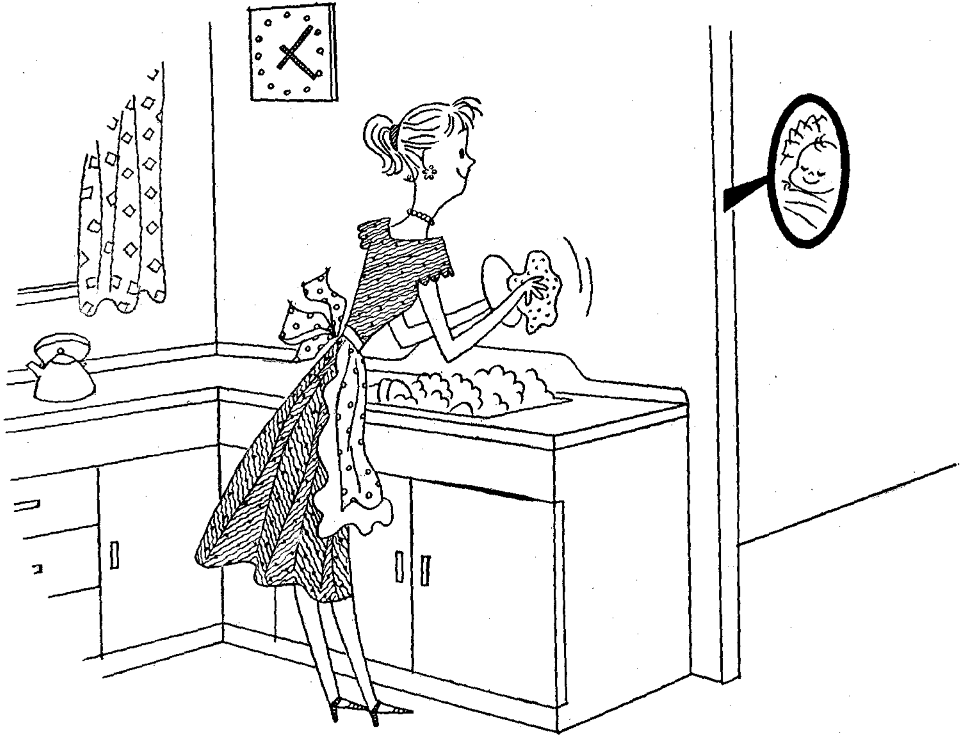


Some people can't think of anything but home!



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THE RACE TRACK

Preview

4th RACE SCRATCHES

ALONG about this time every year, this department toddles out to Aqueduct for a look at the horses of Jim Fitzsimmons, who trains for the Belair Stud, the Wheatley Stable, and Ogden Phipps. Mr. Fitz has, his admirers will be glad to hear, a larger collection this season than usual—sixty-three. It is by no means his all-time high, though; once, years ago, he had more than eighty. Most of the animals wintered at Aqueduct, for while Mr. Fitz always takes an echelon to Florida (and he didn't do at all badly there this year; his charges won around $41,000), he sticks to the old-fashioned notion that racers thrive on cold weather. Watching them jog around the track the other morning, an unspringlike one, I was inclined to agree with their trainer. "If they can run as good as they look, they'll be all right," he said.

Maybe the Belair luck, which hasn't been cheering for some time, has turned the corner. At any rate, the Belair two-year-olds seem bigger, better developed, and more finished than the Wheatley or Phipps youngsters. For my money, Belair's best is Flaming Prince, a colt by Princequillo and Anaflame. Mr. Fitz, however, has a sentimental fancy for Sunny Fox, a colt by Gallant Fox and Hycilla, because he reminds him of Dice, a remarkable runner he trained more than twenty years ago. And the stableboys like Secant, a colt by Some Chance and Belara, a daughter of Fenelon. Another whose progress is going to be followed attentively is Shut the Door, a filly by Shut Out and Dancing Dora. The filly is a half sister of Prince Simon, who just missed winning the Derby Stakes for William Woodward in England last year.

I'll be surprised if Mr. Fitzsimmons' best three-year-old isn't Belair's Vulcania. She was on the small side last season, but she certainly went well in the Demoiselle Stakes and the Selima, though she finished second in both. She has filled out and come to look a bit like her mama, Vagrancy—and I couldn't pay her a higher compliment than that. With Vulcania out of the way, we can take up the case of The Battler, the establishment's Kentucky Derby colt. This fellow is a brother of the famous Busher and the not so famous Mr. Busher. The Battler didn't race last year—had housemaid's knee, or some such—so he must be put down as an unknown quantity until we see him at Jamaica. Speaking of Jamaica, for the benefit of those happy horseplayers who are eager for their first tip of the season I'll hazard a guess that Hyphasis will run for the Paumonok Handicap on opening day, April 2nd. He has been galloping well, and he won five out of seven starts in Florida. That ought to be enough for you.

THE grandstand at Aqueduct has a brand-new roof to replace the one the wind blew away, but now Jamaica has developed a little problem. It seems that a city sewer that runs under the racecourse sprang a leak recently, and the repairmen have had to dig up a lot of ground at the stretch turn. Horsemen stabling at the track say the excavation could easily accommodate a subway, but actually it isn't quite that big. Anyway, the management hopes that everything will be shipshape in time for the first race.

CALUMET FARM, which you haven't heard much about lately, is bringing a two-year-old brother of Citation to the races later on this year. The colt has the whimsical name Unbelievable, and those who have seen him say he has exactly the same conformation and color as his famous relative. It's probably irrelevant, but I can't help pointing out that one of Ed Bradley's favorite bets was to offer even money, up to $5,000, that any two-year-old you cared to pick at the beginning of a season wouldn't win a race that year; he said he won at least sixty per cent of these wagers. My own opinion is that a reasonable price against the chances of Unbelievable's becoming another Citation would be at least 100–1.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

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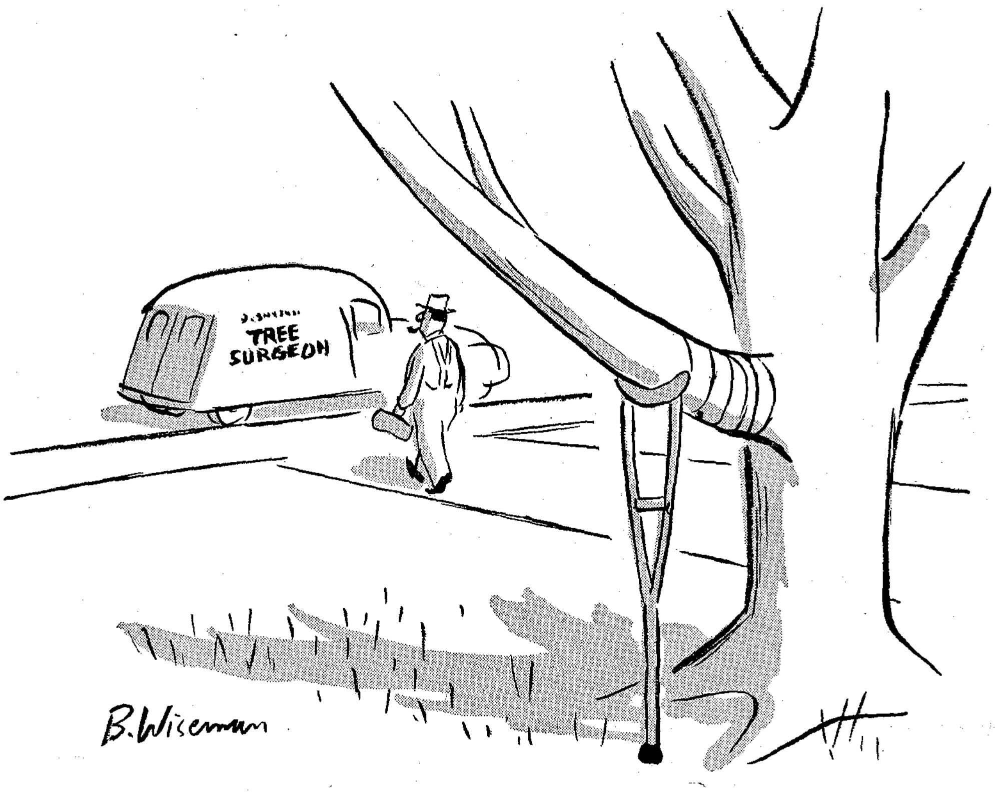
THAT WAS PUGILISM

THE FINANCIER OF THE PAMPAS—II

MORE than one North American visitor to Buenos Aires in the last twenty-five years has made a point of seeking out and contemplating Luis Angel Firpo, a millionaire rancher and former prizefighter who is Argentina's most famous citizen, outside the Perón family. Firpo's fame antedates the Peróns'. He became an international celebrity in 1923, when, in the brief course of a New York fight with Jack Dempsey for the world's heavyweight championship, he knocked Dempsey through the ropes, in the first round, before being knocked out himself, in the second. Born and raised in poverty, Firpo made nearly a million dollars as a boxer, mostly from three trips to the United States. He improved his fortune substantially by investments after he retired from the ring, in 1925. He has been in this country only once since then. That was last year, when he made a visit to New York to see Joe Louis fight Ezzard Charles. "Too bad," said the star-kissed capitalist of the nineteen-twenties calmly, as he watched Louis, the martyr of the nineteen-forties and nineteen-fifties, take his medicine. Tourists in Argentina have found Firpo pretty steadily available for inspection, except during a few years in the middle nineteen-thirties, which he spent hiding in Uruguay and Bolivia, wearing a beard, to avoid arrest in a land-fraud case. He finally returned to Argentina, stood trial, and was acquitted. Since then his wealth has continued to increase. When he is not living on one or another of his five ranches, Firpo can usually be seen in one of two or three Buenos Aires cafés, or at his office, where he administers his city affairs, including his real-estate holdings. He recently told a North American newspaperman that he is at present worth twenty million pesos, or two and a half million dollars. Firpo bought his first beef ranch in 1930. The five he now owns cover a total of twenty thousand five hundred acres.

In 1922, when he first appeared in the United States, Firpo possessed one cheap black suit, one shirt, and two detachable celluloid collars. Unshaven and unpressed, he generally looked in those days like a man who has passed the night in a freight car. Throughout his adventures in North America, searching fiercely and successfully for gold, he wore a dark, suspicious scowl. In Buenos Aires not long ago, at the interview in which he made known the extent of his riches, Firpo had on a well-cut dark-blue suit, a white silk shirt, a light-blue braided silk tie, silk socks, and large, expensive shoes. He was bigger than ever (he weighed two hundred and sixteen and a half pounds when he fought Dempsey) and more amiable. Only once did the reporter get a glimpse of the old Firpo scowl. "When I bought my last ranch," said Firpo, with a sudden change of mood, "I entered a new acreage bracket, and had to pay forty-five hundred dollars extra taxes." After several seconds of morose silence, he became cheerful again, and went on to speak of his breeding cows, his sheep, and the fifteen hundred steers he was then fattening for market.

Like Dempsey and Gene Tunney, the two other biggest money-making boxers of the nineteen-twenties, Firpo was sparingly taxed by the government, though frequently sued by individuals. Dempsey and Tunney today remember the income-tax formula of those times with heartfelt satisfaction. As they look at Joe Louis, who last year reluctantly came out of retirement to fight a benefit for the Collector of Internal Revenue, their attitude is "There, but for the grace of Coolidge, Hoover, and a boom market, go I." The unpleasant memories that haunt Dempsey and Tunney are of guerrilla raids on their bank rolls, private sorties spearheaded by summons-servers. Dempsey once dived through a beaverboard partition to escape a posse armed with papers. Tunney fought like a cornered puma to protect a majority share in his own body. The private enemies of Firpo were as numerous as Tunney's and Dempsey's, and, in at least one instance, far more impassioned and vigorous, yet Firpo, for the most part, ignored them to brood on the gnat bites the government took out of his huge winnings. He was sustained in this state of unconscious euphoria by Tex Rickard, the promoter, and Rickard's lawyer, Hyman Bushel, who waged Firpo's legal battles for him and once or twice bought an armistice with Rickard's money. In 1924, Firpo was attacked by the New York Civic League, a ministerial group headed by the late Canon William S. Chase, of Brooklyn, and several allied organizations, which sought to have him deported on grounds of moral turpitude. The real object of the attack was Rickard and, through him, the entire boxing industry. Firpo never understood the implications. Partly because the English language mystified him and partly because of the single-minded nature of his motives in this country, lawsuits and crusades slid lightly off his wide shoulders. Everyone in North America, he felt (and with a modicum of reason), wanted to take something from him. Taxes were the only claim he honored, and his reaction



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to them then, as now, was an unconcealed nausea.

DURING the early part of 1924, Firpo stayed in Buenos Aires, moodily investing in real estate and scowling down suggestions that he fight again. His bouts in the United States, the year before, with Dempsey and Jess Willard had made him renowned as well as rich. Forty Argentine physicians, at a banquet in March, petitioned him to reconsider his decision to retire; he belonged not to himself, they said, but to Argentina. Firpo said nothing. At about this time, he paid a visit to the Munson liner American Legion, in the Buenos Aires harbor. Her captain served him a three-and-a-half-pound planked steak and asked him if he were going to America to fight again. "No," said Firpo. "Will you give me the recipe for cooking that steak?" The captain got the recipe for him, and Firpo copied it down painstakingly. To friends, as the spring wore on, he explained that not only were taxes exorbitant in the United States but people had asked him for loans so often and of such a size that the sum of their appeals, in two years, was seven hundred thousand dollars. If he had made these loans, Firpo said, speaking entirely theoretically, his only return would have been ingratitude. During this Achilles-in-the-tent phase of his career, Firpo was negotiating constantly with booking agents from North America. A logical match for him was with Harry Wills, a Negro challenger for Dempsey's title. Finally, in June, Rickard's Argentine representative, Juan Homs, accepted the least staggering of Firpo's percentage demands, and a Firpo-Wills bout was arranged for September, in Jersey City. Firpo, who had a thrifty predilection for employees who could serve him in two or more capacities, assembled a small retinue of trainer-secretaries, chauffeur-cooks, and sparring partner-interpreters, and sailed for New York on July 3rd, aboard the American Legion. Also in the party, according to charges brought soon afterward by Canon Chase, was a less compactly economical unit, a stenographer who did not know shorthand.

During the time Firpo had previously spent in New York, he had acquired as a sideline the Stutz automobile agency for Buenos Aires and had put one of his employees, a business representative-chauffeur named Guillermo Widmer, in charge of the details of shipping Stutzes to South America. Canon Chase did not deny, upon being asked about it later, that it was Widmer who provided

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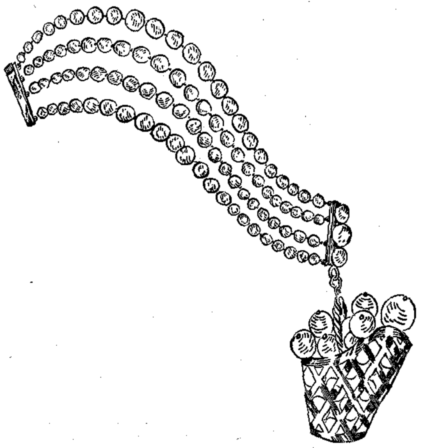
him with the details of the story that the Canon unfolded to the federal authorities when the American Legion arrived here, on July 21st. Lawyer (now Magistrate) Bushel has accounted for Widmer's recital on the whistle by describing him as a servant disgruntled by Firpo's frugality in past years. At any rate, Widmer had lived with Firpo in a flat at 215 West Fifty-first Street in 1923. So, according to a statement Canon Chase made to immigration officials, had Blanca Lourdes Picart, a dark, buxom compatriot of the fighter's. Señorita Picart was among those aboard the American Legion. She and the Firpo party were detained at Ellis Island for questioning, after which Firpo and his male employees received clearance and Señorita Picart was forbidden to enter the country, on the ground that her passport gave Cuba, not the United States, as her destination. Newspaper stories of the day's events quoted ship's stewards to the effect that she and Firpo had occupied adjoining staterooms. The stewards considered her to be Firpo's stenographer, although, as it later came out, she couldn't write shorthand or type. Firpo, in a sworn deposition, said that Señorita Picart was a chance shipboard acquaintance. The young lady herself told the press, irascibly, that she desired to go to Havana and wanted no part of New York. Three days later, the government took her to the Ward Line pier in New York and installed her aboard the liner Esperanza, Havana-bound. At ten o'clock that morning, two of Firpo's aides appeared on board and made her a bon-voyage gift of a new suitcase. At eleven, the Esperanza sailed. That same morning, Canon Chase's lawyer, Bernard H. Sandler, who was under the impression that the sailing was scheduled for one, had applied for a writ of habeas corpus. Before he got it, however, he learned that the Señorita was already well on her way down the Bay. It might have been thought that the case of the prizefighter and the lady was at an end. But it had just begun.

CANON CHASE's war on pugilism, in behalf of the Civic League, dated from a few years earlier, when big prizefights had become million-dollar spectacles, attended by women as well as men. In his pulpit in Christ Protestant Episcopal Church, on Bedford Avenue, in Brooklyn, and elsewhere, the Canon had many times denounced fighting as an affront to American womanhood and a source of subversion of American childhood. At the time of his lawyer's effort to detain her, Canon Chase said that he was "merely interested from a moral standpoint" in questioning Señorita Picart, that he had no wish to interfere with the boxing business. However, from that day forward it was clear that a race was on to see if Firpo could be deported before he fought Wills. Chase let it be known to the newspapers that he was in possession of "certain documents," which may or may not have included a photograph of a private dinner party, held here soon after the Dempsey-Firpo fight, at which Firpo, a woman resembling Señorita Picart, and a number of other people were present. The Canon suggested that Firpo be arrested for perjury in connection with his Ellis Island statement about Señorita Picart. Also, he thought that there might be a Mann Act violation. (He had information, he said, that Firpo had brought Señorita Picart across country from Key West to New York in 1923.) Chase and Sandler tried to obtain a copy of the minutes of the Firpo-Picart hearing on Ellis Island. Immigration Commissioner Henry H. Curran was stubborn; he wanted to see Canon Chase's documents, of which he knew only by hearsay, before he showed the minutes. The Canon lost his temper. He said that there was "a sinister and insidious reason" for "slipping" Señorita Picart out of the country. He spoke rashly but vaguely of a twenty-five-thousand-dollar bribe offered to someone by someone. This did not improve his relations with Curran. "They," said the Commissioner, referring to Chase and Sandler, "are acting like a couple of old-lady buzzing bumblebees on a salacious bear hunt." He added that he would be glad to receive any information in support of a charge of perjury against Firpo.

The year was a Presidential-election year. Balked in New York, where all the authorities continued to insist on evidence in a trade for coöperation, Chase went to Washington. There he enlisted in his campaign, among others, Deets Pickett, research secretary of the Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and Dr. Robert Watson, of the International Reform Federation. The Canon called more than once at the White House, in an effort to see President Coolidge. He was less lucky in that respect than Firpo, who, whether he wanted to or not, had seen Coolidge just a few days after arriving here, before the noise of the Picart case had become widespread. Introduced by the Argentine Ambassador, Firpo had let the President shake his hand. "Who was



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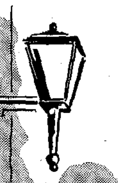

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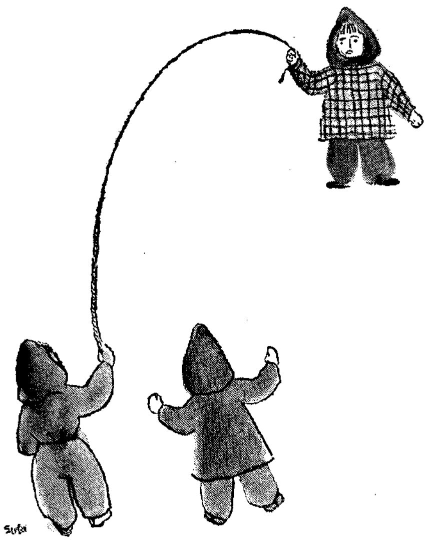
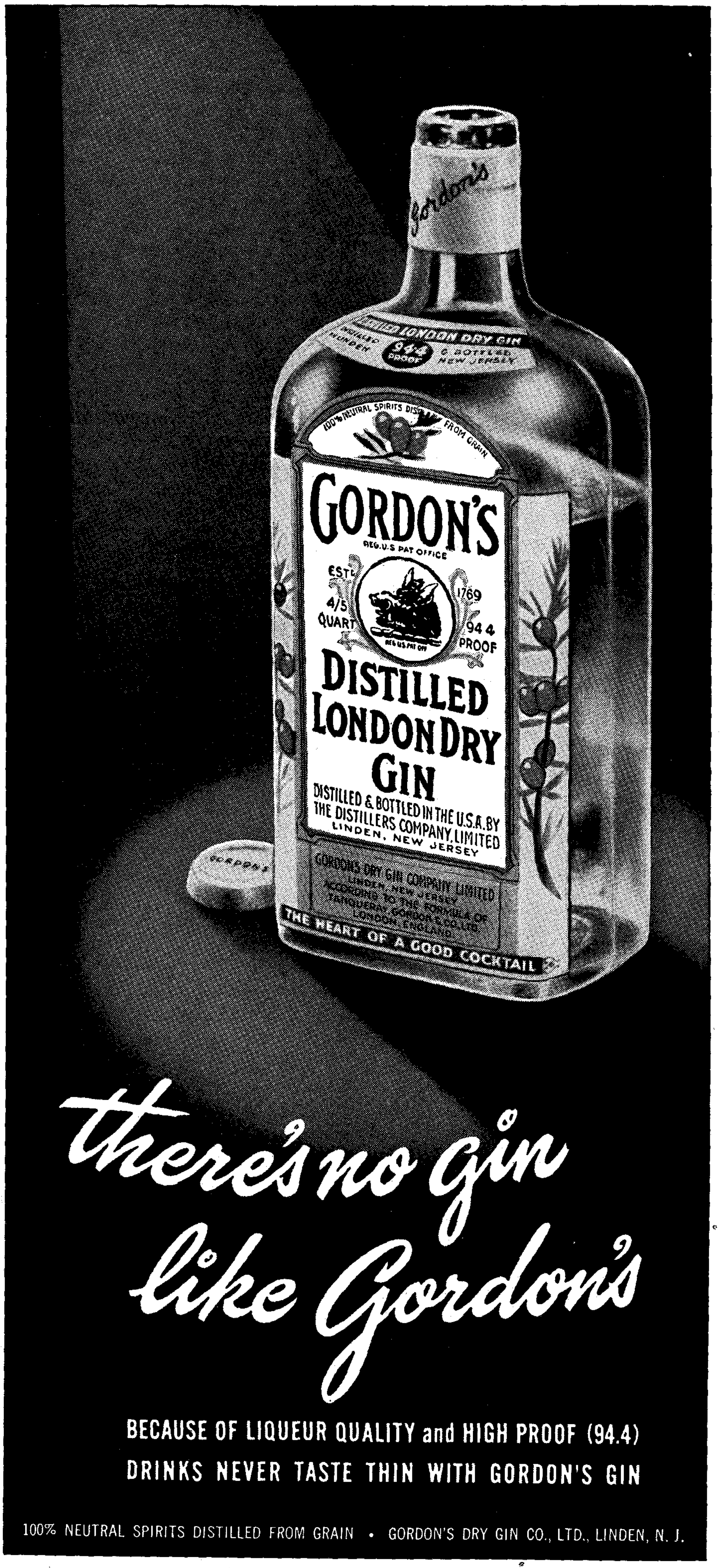
that fellow?" Firpo is reliably reported to have asked an interpreter later. Chase, failing to get a White House audience, heckled Secretary of Labor James J. Davis, a Coolidge campaign leader. An order went down to Curran, whose office was under Davis's jurisdiction, to investigate the charges. The Canon, working against time (the Wills fight had been scheduled for September 11th, and it was now the end of July), declared that a whitewashing of Firpo would shock the world, as an example of double morality. An Argentine paper said editorially that "according to the social laws here, America is hurting its reputation for freedom." Between trips to Washington, Chase kept his crusade going in his Brooklyn church. Curran, aroused by unmistakable references to himself, said publicly that the Canon should be working with a circus, selling pink lemonade, instead of "telling lies from the pulpit." On August 18th, with the fight less than a month away, Chase tried a new approach, and scored a momentary success. On the Canon's complaint, United States Commissioner Samuel M. Hitchcock, in federal court, signed a warrant for Firpo's arrest for perjury. This brought the war directly to Rickard, for Firpo was now in training near Saratoga Springs, a large number of fight tickets had been sold, and a cancellation would mean a heavy loss. Lawyer Bushel stepped into the case. The lines were drawn, and the action grew brisker.

Bushel, a student of tactics, took the offensive. He told the press that Rickard (who had not previously been mentioned in Canon Chase's crusade) refused to be blackmailed. He asserted that Rickard had been asked to make a contribution of five thousand dollars to the Civic League "some time ago," and had declined to do so. He then dazzled

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the Canon with his speed and timing. Immediately upon the issuance of the warrant, Sandler, Chase's counsel, had gone north to Saratoga to beat the woods and the mineral springs for Firpo. Firpo, meanwhile, at Bushel's summons, had started for New York. The boxer and the barrister passed each other en route. With Sandler in Saratoga, Bushel and Firpo turned up at a hearing in Commissioner Hitchcock's court the morning after the signing of the warrant. Bushel, a better boxer, in his way, than Firpo, began to pepper the lawyerless Canon Chase with both hands, to keep him off balance. He suggested that he and the press be permitted to examine the books of the Civic League. This plainly had nothing to do with Firpo or with perjury, but it stung the Canon into an equally immaterial reply: If Rickard were even voluntarily to give the League five thousand dollars, he said, the tainted money would be returned to him. Bushel countered with an irrelevant, and perhaps incompetent, anecdote about a meeting between Canon Chase and former Mayor William J. Gaynor, of New York. "Are you Canon Chase?" the lawyer claimed the Mayor had said. "Well, you're not a canon at all; you're a toy pistol." In the end, since the Canon was unrepresented by counsel and unprepared for a formal test, the hearing was adjourned to September 20th. That seemed to clear the way for the fight on the eleventh. The perjury issue went unnoticed, for the time being, by everyone but the morning *World*, which questioned whether Canon Chase was interested in stopping perjury or in stopping the fight. In the former case, the *World* pointed out, he would have his hands full, even if he confined his campaign strictly to perjury committed by incoming passengers on ocean liners.

The Canon and his associates, like Dempsey in the first round of his match with Firpo, the year before, were down but not quite out. On September 2nd, Chase complained that Commissioner Curran was not proceeding quickly enough with the investigation ordered by Secretary Davis. Curran answered with an appeal to the Canon to produce the evidence he was "deliberately withholding." On the fifth, there was a citywide rumor that Firpo's arrest was imminent. It may have hurt the sale of tickets to the fight, but large crowds went to Madison Square Garden, where Firpo was then stolidly going through the last stages of his training. On the sixth, five civic and religious organizations in New Jersey bombarded

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Governor Silzer, of New Jersey, and Mayor Hague, of Jersey City, with warnings that the fight was a "tinderbox" that threatened a "conflagration." They spoke of the possibility of race riots because of Wills' color. On the eighth, with three days to go, Canon Chase began his stretch drive. He sent telegrams to both Coolidge and Davis, urging them to realize that they were being outwitted by Firpo and Tex Rickard, who would infallibly debase womanhood, law, and clean sport if the fight took place. On the ninth, he called at the White House again, and again failed to see the President. The latter might have been more impressed if the Westchester League of Women Voters had acted sooner, but, with timing characteristic of the crusade in general, it was not until the eleventh, too late to catch the last morning papers before the bout, that the W.L.W.V. officially denounced the contest itself and all the authorities who might have stopped it. The five New Jersey civic and religious organizations, Chase's allies closest to the scene of the impending crime, made a better try. On the tenth, their attorney sought a Mann Act warrant for Firpo from Federal Judge William N. Runyon, in Newark. The judge reserved his decision until ten o'clock on the morning of the eleventh. The alert Bushel stood by with a hundred thousand dollars in potential bail money. On the eleventh, Judge Runyon announced that he would not issue a warrant. The attempt to stop a prizefight by means of a Mann Act charge, he said coldly, was an artifice beneath the dignity of his court. The fight went on as advertised.

AMONG those debased by the contest, as it turned out, was, artistically speaking, Firpo. Financially, he kept to his steady course, by taking $156,211 out of the gate receipts of $509,135, paid by a crowd of seventy thousand people. However, he lost all twelve rounds, in the opinion of newspapermen present. (There was no formal decision, since New Jersey boxing regulations did not permit one.) Wills was a hard, a humiliating fellow to fight. He was immensely strong, crafty, and prudent. He clamped Firpo's dangerous right hand beneath his own left arm and with his right hand whaled Firpo's back until it was blotched with scarlet. Firpo spent much of the time bending backward nearly at right angles in an effort to minimize the pain of these punches. So dull was the action that Dempsey, a spectator, after studying Wills' antidote to wild

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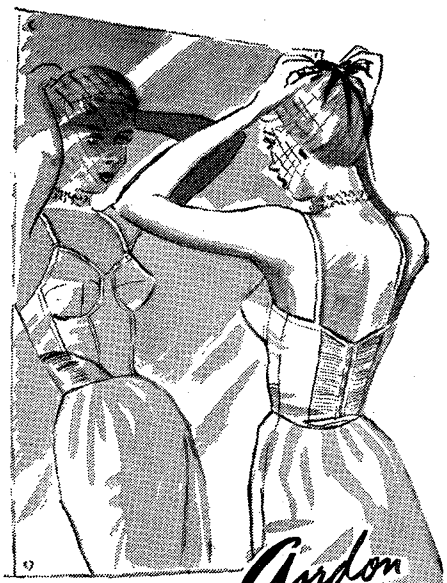
South American right-hand swings, left the arena in the seventh round. Today, thanks partly to the Firpo bout, from which he earned about $150,000 himself, Wills is a fairly prosperous landlord on St. Nicholas Place, in West Harlem. He never did get to fight Dempsey. The reasons for that were complicated and largely political. A rather ungracious cablegram sent by Firpo to Dempsey from Buenos Aires, in 1925, probably had nothing to do with it. "For the sake of the game," wrote Firpo (or an agent of Firpo's with a feeling for American sports-page prose), "it would please me to hear that your bout with Wills is not coming off because I sincerely believe the Brown Panther is more of a wrestler than a boxer."

Firpo paid the insignificant income tax on his Wills purse with a sharp yelp of despair. He was then reminded that two legal actions resulting from Canon Chase's campaign against him, in which he had never taken much interest, were still on the books. Hearings in the deportation case were held before the Immigration Commission, at Ellis Island, on September 15th, 18th, and 19th. The testimony was sent to Secretary Davis for a final decision. A last hearing on the perjury charge took place in Commissioner Hitchcock's court on the twenty-second. There, a star witness for Firpo appeared in the form of Frederick Spiegler, a steward in the crew of the American Legion. While Firpo looked on with unfeigned boredom, Spiegler described the exact situations of the staterooms occupied by Firpo and Señorita Picart. They were separated, he said, by a hallway. He had served Señorita Picart her breakfasts, which she took in bed, alone. He had observed no improper conduct at any time. He went on to say that Canon Chase had interviewed him, in the course of the Canon's own investigation, and had told him that it would not be right for a foreigner to come into the United States and make more money in two or three months than President Coolidge made in a year. It is not known that the Canon ever brought this point, possibly an effective one, to the notice of the President himself. Firpo, for whom the testimony was being translated by a court interpreter, roused himself to ask how much the President's salary was. On being told, he relapsed into silence. The perjury hearing was adjourned until October 11th. On October 2nd, Curran recommended that the deportation proceedings be dropped. He said in his report, among other things, that Canon



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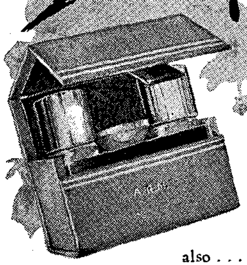

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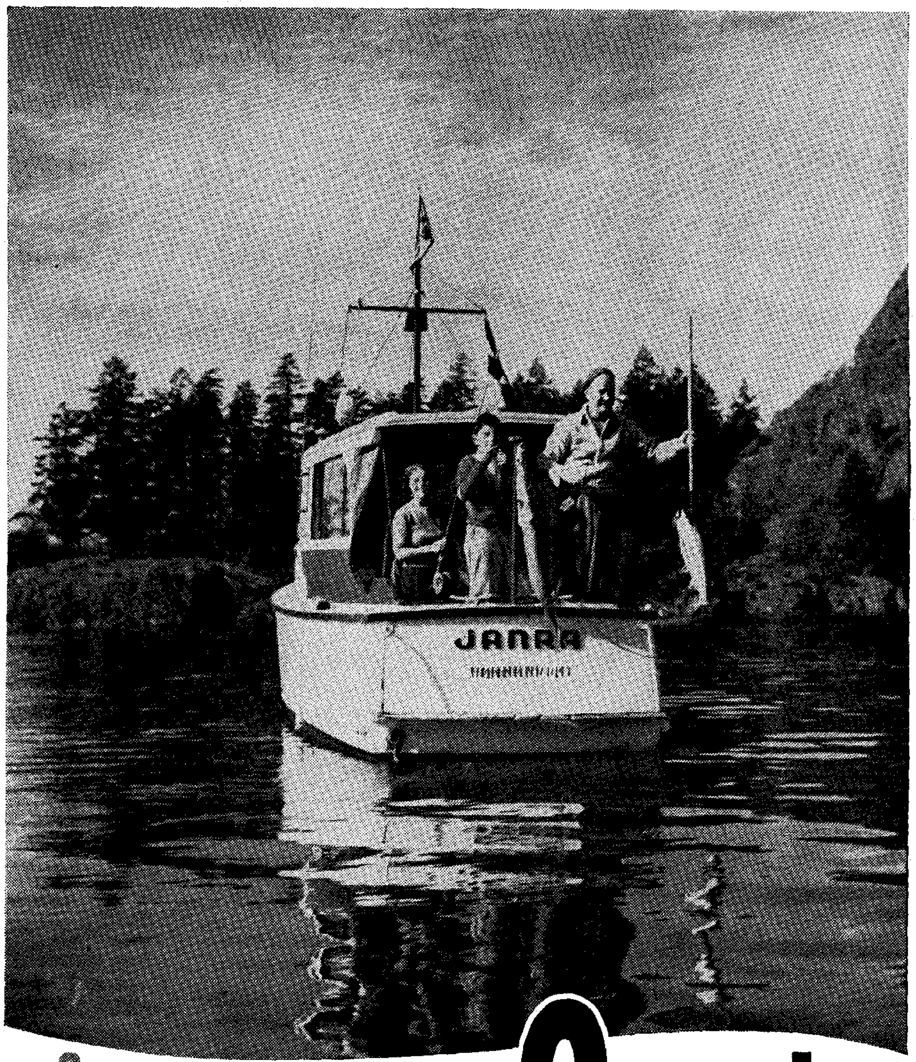
Chase, under oath, had admitted telling a prospective witness, before the Wills fight, that Firpo's friends should advise him to leave the country to avoid getting a five-year sentence for perjury. This, Curran observed, was tantamount to advising an accused person to jump bail. On October 11th, the perjury charge against Firpo was turned over to the grand jury. On the eighteenth, Canon Chase formally withdrew this charge, for which he was responsible, but, since it was now irrevocably in the hands of the grand jury, it did not become extinct until the thirtieth, when the jury refused to bring in an indictment. On November 5th, the Department of Labor decided not to deport Firpo. Chase's campaign ended there. It had lasted more than three months, and had cost the United States, according to Curran, ten thousand dollars in all. There was a solitary satisfaction for the Canon, however. Rickard complained, at about this time, that the Firpo-Wills promotion had resulted in a net loss to him of five thousand dollars, mostly because of unforeseen legal expenses.

THE loss may have convinced Rickard that he and Firpo were no longer mutually useful. In any case, Firpo arranged his next fight by himself. It proved to be his last one in this country. On November 12, 1924, his raid on North America—a trivial one by the standards of Cortez but lastingly impressive to the members of his profession—ended where it had begun two years earlier, in Newark. His opponent was Charley Weinert, the so-called Newark Adonis, whom he had fought once before, in Philadelphia, during his preparations for the Dempsey bout, and had knocked out in two rounds. This time, Weinert, fighting in his home town, won easily. There was loose talk by men who had bet on Firpo that Charley had had the benefit of a couple of quick bells—rounds ended prematurely by the timekeeper—when he was in trouble. More likely, Firpo had eaten and loafed himself into a state of relative decay by the closing months of 1924. That, at least, was the view taken by the Buenos Aires newspapers when his defeat by Weinert followed his defeat by Wills. The view was stated unkindly. In various headlines and captions, the Buenos Aires press said "FIRPO'S FUNERAL," "FAT MOTORCAR SALESMAN GOES TO THE RING FOR HIS PUNISHMENT," "THE CALF OF THE PAMPAS BAWLS NO MORE." Firpo consequently was more than normally



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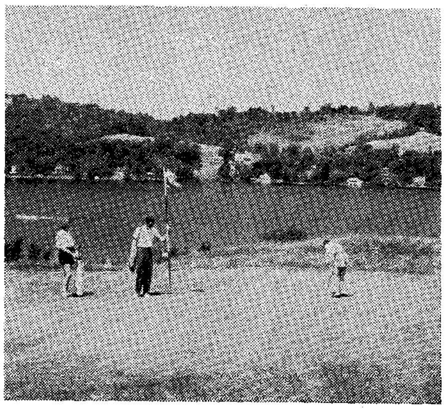

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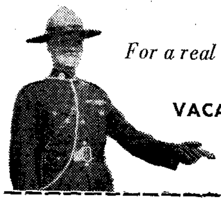

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sulky during a short tour of France and England that he made after leaving the United States for the last time, in December, 1924. One day in Paris, a policeman arrested him and took him to the station house because his car had no rear license plate. Firpo, believing that he had been brought in at the behest of long-armed North American litigants, burst into Spanish profanity. He was soon released, though the police pointed out to him that his language constituted "an outrage to authority" in the full legal sense of the term. Firpo fought no fights in Europe and made no money, but he did add a great name to his private list of world-famous managers who had tried to buy pieces of him and failed when François Descamps, manager of Georges Carpentier and Europe's most artful sharer of boxing revenue, took dead aim at him with his scalpel but could not make an incision. "The man is a greedy barbarian," Descamps told friends.

Firpo went directly home from Europe in 1925 and has remained in South America ever since, except for his trip here for the Louis-Charles fight last year. The unpopularity that followed his Wills-Weinert expedition did not last. His standing as an Argentine national institution has grown with the years, along with his wealth. The man who knocked Dempsey out of the ring (that is the title that will always qualify Firpo, to people outside the boxing business, as a historic monument) is affable to tourists from the north, among them Ward Morehouse, a peripatetic New York journalist, to whom the fighter once gave a picturesque demonstration of the eating virtuosity for which he is still remembered in the West Fifties. Morehouse has told how Firpo, when he called on him in Buenos Aires, bought a string of *bécassines*, which are a kind of snipe, from a street huckster and took them to the kitchen of a nearby restaurant to be cooked to his order. The birds were served smothered in onions and tomatoes, and accompanied by a red wine called *trapiche*. Firpo ate several plates of salami, then five *bécassines*, and then two peach Melbas. He drinks wine and beer from time to time, but he has never liked hard liquor. He is fond of dancing. Once, in 1936, stimulated by his friends and his memories, he tried to return to the ring. Arturo Godoy, a Chilean and a very tough man who went on to fight in the upper brackets of the heavyweight division in this country, knocked him out in the third round. The first time Firpo saw Joe Louis was in Santiago, in 1947,

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when, in his capacity of elder statesman of South American pugilism, he refereed an exhibition bout between Louis and Godoy. "He attacks well," he said of Louis after the bout. By then, Firpo was slightly in Louis's debt. The unruly Godoy, trying to turn the exhibition into a fullfledged fight, had aimed several savage punches at Louis, had been warned by Firpo to behave himself, and, in his irritation, had knocked the referee down. Louis stepped in and restored calm with several sharp blows to Godoy's head.

There is no indication that Blanca Lourdes Picart, through whom Canon Chase tried to abridge the golden age of boxing in America, ever learned shorthand. She did, however, some years later, become a professional bicycle racer. —JOHN LARDNER

(*This is the second of two articles on Señor Firpo.*)

•

DALLAS, TEX. (UP)—Authorities saved 48 passengers aboard a New York-bound airliner from a possible disaster yesterday when they discovered a hoodlum aboard carrying nitroglycerine, dynamite caps and a black powder fuse.

Acting on a tip, officers boarded the American Airlines DC-6 as it was ready to depart and arrested Jack Todd, 30.

In his pocket, police found an eight-inch stick of oilfield-type nitroglycerine jelly. Captain George Lumpkin described the powerful explosive as one popular with safecrackers.

Todd, member of the late Lois Green's notorious "Band of 40 Thieves," was placed in seclusion at the city jail. U. S. District Attorney Frank B. Potter said he would file charges of illegally transporting explosives in an interstate common carrier.

But he will plead that a country in which one-third of the electorate voted Communist in all post-war nation-wide elections cannot put a greater strain on its economy and living standards without risk of social upheavals that might wreck the foundations of Atlantic Pact defenses in Western Europe.—*Jamaica (N. Y.) Long Island Daily Press.*

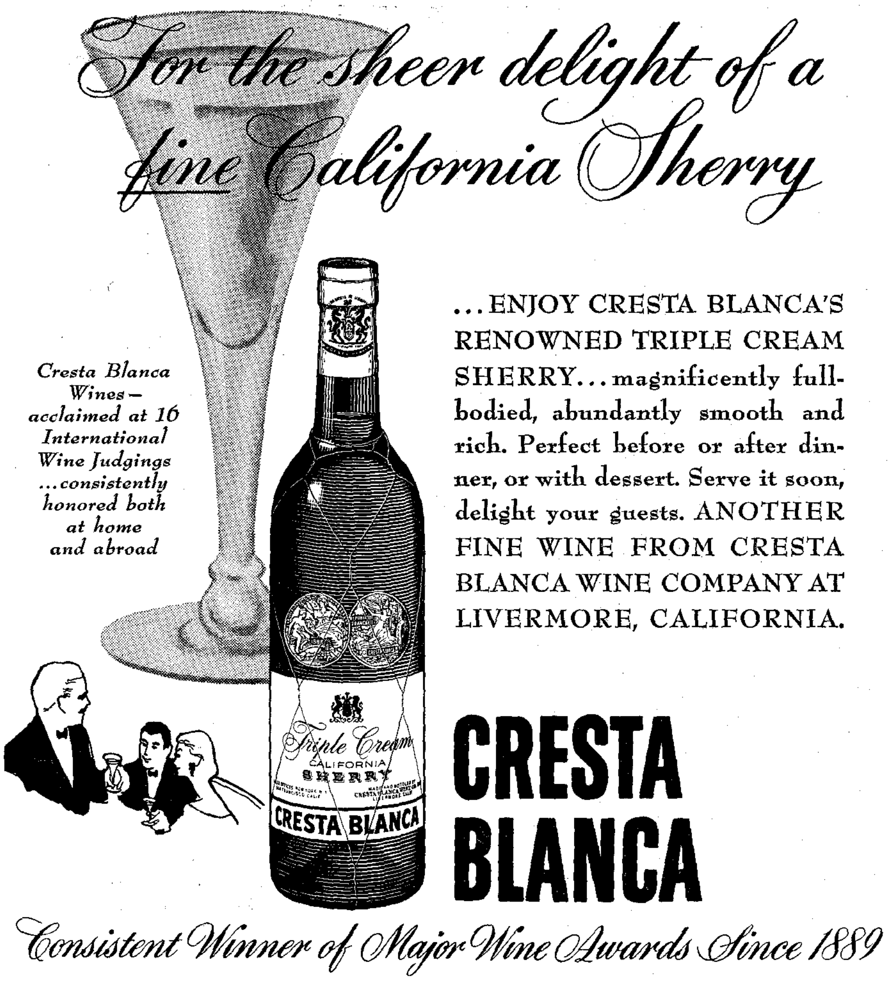
Y'see, Judge, it wuz like dis.

•

WHAT PAPER D'YA READ?

The Kanin-Dietz libretto [of "Die Fledermaus"]? "Oh," said Mme. Jeritza, raising her big eyes to heaven, "so singable!" She approached the interviewer and waved her finger in front of his nose to emphasize the point. "Singable! Like butter in the mouth!"—*The Times.*

Although she [Mme. Jeritza] has sung "Fledermaus" many times, this week will mark her first performance of it in English. Asked if the translating means difficulties, she beams and says "Difficult? I break my tongue!"—*The World-Telegram & Sun.*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THE LEPRECHAUNS (ORIENTAL) IN BERTH A-27

I SEE by the papers that the Navy is building up its strength by withdrawing some battleships from mothballs. I, for one, hope this process eventually includes the battleship in which I sailed as correspondent for a number of months during the last war, for she is an extremely lucky craft. For the purposes of this story, I will call her the U.S.S. Vermont. To make clearer what I mean about her luck, let me say that she steamed a quarter of a million miles against Japan without the loss of a single man in combat. She is also, so far as I know, the only ship in the Navy ever to have been involved with leprechauns. Indeed, this involvement may be in great part responsible for her charmed life, for, as everyone knows, contact with the little men can bring a power of good fortune, although at the time it's likely to be very embarrassing. Our brush with them, which took place in a Mariana Island harbor on a hot July morning in 1944, was certainly embarrassing to everybody on board, but, seen in retrospect, it was doubtless a blessing. Considering the Vermont's war record, I'm prepared to say it was, but whether it succeeded in its original purpose of getting the captain to go to church more often is another matter altogether.

At the time I speak of, the Vermont was part of the fast battleship force in the western Pacific. There were better than two thousand men aboard her—the usual mixed wartime complement of Annapolis graduates, stuffy and otherwise; old tars who knew the ropes; and duration sailors, lads who before Pearl Harbor had been accountants, gas-station attendants, farmers, and such—but they worked well together, and if we didn't have a grand ship, it will never again be day. Heading the crew, of course, was the captain, a man whom I'd describe as an independent-minded Roman Catholic. That is to say, he went to church when he felt like it, and never more often at all. His independent attitude never hampered him in the performance of his duty, so far as I could see, but it did not particularly please the priest, who believed that the captain should not only attend Mass every Sunday but go to confession on Saturday afternoons as well, a routine he often suggested to the skipper—in a nice, friendly way, of course.

The situation seemed mildly amusing to me, and I occasionally twitted both principals about it, once even going so far as to invite the captain, on one of his off Sundays, to come and sing a few hymns with us Protestant boys, but, to show you that he was nowise theologically disloyal, he frowned on the suggestion. He remained, as I have said, merely independent-minded.

This attitude was a distinct challenge to the padre, whom I shall call Father Tom. He was a young priest, engaging and red-haired, with a twinkle in his eye, and he came from some Irish stronghold or other in New England. He possessed all the virtues displayed by the Hollywood version of the ideal service man's chaplain, and he was affectionately regarded by those of every creed aboard, beyond shadow of a doubt. But I knew his little problem irked him, and often I didn't have the strength of character not to needle him about it.

"Put a black curse on him, Padre," I would say sometimes when the two of us met alone at the water cooler that stood just off the wardroom. "Sure, he wasn't at Mass last Sunday, that I know."

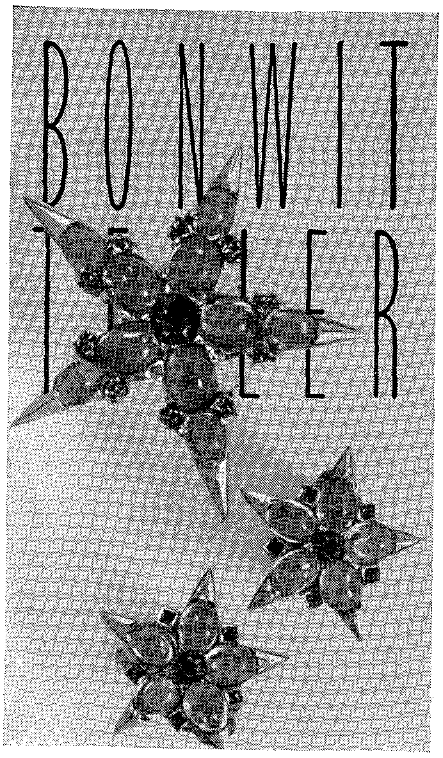
We'd stand there for a moment in our khakis, each of us dripping perspiration in the warm tropical air that hung everywhere below decks. Taking a salt tablet from the container that hung nearby and popping it into his mouth, the padre would gulp some water.

"Whist, lad!" he'd murmur. "We'll restore his faith."

"That I doubt, Father Tom. I do, most sincerely."

"Ah, no," he'd reply vaguely but firmly. "We'll send him a sign." And then, giving me a playful punch in the ribs, he'd retreat with dignity along the passageway.

AS a matter of fact, as I look back on it now, I'm astonished that I was unprepared for what happened, because, in a way, Father Tom had promised a marvel, and, as I knew, he was never one to predict lightly. He had, in fact, a kind of Gaelic prescience, which he had demonstrated on numerous occasions, such as the time he said we would miss the monsoon the fleet weather officer was forecasting for us, and the night he announced that a whole flight of enemy planes, picked up on the radar screen in C.I.C., would disappear, and they did, just as we were getting ready to open fire on them. But, in all honesty, I must say that what he came up with on that particular July



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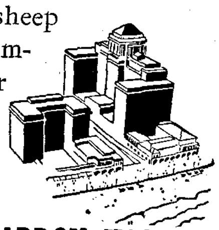

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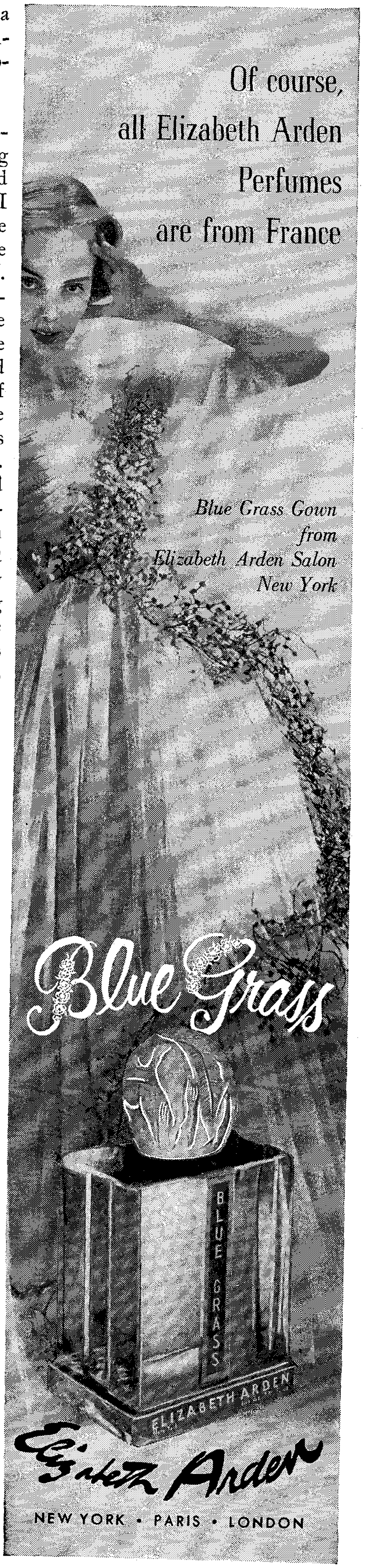
morning in the Marianas came as a complete surprise to me—and to the entire rest of the ship, good and bad, sleeping and waking, as well.

AFTER the First Battle of the Philippine Sea, with the captain going to church no more often than usual and me teasing the chaplain about it, as I probably had no right to be doing, the Vermont, along with the rest of the battleship task force, hove into port. The move was made so that certain admirals with the force might go ashore for twenty-four hours and discuss, face to face with various amphibious and military brass, the immediate conduct of the Pacific war. We had one of the admirals with us, occupying, with his staff, the flag quarters below the bridge. The harbor was Garapan, on the island of Saipan, dominated by Mount Tapotchau, and the water was crowded with shipping, from battleships, cruisers, and destroyers right on down the list to tiny harbor-patrol craft. Taking the big battleships of Task Force 58 into the place was like moving Greyhound buses through the busy precincts of Times Square. You had to be mighty careful. We entered in single line, very slowly, through the slight mists and the early-morning light.

Naturally, the Vermont had an anchorage plan. By it, we were to lie in Berth A-27, between two of our companion battleships, in the middle of Garapan Harbor. The three berths, marked on charts flown out to us from the harbor master's office, were in the form of contiguous circles, each about half a mile across. In case this seems to the non-nautical like a wastefully large moorage for one vessel, I will point out that it's necessary to bear in mind that battleships are about a sixth of a mile long, and that they have been known to drag anchor and do unpleasant things to nearby craft in strong winds or currents. These facts make it advisable to keep them widely spaced in harbor. The depths in our berths were clearly marked on the harbor charts, and showed bottom in all three to be from eighteen to forty fathoms down, or well within the forty-five-fathom range that is about as deep as a battleship likes to anchor. Our two companions, steaming cautiously, poked their noses into their moorings and dropped anchor with seamanlike dispatch.

Such, however, was not the case with us. I was on the bridge that morning. So was Father Tom. Neither of us had any particular station for the business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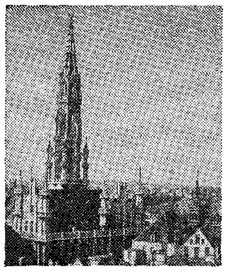

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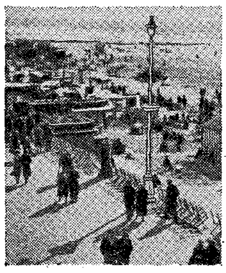

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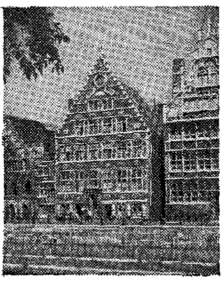

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of anchoring, and since the bridge was the best spot for watching events, that's where we were. Anchoring a battleship ordinarily is not too difficult an operation. Under normal circumstances, it goes, roughly, like this: A couple of men stand at either rail near the bow and heave lead for the bottom. The executive officer, waiting nearby, reports their findings over the ship's loudspeaker system to the bridge, where the navigator, in the charthouse, pinpricks the position on the harbor chart by simple triangulation, using landmarks on shore. When the depth is right, near the middle of the berth, he so informs the captain, who then orders engines stopped and anchors dropped. Usually that's all there is to it.

That morning, things were markedly different from the simple routine I've just described. At first, the navigator was the man who had the trouble. He was a round-faced commander, one of the stuffier Annapolis officers aboard. His main apprehension those days was not the enemy, of whom he had not the slightest fear, but the Army, which he suspected would seditiously take over the Navy if the service unification, which was then being talked about, should materialize. Nevertheless, he was a good man at his job. But never in all his previous experience, sailing the seven seas and taking ships in and out of the ports of the world, had he come on anything like this. As he tried to make the depths marked on his harbor chart coincide with those reported from below by the executive officer, he disintegrated slowly and steadily before our eyes. His humiliation commenced with the first try, just after our nose had eased a respectable distance into our berth. Leads were heaved and reeled in, and over the loudspeaker in the charthouse came the exec's rather astonished voice: "No bottom at seventy fathoms." The navigator quickly did a retake on his landmarks—Mount Tapotchau and a sugar-mill chimney on shore—and found we were well within our berth. On the next heave, there was an even more spectacular lack of success. "No bottom at one hundred and ten fathoms," the exec incredulously reported. Thereafter, making barely perceptible headway, we circled in our berth, heaving lead a couple of more times in a futile effort to find Mother Earth. It was a ridiculous situation. There we were, in broad daylight, in a harborful of ships all comfortably anchored—the mud practically showing under their keels, you might say—and we were circling aimlessly in the midst of them, unable

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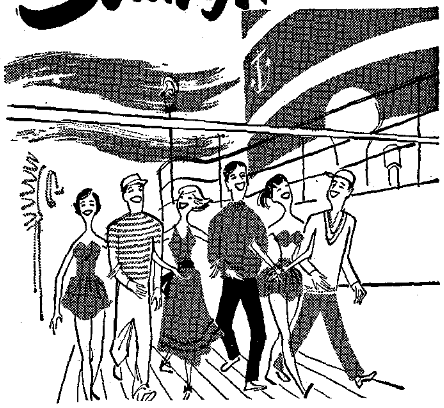

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to find even so much as a friendly rock.

The situation had some of the aspects of trying vainly to park your car with a lot of people watching. But it was really much worse than that. Every man on board felt tension. Those topside turned their eyes apprehensively toward the bridge, and the captain, up there with his arm over the bridge rail, kept looking back in puzzlement to the charthouse, just behind him, waiting for word from the navigator to drop the hook. Finally that officer, perspiring heavily, his large frame atremble, emerged, saluted, and gave his eerie news. "Captain, sir, we can't bring up anchorable water, sir," he said, eyeballs rolling. "We must be over another Nero Deep."

The captain took a quick look at all the ships riding easily around him, as though to clear his brain. "Fiddlesticks!" he replied, and bounded into the chartroom, the navigator retreating before him like a man doomed. The captain grabbed the navigator's chart and pencil. "Mount Tapotchau again," he called to the lookout, who gave him the bearing. "Now the sugar mill!" He then made a computation, but was able to prove only that we were near the edge of our berth, where the water should have been twenty fathoms. He pushed his cap back on his head and ordered right fifteen degrees rudder, to bring us nearer to the center of the berth. On our companion ships, binoculars were now being held before astonished eyebrows, and impertinent messages were originating on short wave, inquiring whether our steering gear was out of order or whether we just liked to travel in circles.

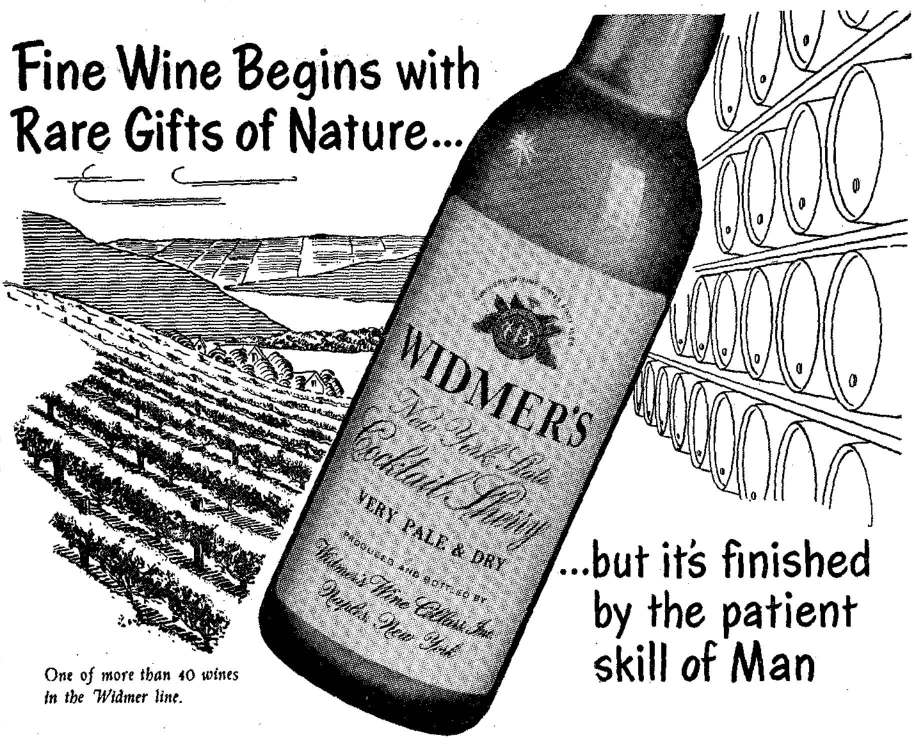
It was indeed a harrowing state of affairs. Everybody on the bridge looked mystified and worried. Everybody, that is, but Father Tom, who seemed remarkably at ease—seemed, in fact, like a man about to make a point. He gazed across the harbor contentedly, even loftily.

I went over to him, puzzled by his imperturbability, and asked, "What do you make of it, Padre?"

"I've heard of such things happening when those in authority are of a stubborn kind," he said, still gazing calmly shoreward. I didn't understand his remark. Here we were, in a nautical mess, and the padre, a landlubber, seemed to have some private insight into the matter.

"I don't get you, Padre," I said.

"We can't find bottom?" he asked rhetorically, a twinkle in his eye. "Right?" Then he leaned toward me



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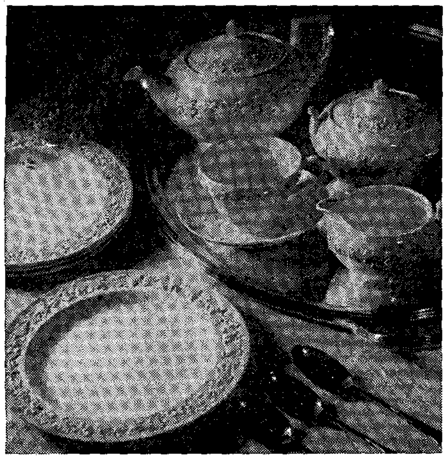

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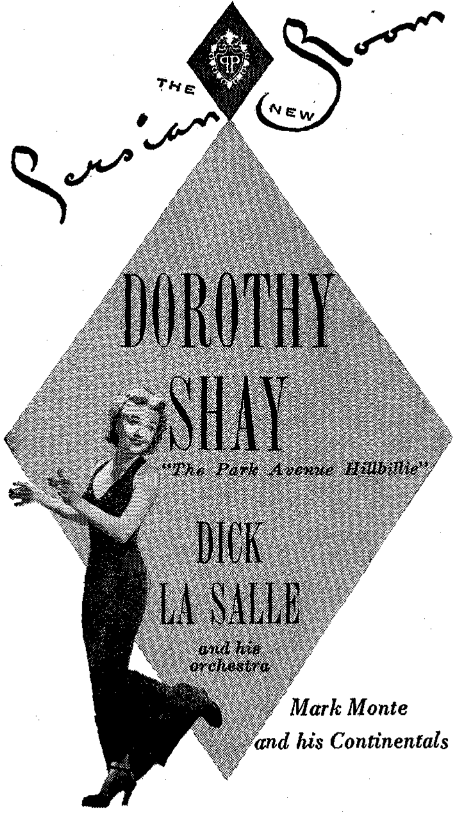

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confidentially. "They've taken *away* the bottom," he said.

"Glory be to God!" I said, recoiling a step. For a moment, the concept was so overwhelming I was unable to speak; then I recovered sufficiently to inquire the agency.

"Leprechauns," he answered.

"Too far from Ireland," I protested.

With a gesture of his hand, the padre overruled me. "Oriental ones. Submersible," he said. I realized that the expression on his face was one of unalloyed satisfaction.

"No bottom at a hundred and twenty fathoms," said the loudspeaker.

The chaplain strolled over to the captain, who was now furiously calculating anew on a piece of paper. "We seem to be having a little trouble finding bottom, Captain," he said. Then, after a pause, "It could be a matter of faith, you know."

The captain, with his sharp Irish face, looked up at him briefly and then down at his figures again, without actually having heard what the chaplain said.

The padre bent closer. "I said, Captain, 'It could be a matter of faith, you know'—this not finding bottom."

The skipper looked up again. This time he had heard. "Get out of here, Padre," he said, not unkindly, and wiped his brow.

The padre gave the captain a look that he understood entirely. Then he turned away. "Say a few 'Hail Mary's,' Captain," he advised over his shoulder, and came back to my side.

At that point, the admiral we were carrying charged up the ladder to the bridge from his quarters below. Generally, admirals don't interfere in the management of ships they're passengers on, but this seemed an understandable time to break conventions.

"What the Sam Hill's going on here, Captain?" asked the admiral, bursting into the chartroom, out of breath and utterly bewildered.

"Admiral," said the captain, with a look at the priest, who was standing complacently just outside the door, "we seem, for some reason or other, unable to find anchorable water in this berth, although I've been over it with a fine-tooth comb." He pointed to the harbor chart. "There seems to be nobody assigned to Berth A-26. I think I'll try that one."

"Good idea, Captain," said the admiral heartily, and with relief, and he departed.

"Good idea, Captain," said the chaplain, from outside.

Ignoring the priest's remark, the cap-

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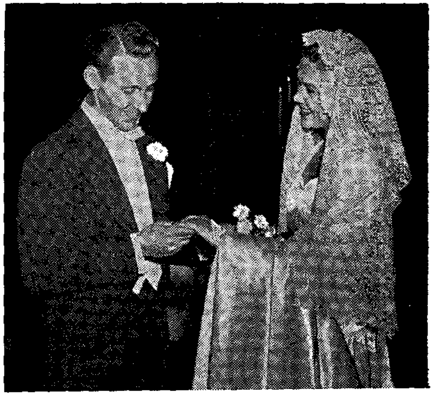

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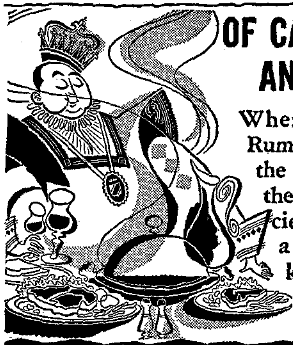

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tain turned to his communications officer. "Notify ComBatPac that, owing to inability to bring up anchorable water in Berth A-27, I'm taking over Berth A-26," he said, and that was done.

Slowly, self-consciously, we moved out of A-27 and to the new spot. There, needless to say, we found bottom immediately at twenty fathoms, dropped anchor, and quickly got the admiral ashore.

NATURALLY, the mystery of our experience in A-27 was a matter of general talk aboard the Vermont for quite a while after. There were two schools of thought. One stoutly upheld the leprechaun theory, which, of course, had quickly got around the ship. The other, whose supporters held it the more realistic, was that in charting the harbor bottom the hydrographic experts had, in some peculiar manner, missed a tremendous hole, and that, in some equally peculiar manner, the harbor master had presented us with this hole, and this hole alone, in drawing up Berth A-27. Knowing the padre as we did, by far the greater number of us aboard, including myself, saw no reason to doubt the leprechaun explanation, and argued our view ardently and, I think, triumphantly. The realists, dour little men who were always trying to explain things logically, in the end gulped their two coincidences and shut up. Thereafter, for my part, I went to church regularly, as usual, and sang hymns as loudly as before. As for the captain, I wish I could report that he improved in his attendance, but he didn't; he continued bullheadedly to go pretty much when it suited him, despite this obvious hint that he should reform. Soon after this, the chaplain was transferred, leaving a big gap in the affections of all of us, and his replacement was a man unchallenged by the captain's religious habits—a laissez-faire type of cleric, I would say, with no acquaintance with leprechauns at all. As for any who may doubt this story entirely, I can only refer them to Navy records as to what happened that day in Garapan Harbor, where, I daresay, the bottom is now back to normal. —EUGENE KINKEAD

•

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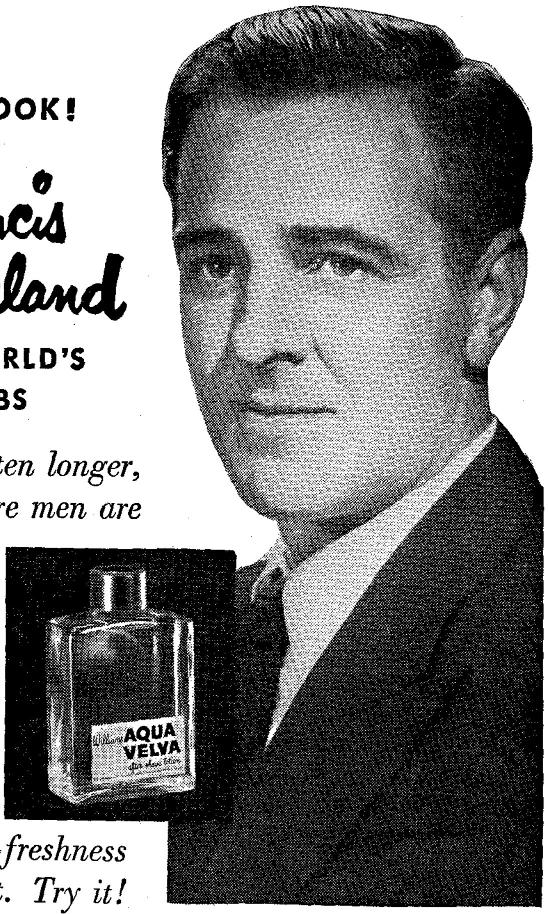

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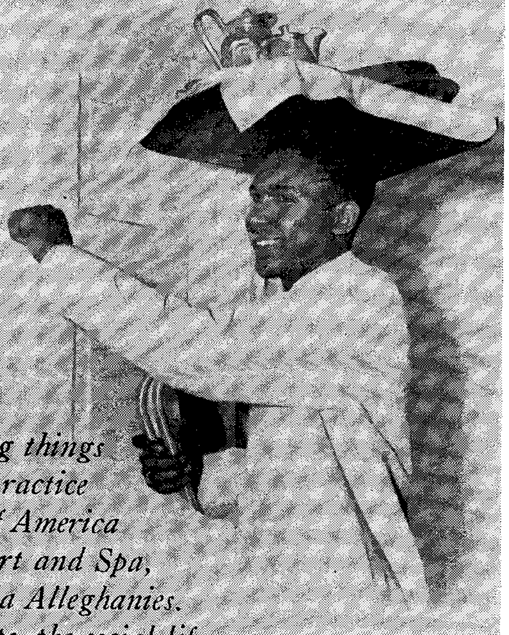
Francis Grover Cleveland, pioneer in the Summer Theatre movement and son of the late President, is a member of the Aqua Velva After-Shave Club.



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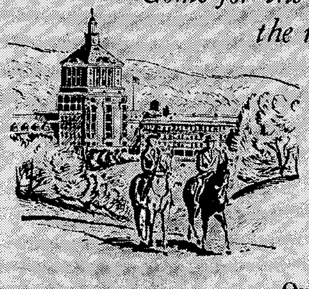

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

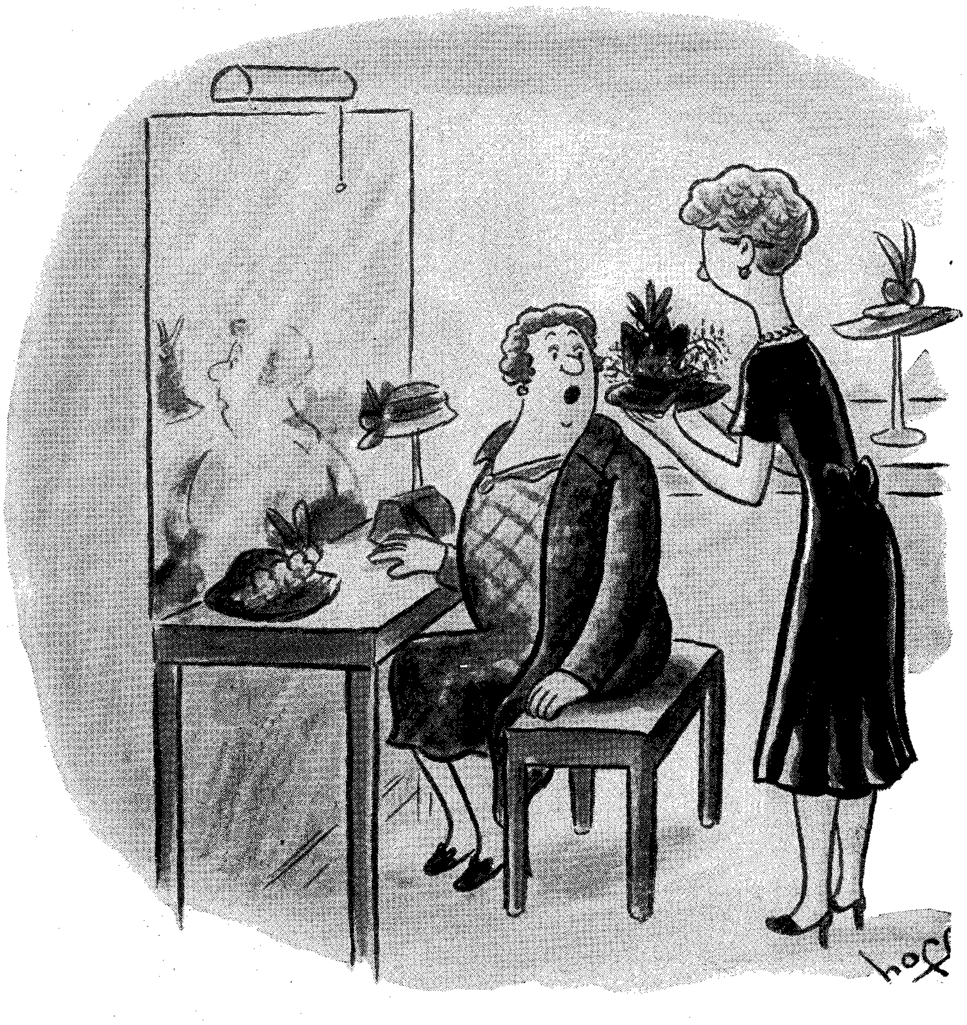
As you hurtle through the spring collections of ready-to-wear clothes turned out by the best of our New York designers, you become comfortably aware that there is nothing around that will make you feel out of date in that old 1950 model. You then realize that nevertheless there are many new shenanigans in fabric, cut, and detail that are huge temptations. Everybody is showing lots of pale natural and white, which are equally suitable on city pavements and on beaches. Rough-surfaced silks of the shantung type, ranging from heavy raw silks to crisp, sheer organza varieties with a shantung finish, have moved from the country club into town, where they look quite worldly at any time of day, even though the shirtwaist top on many rather formal dresses is a reminder of the era when shantung was considered just a sports fabric. Now that so many crease-resistant processes are on tap, there are pleats everywhere, and fine tucks appear in the cocktail dresses of many designers, including the mighty Pauline Trigère and Nettie Rosenstein. The skirts of suits are uncompromisingly narrow; as for the jackets, anything goes. Traina-Norell's suits have tiny, long-sleeved matador jackets, ending just below the bosom, and wide Directoire revers; others have the familiar box jackets or the nipped, medium-length ones; a few extend to mid-thigh or lower. Some of the last are straight and hardly pinched in at all (Adrian likes these); some are fitted and flare widely, 1900-fashion (Daché). And Maurice Rentner is only one of the designers who like cape suits both because they are graceful in motion and because jackets can be uncomfortably warm as summer approaches.

For that matter, softness and ease in movement (which should be a basic requirement for clothes, anyway) are paramount issues with most designers this spring. And all, all is femininity. Lace, stiffened and lined to give it body, is ubiquitous. Swirling chiffons, often shading gently from one color to another, or piled in layer after layer of different hues, are in every one of the important shops, and there is a revival of those full-length romantic ones that look as lovely in the moonlight as they do on the dance floor. Those by Adrian have enormous scarf ends, attached at each side of the décolletages, to go over the head, wrap around the shoulders, or trail behind. Adrian has also done a cocktail-length V-necked dress, all pleats, of deep purple-blue chiffon shading into pale blue-gray. A full-length pleated cape swings out in back of this. Ahh!

Femininity, however, can have its drawbacks. An awful lot of the new dresses look like loving hands at home. Lace can become ragged and limp and fussy; chiffon can look tacky. And never have there been more frills and flowers and doodads. In the old days, it was from the inexpensive dress that you removed decorations to make it look expensive; now you have to do this to a great many of the dresses in the $125-and-up bracket, ignoring the enthusiastic shopkeepers who declaim that their most conservative customers are mad for that most annoying doodad, the rhinestone button. To think that it was Hattie Carnegie who started this particular glittering nonsense!

Well, now for some detailed notes on the new assortments of ready-to-wear clothes. I'll begin with the designers whose stuff can be found in more than one of the big stores, and often in the best of the specialty shops. To wit:

Traina-Norell, whose ideas have turned too many other designers into mere copyists, have a number of suits involving that matador jacket I've just spoken about. Their daytime jackets are of whipcord, tweed, or doeskin; the dresses beneath, of a heavy black basket-weave wool, of wool striped like men's morning trousers, of tweed, or of whatever, are snug-fitting, beltless sheaths up to the hem of the jackets, where faille takes over to make the tops and a bow that emerges from between the revers of the jackets. (Lord & Taylor and Bonwit Teller are fond of these.) In a season in which everybody is making unexpected combinations of



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fabrics, Traina-Norell are already famous for their innovations, such as white satin cocktail dresses and full-skirted formal evening gowns of white chiffon or organdie with tiny boleros or even tops of gray flannel or tan fleece. Then, there's their perfectly tailored, buttoned-down-the-front street dress of gray flannel, with huge white organdie sleeves and looking crisp and young and right as anything (Rosette Pennington, among many others).

TRIGÈRE, too, likes big, transparent sleeves on tailored street dresses of the jumper type. One, a wide-shouldered dress, is of black silk twill. The back is high, the skirt is slightly gathered, and printed chiffon, black on white, appears in the V of the jumper and makes the balloon sleeves. Trigère adores hand-fagoting that suggests the old Vionnet. A black chiffon wool dress has it edging the deep band around the bateau neck and the sleeveless armholes. The straight skirt is of flat, clustered pleats, and there is the inevitable patent-leather belt. Both of these are at Jay Thorpe.

Trigère's "needlepoint" black lace, embroidered with fat rosebuds and green leaves, makes a stiffened, gathered skirt, lined with black crêpe, and a semi-transparent top (with only marquisette for backing) that has a V neck and puffed sleeves. Milgrim stocks this, as well as Trigère's wild concession to the fondness for white with black—a cocktail-length white sheath dress with a dramatic, reversible, waist-length black-and-white jacket, both of *peau-de-soie* faille. The jacket flares crisply in back but folds casually across the front. Turning back one side of the jacket at the closing makes a deep, irregular revers of the contrasting color. Trigère's evening costume, already a fashion Ford, is typical of the spring of 1951; deep folds of the white shantung dress ascend over the bosom and end by making a halter neck and tying in a bow on the front of one shoulder. Tiny shoulder straps go down the bare back to the waist. (Curious that backlessness, now taken for granted on the beach, should seem so startling on the dance floor.) The accompanying shantung-lined full-length gray wool coat is fitted in back, and a one-inch band dotted with rhinestones edges its tiny collar and the closing. At De Pinna, Bergdorf, and plenty of other places.

FINE tucks and pleats are prominent in the Rosenstein masterpieces. An endearing navy crêpe dress with a

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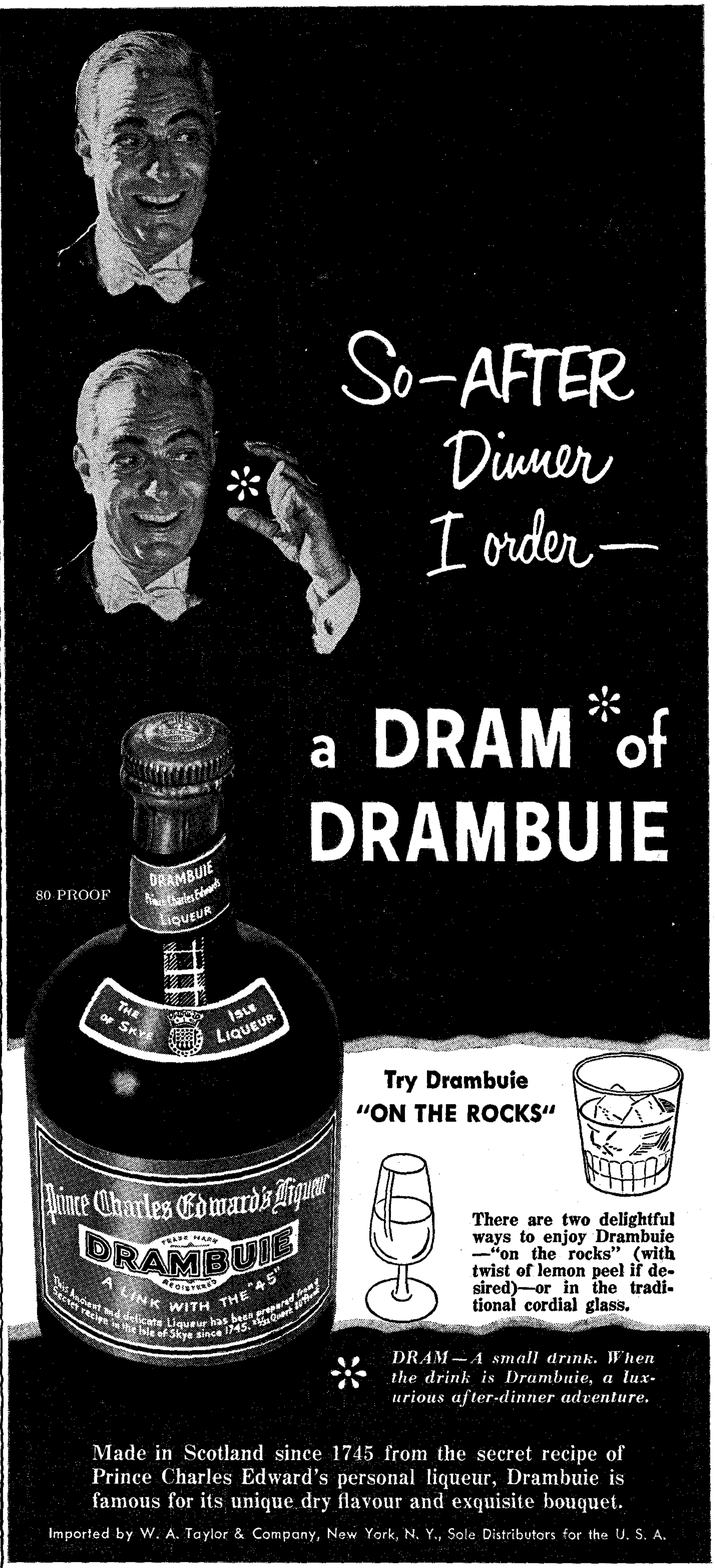
round collar of pink taffeterized shantung has a fan-pleated skirt. A late-afternoon dress of black crêpe is tucked horizontally across the top and diagonally on the circular skirt. Its square, shallow décolletage has wide shoulder straps; the sides of a wide fold around the top of the dress can be pulled up to cover the tips of the shoulders or pulled down onto the arms. Jay Thorpe have this, and many other examples of Rosenstein at her best.

MAURICE RENTNER keeps his lines neat and tidy, as always, but he's having a lot of fun with sleeves. A warm-weather item is his "telescope" sleeve—short and very wide, to suggest a kimono sleeve, though it is set in. This appears on a suit of sheer gray wool with a blouse and a tiny round collar of handkerchief linen (De Pinna). If a sleeve as wide as this doesn't supply enough coolth, there are his cape suits. Bergdorf Goodman have one, a sheath dress of thin navy wool with white piqué piping the cap sleeves, accompanied by a cape that dips well below the waist in back and has long stole ends in front. There's a buttoned-in lining of white piqué. De Pinna shows his gray wool suit with a narrow skirt that has little jutting pockets on the hips. A tucked, sleeveless white linen blouse and a waist-length cape of the wool go with this, plus an overcape of white linen ending two-thirds of the way down.

THERE are other tailored items of special interest. For instance, Dior's new suits, which have tightly pinched waists and medium-length collarless cardigan jackets with padded hips. One, of a gray wool resembling tropical worsted, has four slanting patch pockets and piqué piping inside the collar. These are at De Pinna. Next, a navy wool suit by Bruno with a straight box jacket and a round-necked blouse of lilac linen to match the bunch of linen violets on one lapel. This is just one example of the current passion for combining navy with lavender. Milgrim has it. This shop also likes the work of Countess Alexander, who offers a good globe-trotting cocktail suit in a heavy pale-beige shantung. It involves a cardigan jacket, with a double fold forward on the peplum, and a sheath dress with wide shoulder straps and a bodice covered with matching lace. Alexander contributes, too, one of the prettiest wool-and-taffeta combinations in town. It's a dress of sheer gray wool, with a circular skirt, a tiny roll collar, and hooks down the bodice; the bat-



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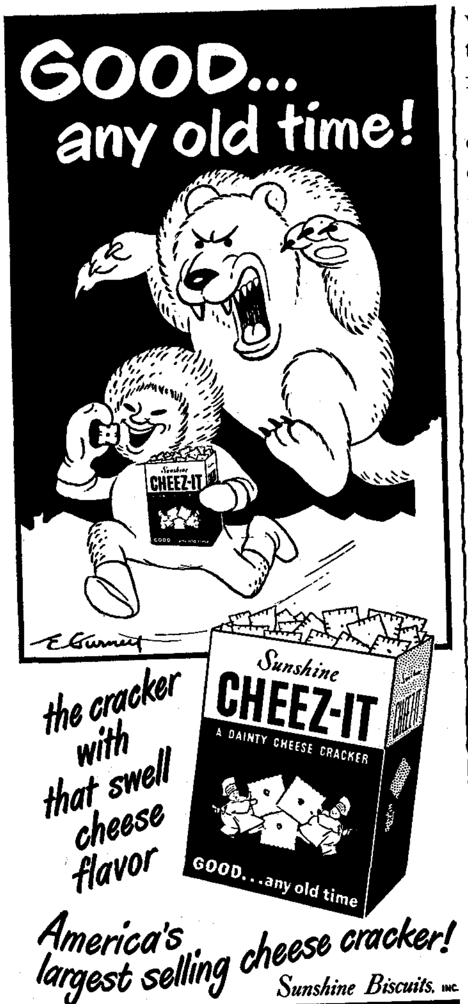
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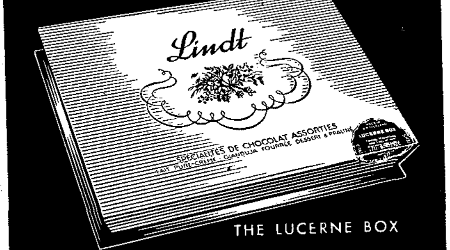
wing sleeves are of exactly matching taffeta. Simple, soft, and completely feminine.

Speaking of femininity, there's another name—Jane Derby—that comes quickly to mind. Her black linen dress with short sleeves and a deep oval neckline front and back is buttoned primly to a point three inches below the waist, where it parts to show a pink taffeta petticoat. And in a season in which overfussy clothes are alarmingly prevalent she comes up with one of those rare perfect "little" black dresses for slightly formal daytime occasions. This is of black crêpe de Chine, with narrow bands of black Val-type insertion. The scooped neckline is edged with two bands of the Val flanking a band of shirred crêpe; lace descends the sides of the plain buttoned panel down the front; the skirt is straight in back and circular in front (De Pinna). Gray phantom shantung, sheer and shiny and sleek, makes a crisper summer dress designed by Maria Krum. This has a big, pointed collar outside the V neckline, tiny rhinestone buttons to below the waistline, and huge hip pockets on the skirt, which is straight in front and circular in back. Milgrim has this, as well as a copy of a Balenciaga dance dress of imported black lace. The sheer top has a bateau neck and long sleeves; the full skirt is cocktail length in front and dips nearly to the ankles in the back. A full flounce is gathered around the hips.

WE come now to the designers whose handiwork is on view at only one establishment in town. Though Lilly Daché's hats are still resolutely custom, the remainder of her clients (as far as the ankles) can be taken care of with ready-to-wear clothes. Quantities of them are on hand; if you want special colors or fabrics, you'll get your order in about ten days. Antic scarves and sweaters and separate skirts abound. The last cost from as little as $18 (for circular, reversible linen ones in turquoise or red and so on) up to $200 (for skirts of imported ribbon that would look elegant at the Met). As for complete costumes, she's in favor of what she calls the 1900 Look, involving such notions as a gray flannel jacket, fitted tightly to the waist and flaring widely to mid-thigh length below. The accompanying skirt is as narrow as possible. (To digress for a moment: Adrian has done a similar suit in gray taffeta, and I consider the jacket length sort of significant.) The long jacket of another Daché suit, of a heavy ribbon

Good taste

HAS NO SUBSTITUTE



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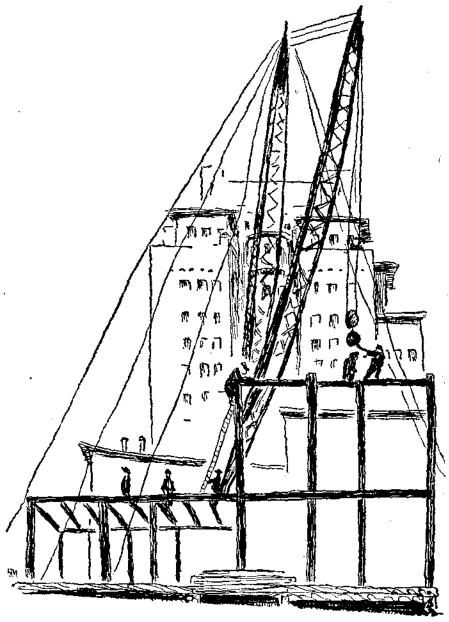
faille with tiny navy and wine stripes, suggests a mandarin coat gone awry. The front is perfectly straight until it's down six inches above the knee; the cape back flares very wide and dips slightly at the hem; again, the skirt is extremely narrow. And she has nightshirt day dresses, to be ordered in any color or fabric. There's a V neckline and a casual crimped collar, and the skirts are slit at the sides. You cinch this in with one of the belts around here (one patent-leather contraption is a good six inches wide where it buckles in back), and there you are.

ADRIAN has romped into town (Gunther Jaeckel, that is) with a collection that is as spectacular as ever but the most wearable he has done, at least to Eastern eyes. True, he still loves such flamboyances as tight sheaths of every imaginable fabric, with swags of taffeta draped around them, cupped deep over one hip and across the back at one side, and coming up to a pouf on the opposite hip. The fabrics he designs, ranging from gold-splashed gauze (for harem-skirted Persian dresses) to great, sprawling, baroque prints, are, as always, either exciting or romantic. Among his more down-to-earth items are a number of sensible suits with capes or longish, straight jackets of fleece over belted two-piece dresses of a sheerer wool that matches exactly. And there are a couple of cocktail dresses with plain skirts and nice, bunchy tops. One has overlapping vertical layers of pleated ruffles of black taffeta or striped cotton across the top and out over the arms. The other, of black taffeta, has lingerie frills projecting up from the bodice; a pink rose pulls the skirt up near the



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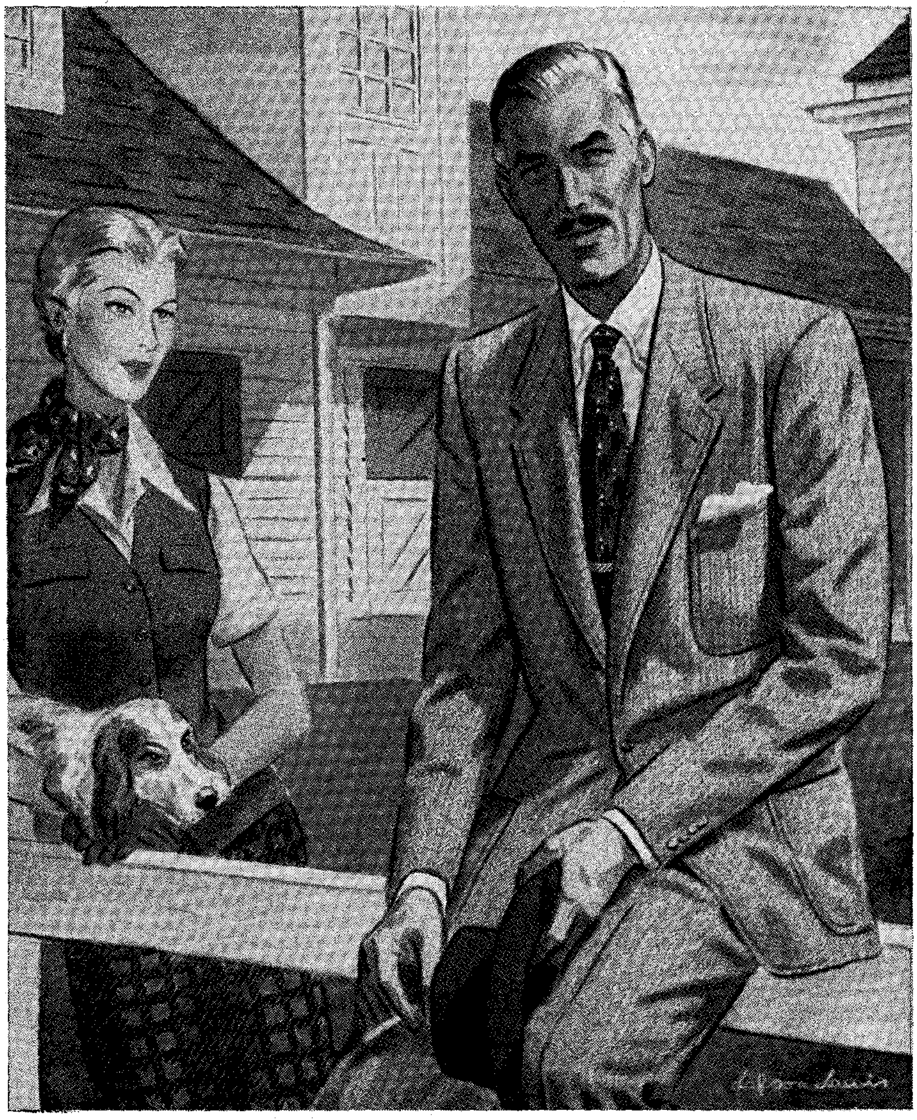

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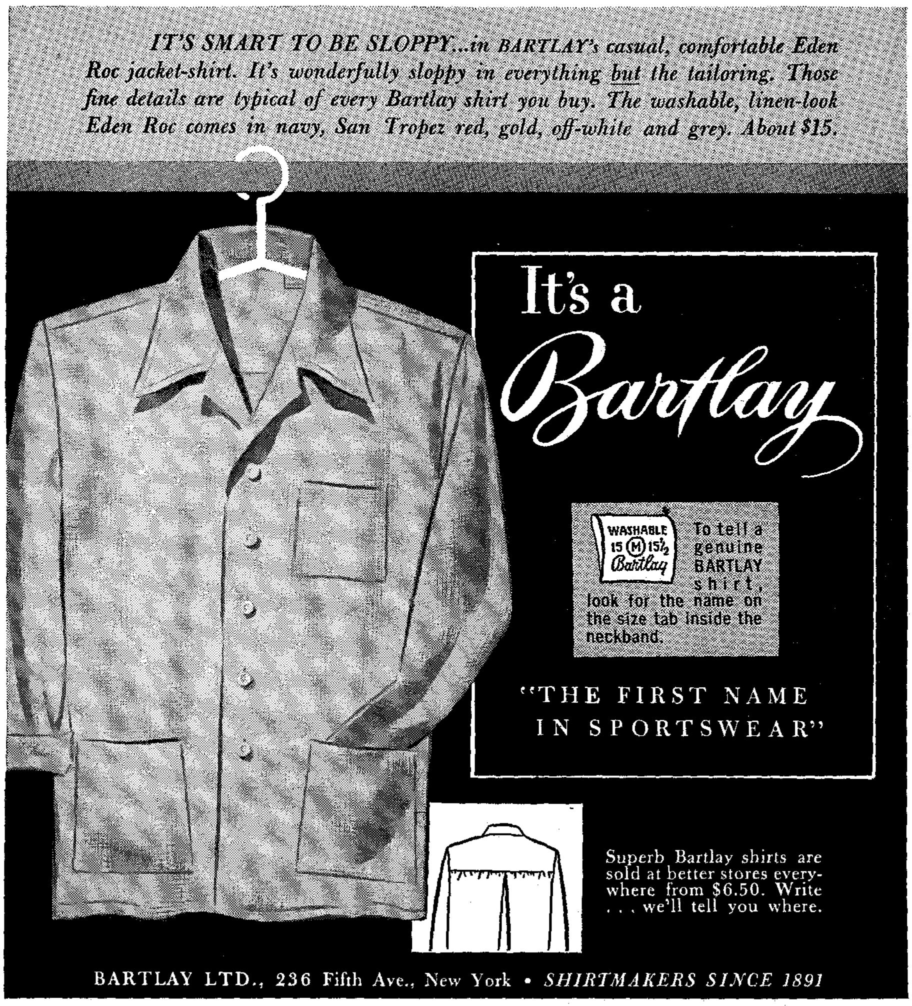
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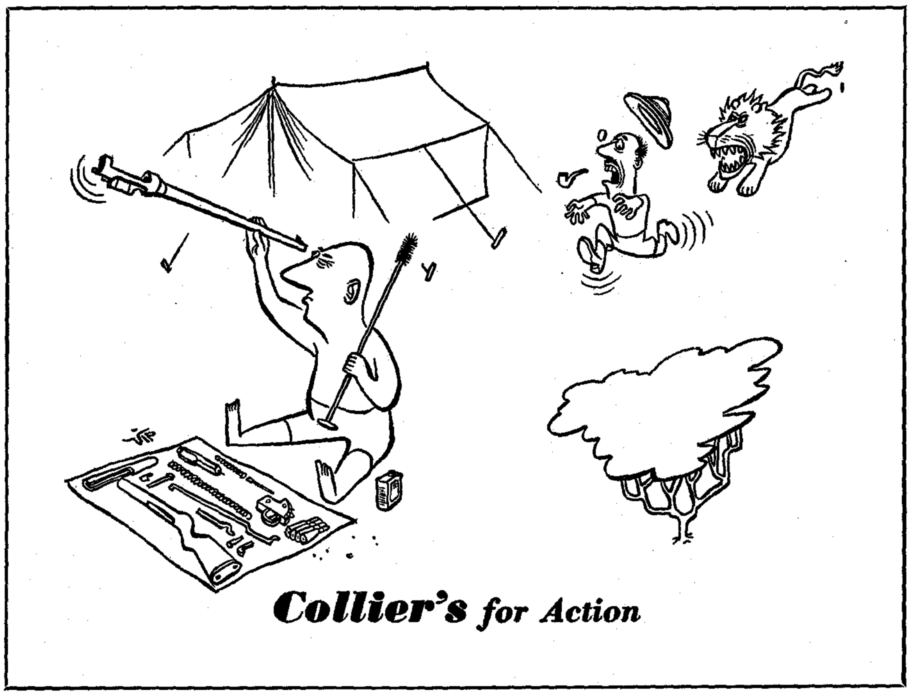
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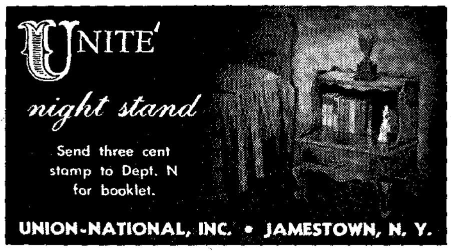
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hemline to show a lingerie petticoat ruffle.

BERNARD NEWMAN (property of Bergdorf Goodman) says what he has to say about fabric combinations with a black linen jumper dress (taffeta-lined, as is his habit) that splits in front to show a swirling white chiffon underskirt that could be worn separately (preferably with an evening sweater, I'd think) if you want to leave the jumper at home. For evenings, his dress of pale-beige reëmbroidered lace (a rather special effect) is one of the best around. It has a strapless top and godets low in front; the little bolero has mink cuffs. His natural, navy, or black town dress of raw silk has a plain top with a small turnover collar; the skirt is very wide and circular. Among his faille cocktail suits is one with a deeply scooped neck that can be filled in with a gilet earlier in the day.

LORD & TAYLOR are happy about the new ready-to-wear collection of Jacques Fath, which proves that where American women are concerned, he is the fastest study in Paris. Those flaring collars that are his trademark are not only dramatic but project over the upper arm in a way that highly flatters it. And big young women should be on their knees to him, because Joseph Halpert, who turns out his clothes in this country, produces them in sizes up to 20. Both big and little women are buying his sleeveless cocktail dress of navy-blue wool. (He likes cocktail dresses of wool. I think I like his faille ones better.) A three-tiered shawl collar of navy chiffon descends to one hip, and a godet swirl of the chiffon descends to the hem from there. Another version of this dress has a huge white piqué collar with ends that cross on the chest, go through strips of the fabric at each side of the waistline, and dangle in a panel at each side of the skirt. He uses a shantung-surfaced lightweight silk that is as crisp as organza for just about everything. Finally, there's a suit of black silk alpaca with a longish jacket, nipped but not padded, and a long, narrow shawl collar. And a narrow skirt, *entendu.*

Fira Benenson is another pride of the Lord & Taylor stable, and nobody seems to know more about glorifying the adult female figure, in clothes that are wearable and elegant rather than spectacular. Small self-covered buttons on loops go down the bodices and a bit down the skirts of her dresses; intricate tucks in front of the hipbones give nice roundness; and her deep, lovely décolletages usually have an extra fold jutting forward below the edge that does wonders for any bosom. Her full-length formal gowns are breathtaking. One is a noble dress of écru Alençon-type lace swinging wide at the hem.

I HAVEN'T said a word yet about either the spring custom showings or the new French clothes, which are arriving by every *paquebot*. They'll have to wait until I get my breath and some new soles. —LOIS LONG

•

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Their title, "Trade" Rat, is from their amazing habit of collecting and trading small objects, leaving a token payment in return.... These junk dealers are passionately fond of bright objects.—*News item.*

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He is no thief. Each trinket is replaced
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His tiny house is lined with feathers, fur,
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His house, well roofed with cactus spine and thorn,
Is floored with cedar. In it he can rest
When winter makes the outer world forlorn.
Nor does he hibernate. Without a store
Of fat, he waits until the storm has passed
And he can find a nut or two once more.

His lengthy whisker quivers and his eye,
White-rimmed and brilliant, scans the moonlit tree,
The ground beneath. He skitters to the high,
Ascending trunk and out upon a limb,
From which depends the scented nut that he
Detaches from the twig that beckons him.

This hunger being filled, he seeks again
To satisfy a craving subtler far,
To barter what he has for what he fain
Would use to make a palace of his slums,
So steals about by light of moon or star
Till glitter calls to him and he succumbs.

—ELEANOR GLENN WALLIS

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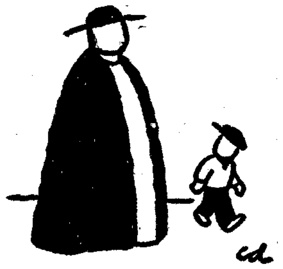
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

MARCH 16

THE President eating cheeseburgers in a Hollywood shirt at Key West makes an apt, if slightly misplaced, symbol of this city at the moment. Back around the beginning of the year, people here could hardly bring themselves to think about the terrors the spring of 1951 might hold, but for a month now Washington has been unmistakably in a cheeseburger-and-loud-shirt mood, which may demonstrate either that the community is wretchedly deficient in balance and perspective or only that good news and bad news, like space and time, are purely relative. No doubt a detached and realistic appraisal of the developments that have brought about the change from the hair shirt to the shirt that looks like an explosion at the top of a palm tree would lead one to conclude that they represent, at best, a change in the objective situation from desperate to semi-desperate. Certainly nothing that has happened in the past few weeks has brought peace any nearer. The most that can be said is that a general war may now be a trifle more remote, and this, of course, could prove to be an illusion any fine spring morning. The four-power conferences at the Palais Rose have shown that the Russians like to make propaganda, but have not shown that Moscow has any sense of urgency about relieving the tensions in the world. At Lake Success, there have been signs that Mr. Malik may be getting ready for another spring walkout. The bloody campaign in Korea appears to be settling down into a stalemate whose resolution no one can foresee. Organized labor, which is a rather necessary factor in any program of industrial mobilization, still refuses to coöperate with any of the government's mobilization agencies. The wage-and-price structure continues to be wildly unstabilized and gives every promise of becoming more so before it becomes less so.



BAD, or semi-desperate, as the total situation may still be, there are elements in it that, to a number of levelheaded people here, justify the restrained optimism that one has lately been aware of everywhere. (It should be understood that a cheeseburger-and-loud-shirt mood is an expression of modest, rather than great, expectations; great expectations induce a beefsteak-and-boiled-shirt mood.) For one thing, the outlook in Asia has been immensely improved. It is the opinion of our military men that by throwing back the last two Communist offensives we have saved not only South Korea, or whatever is left of that tragic place to save, but also, in all likelihood, Indo-China and perhaps one or two other soft spots in Southeast Asia; they are reasonably confident that the dreadful mauling we have given the Communist armies has rendered them incapable of undertaking any further aggression for some time. It is realized here that the problem of when and how to put an end to this mauling is probably the toughest one American diplomacy will have to face this year. Both the State Department and the Pentagon—and probably General MacArthur, too—would be willing to settle on the Thirty-eighth Parallel, but there is an appreciation of General MacArthur's point that such a settlement can be given verbal form more easily than it can be given military and diplomatic substance, and, besides, there is as yet no indication that the Chinese would agree to it. Nevertheless, there is a widespread belief, based on the perhaps groundless hope that the Chinese won't like a stalemate any more than we do, that one way or another a means of ending the bloodletting will be found in the next few months. Last fall, the North Atlantic alliance seemed in danger of early disintegration as a result of the disputes over China policy and German rearmament. Today, though its military strength remains negligible, the alliance is thought to be firmer politically than ever before. The China issue still rankles in some quarters, but the German issue has been adroitly set to one side, and by all reports, Eisenhower has been a thundering success as a salesman of collective security. State Department people have warned that perhaps we are taking more comfort than the facts warrant from the recent outcroppings of Titoism in the Communist Parties of Europe, but even if Communism has not been seriously weakened by the latest defections, there is little doubt that the defections have helped to raise democratic morale and thereby lightened Eisenhower's load. Another American emissary who has enjoyed a considerable success, with

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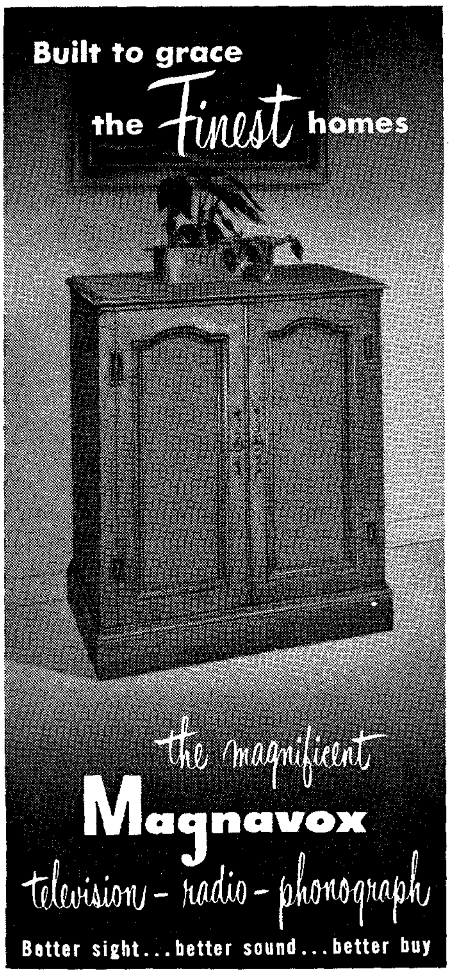
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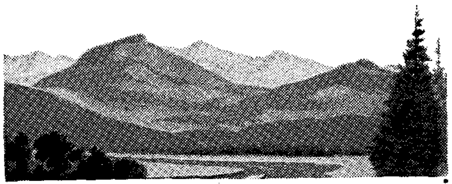

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THE MILWAUKEE ROAD

little publicity, is Ambassador-at-Large John Foster Dulles; his mission to Japan last month is regarded as a masterpiece of diplomacy. It is expected that a Japanese peace treaty will be negotiated this summer, whether the Russians like it—they won't—or not. It will not be possible to write into the treaty a provision that the Japanese practice town-meeting, Australian-ballot democracy for the next five hundred years, but it is thought likely that we will be able to count for some time on a moderately friendly, moderately free Japan, which will, in its own interest, consent to the stationing there of American combat units for the duration of the emergency in Asia. One thing the treaty will certainly do is relieve the Defense Department of the staggering burden of administering the affairs of a nation of eighty-three million people. That relief will be worth several fighting divisions to the Army.

Perhaps the major reason for the lifting of spirits here is the rapid progress that, in spite of all the administrative creaking and groaning, the mobilization program has lately been making. That prodigious engine, the American economy, is once again proving that it can surprise its most experienced operators. In December, when the program was finally being organized, one could get nothing from the production men here but the glummest of forecasts on the immediate and the not so immediate future. They were saying that because of the dent the Korean campaign was making in our manpower and matériel, it would be late 1951 or early 1952 before we would be appreciably better off militarily than we were on June 26, 1950, and that Western Europe had a pretty good chance if the Russians obligingly held their fire for another year, but hardly any chance if they chose to give us the business in 1951. Today a very different picture is being drawn. The same officials who last December were saying that no impressive results would be forthcoming before next December go around with Cheshire-cat grins, declaring that things seem to be moving along with a good deal more speed than anyone had expected; every month will find us a measurably more formidable military power. Naturally, no precise measurements are being given out, and it is taken for granted that it will be several months before we are producing tanks and jet engines at the rates recently predicted by Mr. Wilson—thirty-five thousand tanks a year; eighteen thousand jet engines a month—but equipment of many

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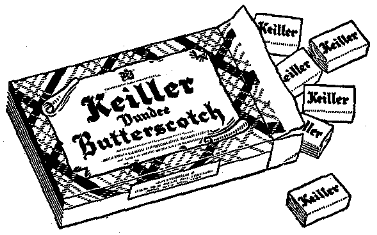

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kinds is already coming out of the factories in gratifying quantities. We are not only supplying the troops in Korea with all they need but putting something of a strain on storage facilities here at home. In short, the word from the mobilization agencies and the Defense Department is that even now we have reached a point at which we could give a satisfactory account of ourselves if the need should arise—which, assuming that the basic premises of our foreign policy are sound, may help prevent the need from arising.

One set of figures that *is* available, at least in rough estimates, deals with the expansion of the armed services in the last several months. When the fighting began in Korea, we had a military establishment of 1,400,000 men, of whom just under 600,000 were in the Army. The fighting strength of the Army was reckoned at ten divisions. We now have an establishment of 2,500,000 men, of whom 1,100,000 are in the Army. The fighting strength of the ground forces today is guardedly described by the Defense Department as "the equivalent of approximately twenty-four divisions." Not counting the six divisions now fighting in Korea, our combat strength has been increased by eighty per cent. And besides the men making up "the equivalent of approximately twenty-four divisions," there are a great many men whose training has qualified them to be organized into new divisions on very short notice. Last June we had a forty-eight-group Air Force; we now have about seventy groups, which leaves us still quite a distance from our goal of ninety-five but brings us up to the strength recommended by the strategic-air-power advocates in their controversy with the sea-power and land-power advocates a year and a half ago. Since last June, naval manpower has increased by sixty per cent and the number of combat ships ready for service has increased by fifty per cent. It will probably take us the better part of another year to recruit and organize the three-and-a-half-million-man establishment we are aiming at, but if war should come now, we would be in better shape than we were in 1941. At the time of Pearl Harbor, after more than a year of mobilization, the total of all our forces was 2,100,000; we now have a few hundred thousand more men than that and more, it is said, of just about everything else.

ALMOST everyone here feels that the foreign news has been good, or fairly good, but opinions on the domestic

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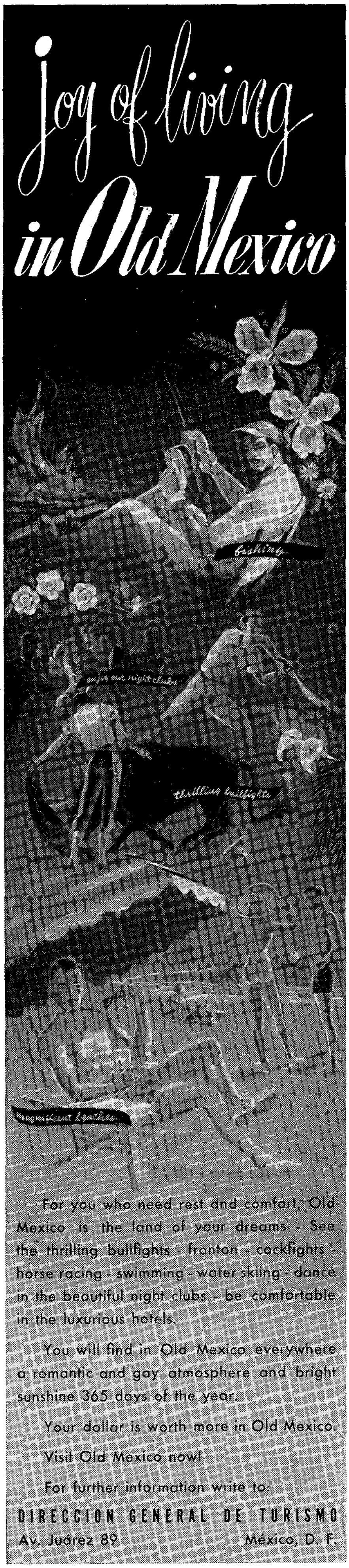

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outlook are another matter. One school of thought holds that it is very black indeed, the other that it is not bad at all. The first school, which is probably smaller but which includes a number of the best economists in Washington, feels that the Office of Price Stabilization harbors a crew of bunglers and ignoramuses, but that even if it were the most efficient organization it would be incapable of controlling inflation, because it has no control over interest rates and because it is empowered to do nothing about food prices until they have reached "parity," the figure guaranteed by the formula that farmers' prices must stand in the same ratio to the prices of manufactured goods as they averaged in the period 1909-14. When, this school says, farm prices do reach parity, it will be much too late for control, for the ascent of food prices to the unrealistic parity level will necessitate another round or two of wage increases, to bring some kind of "parity" to industrial wage earners (who are human, too), and this, in turn, will jack up manufacturing costs and retail prices and necessitate a new parity for the farmers. This school says that if food prices, interest rates, and rents could be effectively controlled, there would be some hope of stopping inflation, but it believes that the political power of the farm organizations makes the chances of controlling food prices exceedingly dim, and that if we are in for a crisis of ten, twenty, or thirty years, the dollar eventually won't be worth a thin dime.

The adherents of the other school, whose most eloquent spokesman is Leon Keyserling, one of President Truman's chief economic advisers, feel that a further decline of a few cents in the dollar's purchasing power is inevitable, that it will probably take place this summer, and that that, barring unforeseen developments abroad, will be the end of it. The important thing, they say, is to keep the situation from getting out of hand in the next six months, and they think that Mr. Di Salle's office can do this. At the end of six months, prices and wages will have begun to level off, they claim, and by the time they would be ready for another spurt forward—in the summer of 1952, say—the economy ought to be back on a more or less self-regulating basis. These people base their attractive faith on increased plant capacity. They believe that the present defense orders, which are high in relation to those of a couple of years ago but low in relation to the productive capacity of our economy, will eventually be filled almost entirely by factories as yet unbuilt or

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under construction. It will be no trick at all, they say, for the economy that increased its output by fifty per cent during the Second World War, and has increased it by another fifty per cent since then, to step up its coal and steel production and augment its plant floor space by fifteen or twenty per cent, which is all it will take to meet present military demands. For the time being, of course, we will have to slacken up on the production of automobiles, deep freezes, washing machines, television sets, and the rest, and there will be minor dislocations during this period, which will probably last for a year or a year and a half, but they should be eliminated before that expected rise of wages and prices in 1952. Along about the middle of that year, we ought to be once again producing as many television sets and other things we seem to think make life worth while as we did in the last couple of years, and at the same time be producing, in the war plants that don't now exist, the guns and planes and tanks that, so it is hoped, will make the Russians think twice before starting any trouble, and determine, on the second thought, not to make any. Some members of the Keyserling school are so entranced by the idea of increased plant capacity that they think the big economic question facing the country at the end of the world crisis will be the use it will make of its expanded facilities. By that time, they say, we will not only be able to take care of the local luxury market but will be able to turn out cars, locomotives, and tractors far beyond our capacity to absorb them, and we had better make plans now for avoiding a post-crisis depression by setting up a gigantic Point 4 organization to distribute the surplus in backward areas.

The Keyserling school argues, in answer to those who take the dark view of our economic prospects, that the dark view assumes a static economy; the other school responds with the argument that the Keyserling view assumes a static world. It also points out that while it is probably true that our economy could expand sufficiently to accommodate present military orders without cutting very deeply into civilian production, there is no certainty that, even without a general war, our military demands will remain constant. In fact, this group maintains, it is quite likely that the Russians will begin to resent our guns-and-butter opulence and decide to do something about it. What they could do, no one, naturally, knows. The general opinion is that their field of choice has been narrowed in recent months, but it

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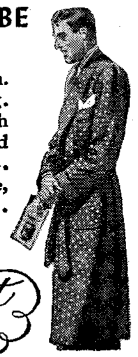

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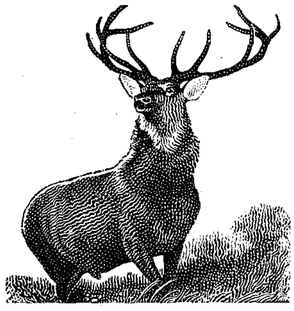

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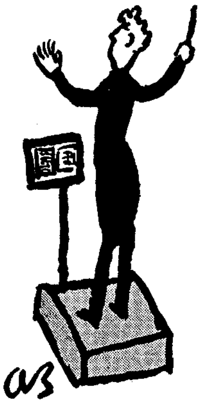
MUSICAL EVENTS

Prison Life



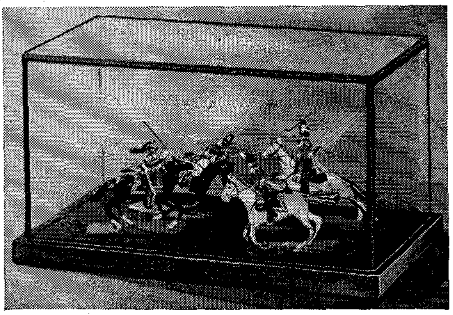
"THE PRISONER," a one-act opera with music and libretto by Luigi Dallapiccola, was given its American première last week by the Juilliard Opera Theatre, in the auditorium of the Juilliard School of Music. A recent Italian work, it had been translated into English for the occasion, and the composer had provided a new orchestral arrangement. It was very well mounted, but it failed to come off. The chief reason, I felt, was that Dallapiccola's music was lacking in dramatic quality. The story was there, but the score was not. "The Prisoner" is set in sixteenth-century Spain, during the Inquisition, and its hero is a political prisoner. In a prologue, his mother is on her way to visit him. She has been having disturbing dreams in which Philip II has kept appearing, and she has a feeling that this is to be the last time she will see her son. In the cell, the prisoner, who has already suffered physical torture, tells her he is becoming hopeful, because a guard has been addressing him as "Brother." Later, when the mother has gone, the guard comes in to tell the prisoner about the beginnings of a revolt, which, he says, will lead to the downfall of Philip. He leaves the cell door open when he goes out, and the prisoner tries to escape. He passes a few monks, who pretend not to notice him, and finally comes face to face with the Grand Inquisitor, who turns out to be the same man who portrayed the guard. Realizing that hope has been the penultimate torture, the prisoner is led away to the stake, mumbling the word "Freedom."

The opera lasts less than an hour, but, even so, there are a number of long, reflective solos, and they slow things up. Such passages were patently necessary, since Dallapiccola obviously did not set out to write a mere melodrama. His aims were higher. He apparently intended, by means of a melodramatic situation, to dignify man's search for freedom and, by setting the story in the terrible time of the Inquisition, to show the inhuman forces working against him. The composer's purpose is clear enough and his libretto is tightly woven. So is his score, but it is wanting in expressiveness. In writing any opera, the composer's duty is to heighten the story through the music; in this particular opera, Dallapiccola's duty was to glorify the position of the prisoner. But there is neither rapture nor inspiration in the prisoner's songs—only a kind of feverish anxiety. Nowhere, in fact, is there any distinction in the singing parts. A chorus of monks, visible on either side of the stage, provide strong dramatic effect, but only by their presence and the weight of their audibility. The orchestral portion of the score is better. It is like a taut spring, and it contributes much power to the proceedings, but it arouses no more pity for the victim than the singing does. The introduction of such a feeling, especially in the singing, would have given the work greater dimensions.

Despite its shortcomings, "The Prisoner" is a well-integrated composition by a vigorous and creative writer, and the Juilliard Opera Theatre gave it a remarkably fine production. The setting, a multi-level one behind a painted scrim that is kept lowered throughout the opera, was excellent. The cast I heard was first-rate, and the orchestra played the score splendidly.

TO get away from modern opera and go back to the beginnings of the form, a concert version of Monteverdi's "Il Combattimento di Tancredi e Clorinda," first performed in 1624, was given in Town Hall last week by the Little Orchestra Society in an English translation. It was delightfully entertaining. Of course, by modern operatic standards there is very little to this narrative poem in which the burden of the singing is carried by the narrator, a mezzo-soprano, and the two dramatic participants sing nothing but a few direct quotations. There is, however, an exalted quality to Monteverdi's music that enhances the tale. A young singer named Grace Hoffman took the part of the narrator and did very well by it. Two other vocal works were offered on the same program—Verdi's short and uninteresting "Ave Maria for Soprano and Strings" and Respighi's long and static "Maria Egiziaca." The only commendable part of either was the superb singing of the soprano, Winifred Cecil, who took part in both.

JENNIE TOUREL gave a song recital at Town Hall in the middle of last week. I heard only the second half, having gone earlier in the evening to the



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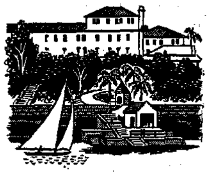

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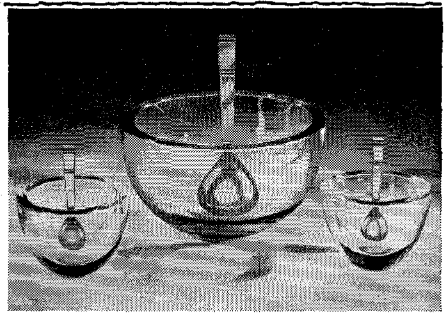

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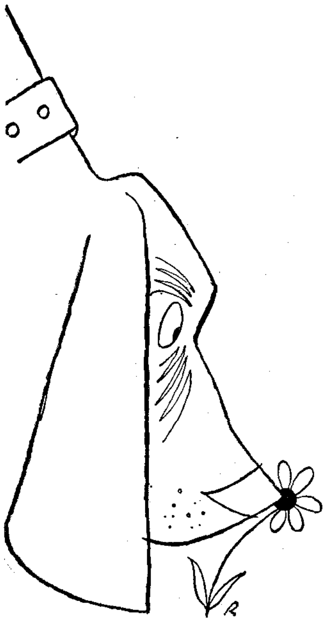

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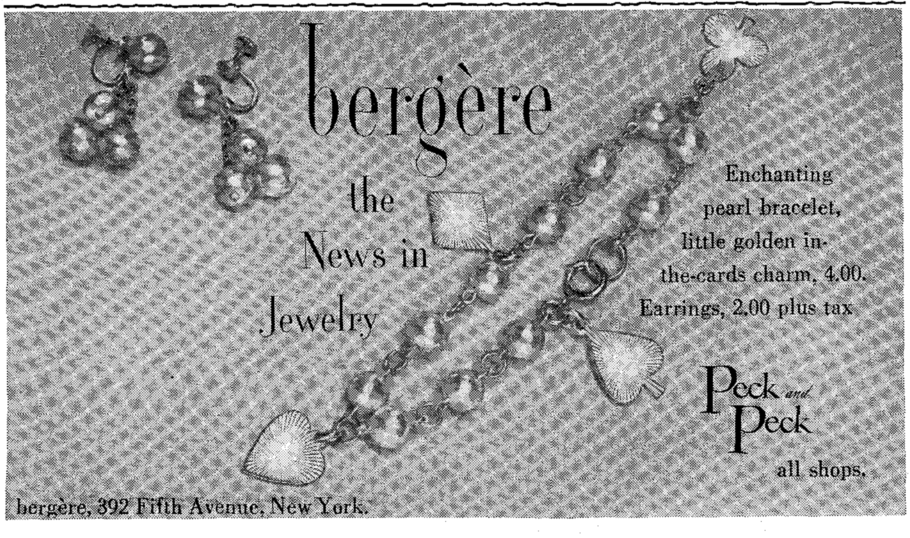
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City Center, where the New York City Opera Company opened its spring season with a routine performance of "Die Meistersinger," but what I heard of Miss Tourel was stimulating. She sang German numbers in the first half, and then brought all her considerable vocal excellence and authority as an interpreter to bear upon works by Ravel, Dargomyzhski, Balakirev, Grechaninov, and Ginastera. In Ravel's "Chansons Madécasses," a group of three zestful pieces, she was accompanied by, in addition to her pianist, a flutist and a cellist. The style she exhibited in these numbers and the shifting colorations of her voice were fascinating. Among the songs that followed, her delivery of "Triste," a charming work by Ginastera, seemed to please her audience the most. Miss Tourel is a mezzo-soprano, but it is among the higher tones that she shines most brightly, when her voice takes on all the silken loveliness of a fine lyric soprano. She is difficult to classify vocally, but she is a superior performer.

THE Philadelphia Orchestra put in another of its periodic appearances at Carnegie Hall last week. Eugene Ormandy conducted, and Solomon, the British pianist who forgoes a second name, was the guest soloist. The high point of the concert was the playing of William Schuman's Symphony No. 3, a sturdy modern work that in 1942 won the annual prize awarded by the Critics Circle of New York. The symphony has not been heard much since then, and this was the first time the Philadelphia Orchestra had offered it here. It was wonderfully played. Solomon, I thought, fell down somewhat in his playing of Brahms' Concerto No. 2 in B Flat Major, which followed the intermission. There was something disjointed about his reading, the piano sounding too loud and fuzzy at times. Also, there was a superficial quality in his work, as if his mind were only half on what he was doing. The orchestral performance was much better. —DOUGLAS WATT

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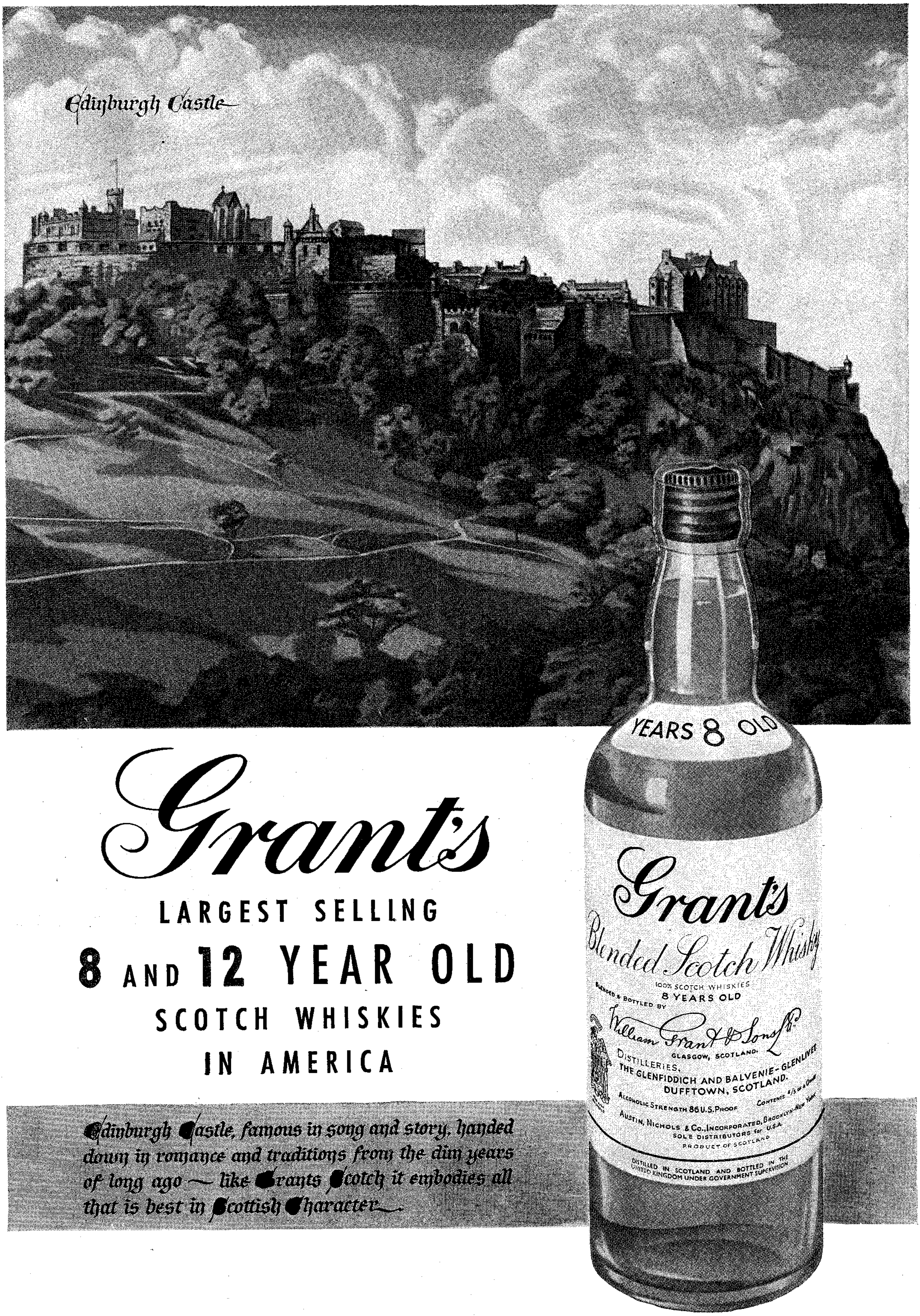
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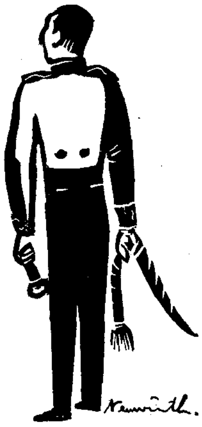

THERE were certainly some unlikely goings on in the trio of movies I had a look at last week. In one of them, "The Groom Wore Spurs," Ginger Rogers was pretending to be a lady lawyer; in another, "Inside Straight," Mercedes McCambridge was trying to look insouciant while sitting in on a poker hand with three million dollars at stake; and in the third, "Bird of Paradise," Debra Paget was attempting to revive a role created by Laurette Taylor in 1912. Out of respect for age, let us first ride along with Miss Paget's vehicle. It has to do with a Polynesian maiden called Kalua, who is loved by a Frenchman so weary of the world that he is willing to exchange the creations of Brillat-Savarin for three-finger poi in order to pal around with a band of Hawaiians on their native isle. For all his sympathy with local customs, which are gone into rather extensively in the film, the Frenchman feels put upon when he discovers that the girl of his dreams is scheduled to take a header into a volcano to calm down some angry gods.

It's hard to say whether or not Delmer Daves, the writer and director who had the thankless job of repolishing this old coconut, took his assignment seriously. At times, he seems to find Hawaiian mumbo-jumbo pretty comical, but the next thing you know he's sounding as earnest as an anthropologist. The picture includes the customary beachcomber, trader, and local wizard, and Kalua is supplied with a brother named Tenga, who tells the Frenchman (and the audience) what the Polynesians are up to when their antics get too abstruse for the Western mind. In the role of Kalua, Miss Paget looks quite delectable in her sarong, but the general tenor of her performance indicates that she would be a lot more at home on Catalina Island than on Kauai, where, I understand, some of this film was shot. As the expatriate who essays to keep Miss Paget out of the lava, Louis Jourdan appears to consider the whole matter incredible, and so do Jeff Chandler, Everett Sloane, and Maurice Schwartz, who are also mixed up in the foolishness.

IN the exercise that finds Miss McCambridge hovering over the three-million-dollar pot, we are told, in a series of flashbacks from the gaming table, how her opponent, played by David Brian, did her and a lot of other people wrong while trying to corral all the gold in California in the bad old days. This method of procedure does not make for very lively poker, and as the film meanders through the sordid alleyways of Mr. Brian's past, it's possible that you may have a difficult time remembering that Miss McCambridge started out with a pair of kings and Mr. Brian with a possible straight. Even with all that money kicking around, I don't think you need worry about how the game comes out. Seen in toto, "Inside Straight" is as wearing as an all-night session when the cards aren't with you.

OF Miss Rogers' work in "The Groom Wore Spurs," I can report only that she labors heavily to add a bit of fun to a dreary comedy about a cowboy actor who is ill at ease in the presence of horse or firearm and who needs Miss Rogers' alleged legal talents to help him out of a gambling scrape. Jack Carson is wasted in this one, along with Miss Rogers. —JOHN MCCARTEN

•

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

[*From an address delivered in 1912 by Senator William E. Borah*]

The income tax is the fairest and most equitable of all the taxes. It is the one tax which approaches us in the hour of prosperity and departs in the hour of adversity. . . . But the income tax is to be met only after you have realized your income. After you have met your expenses, provided for your family, paid for the education of your children for the year, then, provided you have any income left, you turn to meet the obligations you owe the government. For instance, according to amendments recently pending relative to the income tax, a man with an income of ten thousand dollars would pay the modest sum of one hundred dollars.

•

Two soldiers from the metropolitan area were among the 13 men decorated today by Gen. Douglas MacArthur at Kimpo Airfields in Korea for the courage and devotion with which they have fought.

They were Capt. Charles Parilli, of 3116 21st St., Long Island City, and Capt. Donald L. Greaves, of Poughkeepsie. Each received the Bronx Star.

—*World-Telegram & Sun.*

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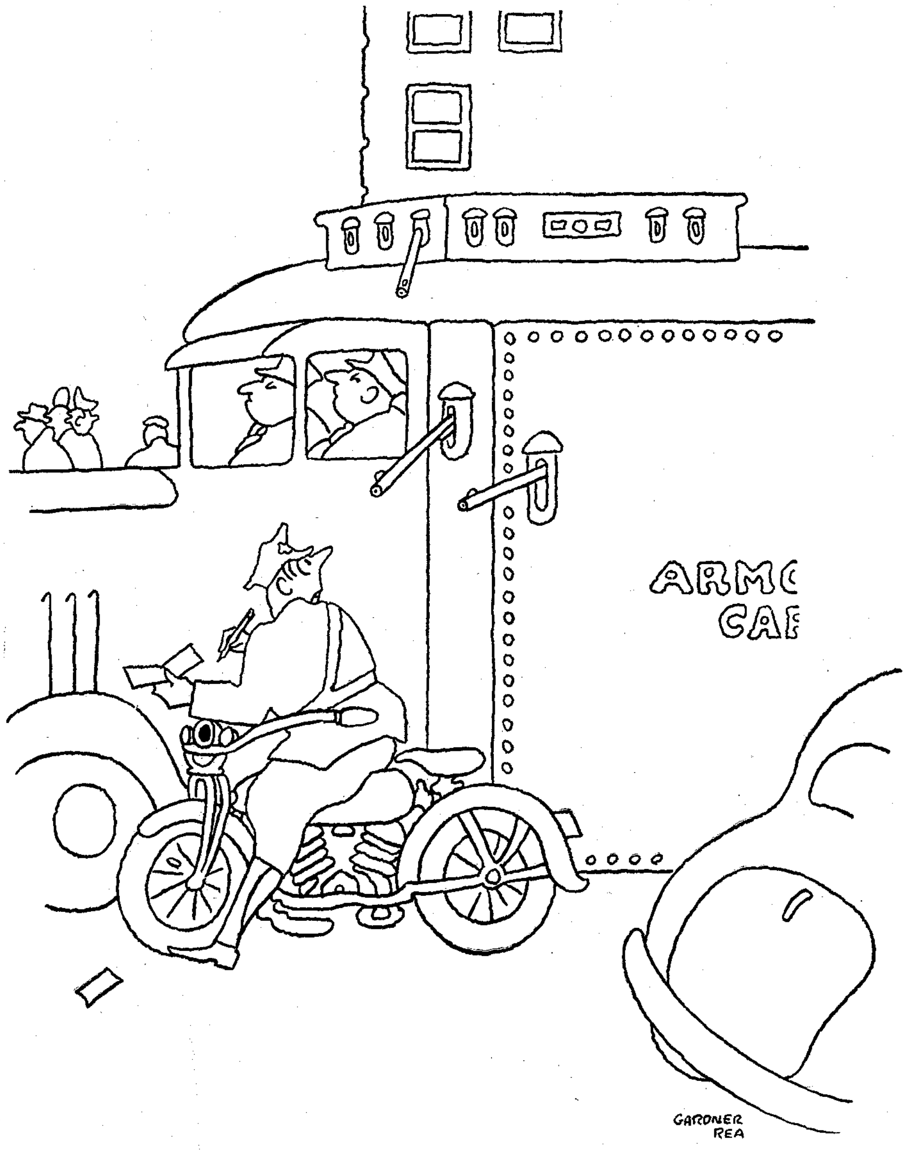
BOOKS

Not for Trenchermen

"A GAME OF HIDE-AND-SEEK," the new novel by Elizabeth Taylor (Knopf), is that rare and difficult thing, a love story. It is about "nice" people, who pay the nice people of real life the extreme compliment not merely of thinking and speaking in sentences that parse but of having something interesting to think and say. It is ambitious as well as exquisite, revealing on every page that the author has intended to produce a work of art and maybe, with luck, a masterpiece. If "A Game of Hide-and-Seek" is not a masterpiece, and as a work of art has crucial flaws, it is nevertheless often beautiful and touching, and will give pleasure to many people. Indeed, the degree to which it gives pleasure is the degree to which, in the end, it proves disappointing, for though Mrs. Taylor has provided a great deal, she has not provided enough. She has skimped, a grave fault in a hostess, graver still in a writer. Readers of novels are always ravenous and importunate, and their howls cannot be silenced with almonds and canapés. They must be fed until gorged. In reading "A Game of Hide-and-Seek," we are like guests who, over cocktails, have glimpsed a dinner table gleaming candlelit in the next room, with its promise of a substantial feast to come. On being called to the table, we are offered a delicious clear soup, salad, ices, a plate of fruit. At last it dawns on us that, for all the elegance and enchantment of the scene, something has gone wrong. The main dish has been omitted; there is to be no roast beef and Yorkshire pudding. In Mrs. Taylor's novel, beautiful as it is, she has unaccountably left out the climax, with the result that her marvellous preparations have been in vain, and our interest, after mounting from page to page, turns to exasperation. All the sensibility in the world, we protest, cannot take the place of having things happen. If the action of the story is not complete, it is not a story; the end of a story must be more than "The End," it must be the particular end for which the story was begun. This dog-eared precept is true of tales as simple as "Cinderella" and as complex as "Remembrance of Things Past" (whose French title, by the way, speaks of a "search," not of a static "remembrance;" nobody ever wrote a novel by simply remembering).

Mrs. Taylor's novel begins with a charming girl and boy, Harriet and Vesey, playing a game of hide-and-seek with some children who have been left in their charge for the day. Harriet and Vesey are in love, but are too young and unsure to speak of it. Vesey has to go off to school, and Harriet hopes for some sign of his love before he goes. Vesey gives no sign; bitter and moody, he can only make her sick with longing and uncertainty. Years pass, and Harriet, no longer seeing Vesey, drifts into marriage with a man much older than herself, has a child, and settles down into a commonplace and not unhappy domesticity. She is in her middle thirties when Vesey returns. She finds him still stubbornly at odds with life; she finds, too, that she is still in love with him. Vesey is determined to make her his mistress. They wander through the desolate outskirts of the affair, they hover balanced on the perilous moment of commitment, they cling, waiting and dreading, until finally—until finally the long-drawn-out game of hiding and seeking their love peters out in a sort of misty anecdote of renunciation. Harriet takes her place beside her husband and child, and poor Vesey goes off alone, wan and rueful, possibly to die. But how unsatisfactory this attenuated and ghostly parting is made to seem! It is all so sad and well bred and, at bottom, unaffecting—an abrading of hearts, not a breaking. We have wanted to be taken up and shaken; instead, we have been given a forlorn and half-apologetic little shove.

MISS IVY COMPTON-BURNETT, whose latest novel, "Darkness and Day," has just been published here (Knopf), is also a writer of sensibility, but it is sensibility with a difference. The



least flicker of feeling attracts her eye, but her eye is as cold as a basilisk's, and her weapons are those of high and merciless comedy. If she makes us laugh, it is the painful laughter of being found out. It would be more appropriate to cry, but to Miss Compton-Burnett tears would appear an easy way out indeed. When she looks into the human heart, she expects to find it black, and she is not disappointed; often she finds it not merely black but empty. She sees the family as a self-perpetuating pecking order; in fair weather or foul, for masters and servants alike, the drawing of blood is the one congenial household occupation, not to be interrupted even on one's deathbed.

Each of Miss Compton-Burnett's novels gives the impression of having been snipped at random from some endless spool of talk slowly unwinding inside her mind. The scene is invariably the English countryside, the time Victorian. The characters are country ladies and gentlemen with less money than they would like, living in houses too big and damp to be comfortable, among quantities of servants who are always their betters' match for cunning and the gift of gab. Miss Compton-Burnett's themes are great themes greatly spoofed; in "Darkness and Day," it is the Oedipus myth, turned slightly askew and made to fit the requirements of comedy. As a novel, it is exactly as good and bad, as witty and maddening, as Miss Compton-Burnett's earlier novels. Anybody who has previously complained, tossing one of her books aside, "But, my God, people just don't talk and *talk* and TALK like that!" will do the same with this one. And he will be right; people have never talked as Miss Compton-Burnett, in her infinite malice, lets them talk, and luckily they never will. If they did, it could mean the end of human society.

—BRENDAN GILL

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

ROCK WAGRAM, by William Saroyan (Doubleday). About a third of Mr. Saroyan's novel is printed in italics. The italicized parts, which tackle such bald and thankless subjects as desperation, loneliness, and growing older, seem to indicate that their author is more nervous than thoughtful. ("*When I did poorly, something winked, and when I did well, something winked. When I did nothing or thought I did nothing, something winked. When I winked, something winked back. I winked every day*

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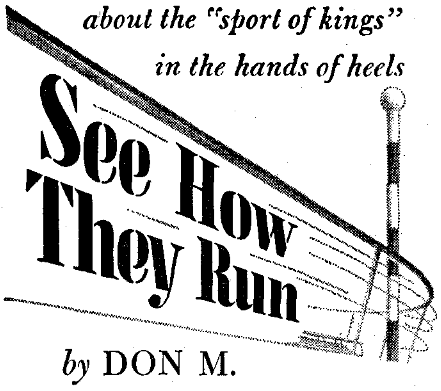

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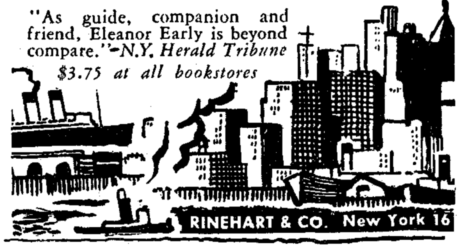

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and something winked back. I winked at my ignorance and something winked back. I winked at my hope and something winked back. I stopped winking and prayed, but still something winked back.") The straight part of the book tells the story of a young man who finds love and loses it, and of his sense of isolation. It is all very true and sad.

The Proper Gods, by Virginia Sorensen (Harcourt, Brace). Adan Savala, a Yaqui Indian lately returned from the Second World War, has a troublesome time readjusting himself to the traditional, custom-ridden way in which his people live, but he manages to get through the first year without catastrophe, and wins the girl he wants for his wife. The story is often in danger of turning into a sociological treatise on community life, intermarriage, minority groups, and the position of the child in the family, but Adan and his betrothed are human enough young people, and Mrs. Sorensen's Yaqui material is not too familiar to be interesting.

The Caine Mutiny, by Herman Wouk (Doubleday). Mr. Wouk, who fortunately writes with a fairly light hand, tells everything there is to know about the Navy career of a young Princeton man named Willie Keith, from midshipman to captain of an ancient destroyer-minesweeper, the Caine. To measure Willie's progress from young snob to young chastened snob, there is a running outline of his rather childish love affair with a night-club singer, May Wynn, who is rejected in the beginning by callow Willie and loved on the last page by mature Willie, he having been made a man by the war. This is the Second World War, and the Caine is part of the Pacific Fleet.

The Place of the Lion, by Charles Williams (Pellegrini & Cudahy). Another of Mr. Williams' gigantic puzzles, in which human beings, coming face to face with the forces of good and evil, are horrified or exalted, or both, and find certainty or disaster. This time, the forces take the form of huge animals—a lion, a serpent, a dragon—who appear in the suburbs of a small town near London. The writing has both entertainment and suspense, but the long, encyclopedic discussions around which the puzzle revolves are likely to be very heavy going. As is usually the case in Mr. Williams' works, the principal characters involved are intelligent, educated, con-

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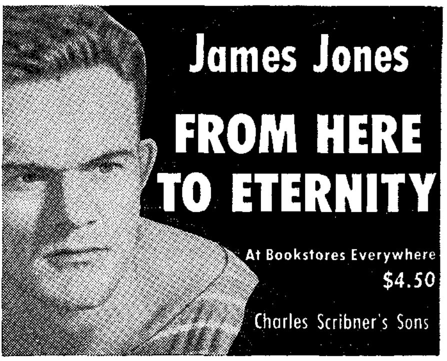

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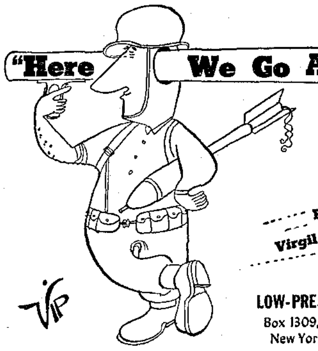

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siderate, and often foolish, and two of them are in love.

GENERAL

THE LIFE OF JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES, by R. F. Harrod (Harcourt, Brace). The author, an economist who studied under Lord Keynes at Cambridge and later became one of his close friends, calls this a "personal biography" and explains that he hasn't tried to make a definitive evaluation of Keynes' economic theories or political influence. The book does, however, encompass Keynes' life of ceaseless and varied activity: his career at Cambridge as a student, as a don, and as bursar; his participation in the intellectual and artistic life of London, especially his devotion to the ballet (a passion he characteristically translated into practical terms, by marrying one of Diaghilev's leading ballerinas); his book- and art-collecting; his writing of two epoch-making books ("The Economic Consequences of the Peace" and "The General Theory of Employment, Interest, and Money"); and the important roles he played in both world wars and in the interval between them as a British statesman of the first rank, although almost always without portfolio, constituency, or official standing. An amazing man and an attractive one (but he could sting, too) is re-created in these pages, not only through the eyes of an admiring friend and disciple but through Keynes' own letters. Photographs.

FRANÇOIS DE FÉNELON, by Katharine Day Little (Harper). A biographical study of François de Salignac de la Mothe Fénelon, the tutor to the grandson of and heir apparent to Louis XIV. He was also the author of the once celebrated epic "Telemachus;" the Archbishop of Cambrai; and a man of original and independent thought in religious matters, which in his day were the same as practical politics. The author focusses her book on Fénelon the mystic, and tries to make clear, in a conversational style, the religio-philosophical controversy he helped stir up over Quietism, a movement that came into being partly as a protest against the Catholicism of Louis XIV's time (Quietism was directly responsible for the founding of the Society of Friends in England) and that was, of course, spectacularly unpopular in royal and Catholic circles. Mrs. Little has not

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A GAME OF HIDE-AND-SEEK

by ELIZABETH TAYLOR

If you enjoyed meeting Harriet and Vesey in the pages of *The New Yorker* last fall, you will want to extend your acquaintance with them in this delicate and perceptive novel of love and heartbreak.

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been completely successful in unravelling this theological snarl for the general reader, but she does present a fine portrait of her subject, whom she obviously venerates for his nobility of mind and integrity of purpose.

THE BOLSHEVIK REVOLUTION, 1917-1923, by Edward Hallett Carr (Macmillan). Mr. Carr, a former member of the British Foreign Office, begins with the earliest manifestation of Bolshevism—an obscure congress of nine men at Minsk, in 1898—and then details (and "details" is the word) the intramural squabbles of the revolutionary Marxists; the Revolution of 1905; the consolidation of the dictatorship after the coup of October, 1917; the reuniting of Russia by Lenin after the civil war in 1920; and the establishment of a state power, as contrasted to a party power, to carry the proletariat through the transition from capitalism to Socialism. (Lenin said that this state power should be "so constituted that it will . . . begin to die away immediately after its victory.") The author's consideration of the economic and social order that came out of the revolution is both ideological and objective, and reflects a realization of the magnitude of (to paraphrase the title of one of his important earlier works) Soviet Russia's impact on the Western world.

THE NEW SOVIET EMPIRE, by David J. Dallin (Yale). A study of the Soviet colossus by a man whose previous books have rung up an impressive total of shrewd and accurate prophecies as to which way the Russian cat would jump. In this one, Mr. Dallin examines the U.S.S.R. from within, as much as that is possible from this side of the Iron Curtain; he has been aided in his task by information from recent Russian refugees. He traces the growth of the latter-day empire, which he says began in the late nineteen-thirties, and the gradual ascension of Russian nationalism over the other racial and ethnic groups in the vast agglomeration of peoples under Stalin, and ventures a new prediction. He believes, and bolsters the belief with much documentation, that the Soviet Union is rotting, but that the final dissolution of the dictatorship must and will be brought about internally; that Russia, unlike the Axis nations, cannot be occupied or even conquered by a foreign power. To hasten the day of Stalin's downfall, Mr. Dallin recommends a pro-Rus-

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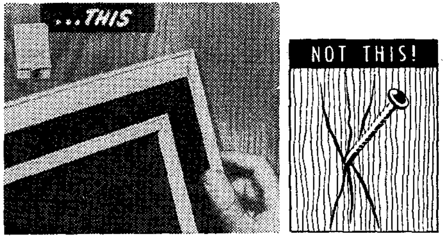

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sian anti-Communist policy for the West, with a view to making the Russian people, for whom he has great sympathy, potential allies in case of war.

Willa Cather, by David Daiches (Cornell). Professor Daiches has, among other talents, the ability to write books of literary criticism that are pleasant to read, partly because they avoid the voodoo talk so fashionable among many of our advanced critics. This study of the works of Willa Cather is both a balanced estimate of her worth as novelist, short-story writer, poet, and thinker (the worth declines, one gathers, in that order) and a stimulus to read or reread her books. The author professes an admiration for Miss Cather at her best, but he is very strict in his standards, and there is an unmistakable note of reserve in his praise, which at times gets awfully faint.

Coleridge on Imagination, by I. A. Richards (Norton). A new edition of this critical work, first published in 1935, wherein Dr. Richards applies himself to disentangling Coleridge's valuable ideas from the untidy mazes of his self-recorded thought. His findings push many Coleridgean insights into prominence, and his demonstration of the poet's remarkable critical equipment changes the picture of a completely disoriented Coleridge, whom the nineteenth century treated with belittlement and neglect.

Note: "The Villa Diana," a collection of eight articles by Alan Moorehead, all but one of which first appeared in this magazine, has been published by Scribner, with illustrations by Osbert Lancaster. The title is taken from the name of the house near Florence where Mr. Moorehead lived for several years after the Second World War.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

Judgment on Deltchev, by Eric Ambler (Knopf). The hero of this novel about the complex and bloody activities in an unidentified Soviet satellite country is a young English playwright who has been sent by an American newspaper to cover a treason trial. At first, it seems to him that the defendant, a man named Deltchev, who had been a power in the country before the Russians took over, is simply the victim of the same kind of frameup as that used against Cardinal Mindszenty, but it soon becomes clear that things are infinitely

(Advertisement)

THE Minneapolis Star and Tribune COLUMN

by CEDRIC ADAMS

MINNEAPOLIS STAR AND TRIBUNE COLUMNIST

UNHAPPY LITTLE PROGRESS NOTE: A new model of water pistol will fire 250 squirts without re-loading . . . If you're a frustrated artist, available is a painting kit which comes with tubes of color and a canvas on which a picture is already sketched. You apply the paint according to numbers on the picture. Good luck, Matisse . . . Sign of our times: 72 per cent of the television tubes manufactured in 1950 were 16 inches or larger. Wasn't too long ago when the 10-incher was big stuff . . . Surgeons are now stitching radioactive nylon thread into human beings as the latest aid for cancer treatment. At the end of the treatment, the threads are removed like stitches following an operation . . . Hollywood restaurant placard—"Eat, drink and be messy" . . . Northern Minnesota residents, during the near-50-below spell recently, report being able to hear a man stamping his feet two miles away . . . Movie men predict that at the present rate of increase all films will be made in color in about five years, unless we get a protracted war . . . Bigger and better chickens are on the way, but there may be a blue note. Laboratories are experimenting with injecting a minute capsule of chemical into the necks of growing chicks. They grow thereafter a pound heavier, wind up more tender and juicy. Trouble will be in asking for birds so treated. The chemical is diethylstilbesterol.

★

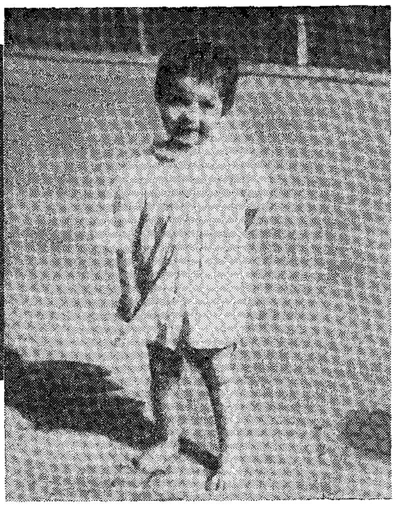
I GUESS YOU COULD accuse us of family pride but there isn't a person on our staff who isn't applauding a Minneapolis Tribune reporter for a recent series of articles. The reporter is Carl Rowan, a Negro born and raised in the south, who recently traveled 6,000 miles through Dixie to document the life of the Negro there today. His dispassionate report of what he saw and experienced—told in a series of 18 articles in the Minneapolis Tribune—is truly an important social document. Significant, thought-provoking series like this are among the reasons why the best-read, most respected newspapers in America's prosperous Upper Midwest are the **Minneapolis Star and Tribune** (combined daily circulation: more than 480,000) and the **Minneapolis Sunday Tribune** (circulation: now more than 610,000).

★

BEEFS ON HIGH PRICES were evident as far back as the days of George Washington. He visited the Barbados Island's rum region back in 1751, was pleased with the quality of the rum but thought the price of two shillings a gallon was "extravagantly dear" . . . That was the equivalent of 45 cents a gallon in U.S. coin . . . Texas and Pacific railroad officials received this report from an agent recently: "Broke seals and lock on car that came with cattle in it to put the hay that was on fire inside it out" . . . Strange trouble one of our state villages had. The town well went dry and they had to haul in water from outside. The village was—Fountain . . . A newspaper in Linn, Mo., is the Unterrified Democrat . . . Here's a word exercise with which you might stump a friend in an idle moment. Words ending with consonants, "f", "k", "p" and "t" sound their plurals with a soft "s." The other terminal consonants take the hard "z" sound for a plural ending. See if your friend can think of any words which violate the rule.

★

LET ME GIVE YOU a few quickies on heart disease: It hits people at any age. There are six common kinds of heart trouble. Fewer women than men get coronary heart disease. In most types of deaths due to heart disease, the end is not sudden. Most serious form of high blood pressure occurs in persons under 50. Shortness of breath may be a sign of heart disease. If you have that symptom, see your doctor. A pain on the left side of the chest is usually not due to heart disease, but should be checked by a physician.



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WHY DOES CHRISTINA'S MOTHER CRY?

Christina is a lively, pretty little youngster almost three years old. She has black hair and blue eyes and likes to look at picture books. She has an older brother and a baby sister and a devoted father. Why should Christina's mother cry?

The answer is stark and simple. In the short span of her three years, Christina has experienced more of human misery than most of us see in a lifetime. Her problems are basic and uncomplicated. She is hungry, and she is cold. She has never known anything else. This is the world to which she was born and—without help—this is the world in which she will die. Catherine, Christina's mother, cries because she knows this and can see no hope.

Because he is too sick to work, Christina's father earns $10 a month as a bootblack in Greece, a country where even bare necessities are prohibitively high. On this, he tries to support a family of five in a house with no furniture or facilities. They must be content with but a few rags for covers, and only the clothes on their backs.

Other children of school age who are unable to go to school because they have no shoes or clothing, lose even that chance for a better life.

HOW YOU CAN HELP

You can help Christina or another needy child by the Federation's CHILD SPONSORSHIP plan. For just $8 a month, $96 a year, SCF will send "your" child warm clothing, sturdy shoes and supplementary food—delivered in your name, in Austria, Finland, France, Western Germany, Greece or Italy.

You will receive a case history, like the story of Christina, and if possible, a photograph. You can write your child or the parents, and be their friend. You will know how much your generosity means to them.

A contribution in any amount will help.

SCF NATIONAL SPONSORS (*a partial list*)

Faith Baldwin, Mrs. Dwight D. Eisenhower, Lynn Fontanne, Herbert Hoover, Henry R. Luce, Dr. Ralph W. Sockman, Thomas J. Watson.

SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION **ESTABLISHED 1932** NY-2

80 Eighth Avenue, New York 11, New York

- I would like to sponsor a boy ☐ .... girl ☐ about .... years old in Greece* for one year. I will pay $8 a month for one year ($96). Enclosed is payment for the first month ☐ .... full year ☐. Please send me the child's name, picture, story and address.
- I cannot sponsor a child, but I want to help by giving $....................

Name ....

Address ....

City ....Zone..........................State..............................

Contributions to the Save the Children Federation are deductible from income tax.

*Or you may help a needy child in Austria, Finland, France, Western Germany, Italy—or the U. S. A.—if you prefer.

more complicated than that. In the course of his investigations, he discovers a dead body in a tenement room, is attacked in a dark street by two hired thugs, gets mixed up with an assortment of people of sinister behavior and cryptic party affiliations, and, in the end, witnesses a shocking assassination. The politically uninformed may find some of Mr. Ambler's book pretty difficult, for the goings on are at least as chaotic and apparently senseless as they unquestionably are in fact behind the Iron Curtain, but there is probably enough genuine excitement to outweigh this confusion, and the author's writing, as it was in "A Coffin for Dimitrios" and "Journey Into Fear," is neat, brisk, and altogether admirable.

TO LOVE AND BE WISE, by Josephine Tey (Macmillan). There are a great many odd people in the art colony at Salcott St. Mary—an effeminate playwright, a male ballet dancer, a radio commentator concerned with the beauties of nature, a celebrated actress, an authoress of hammock fiction, an author who deals grimly with the soil, and another authoress, who just writes little fairy stories for the Christmas trade—and practically every one of them has an excellent reason for wishing to eliminate the unbelievably handsome Leslie Searle, whose profession is photographing film stars. When it appears that somebody has succeeded in doing just that, Detective-Inspector Grant, of Scotland Yard, is called in, and he eventually manages to prove that Searle was by no means what he seemed. Miss Tey's style and her knack for creating bizarre characters are among the best in the field, but her plot this time is not quite as original and exciting as usual.

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LIFE IN HOLLYWOOD DEPT.
(TIME MARCHES ON DIVISION)

[*From Modern Screen*]

One afternoon, a reporter came up to her on the set. "Darling!" the reporter exclaimed. "I've just spoken to Pinza and he tells me that he falls in love with all his leading ladies."

Lana merely smiled. In the old days of 1937 and '38, she might have made a snappy retort like, "That's nothing. I always fall in love with all my leading men."

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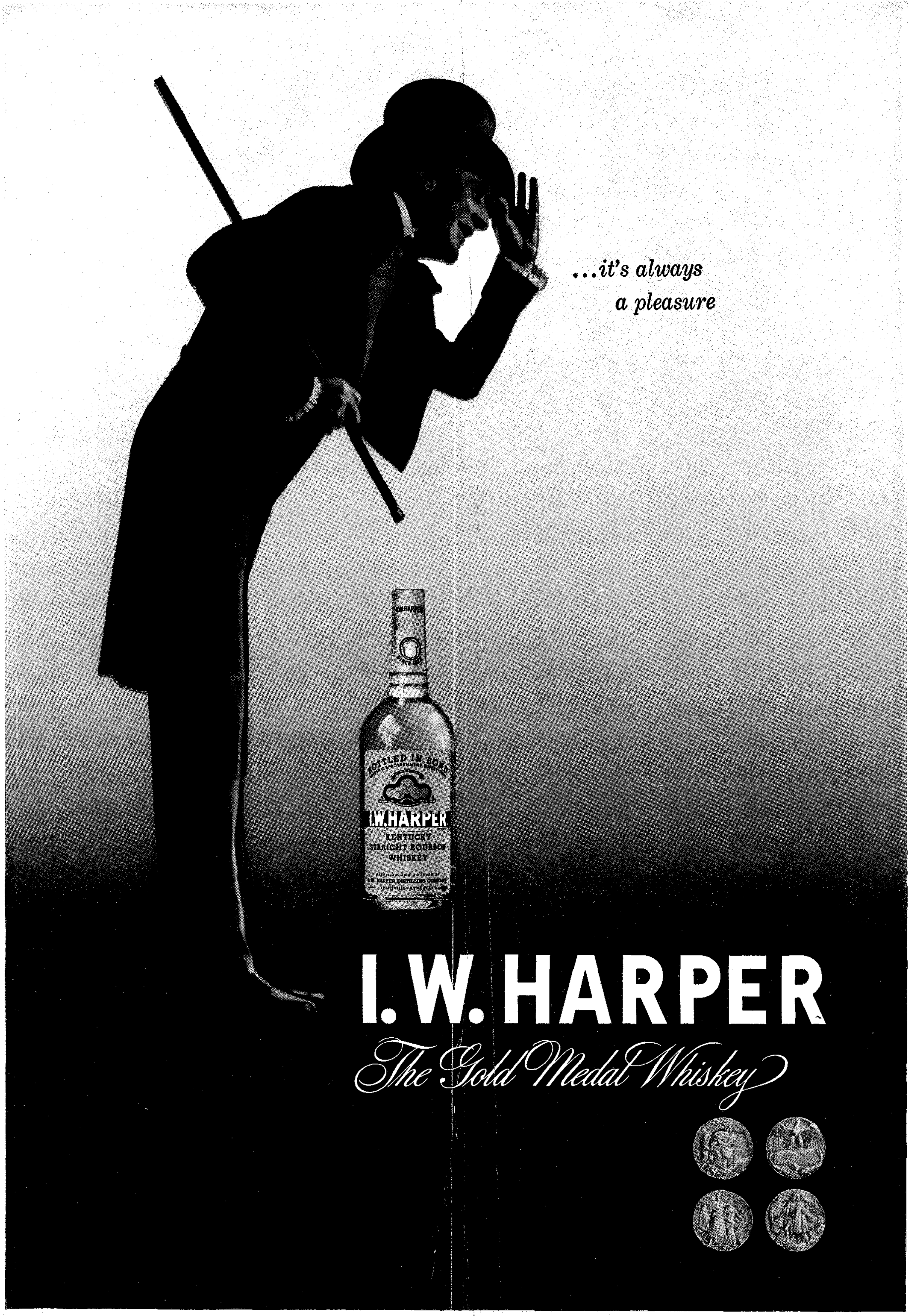
Necklines and hems, like the lady's locks, are getting lower and will soon be sweeping the floor again.—*University of Maryland Diamondback.*

Now *there's* something to look forward to.


...it's always
a pleasure
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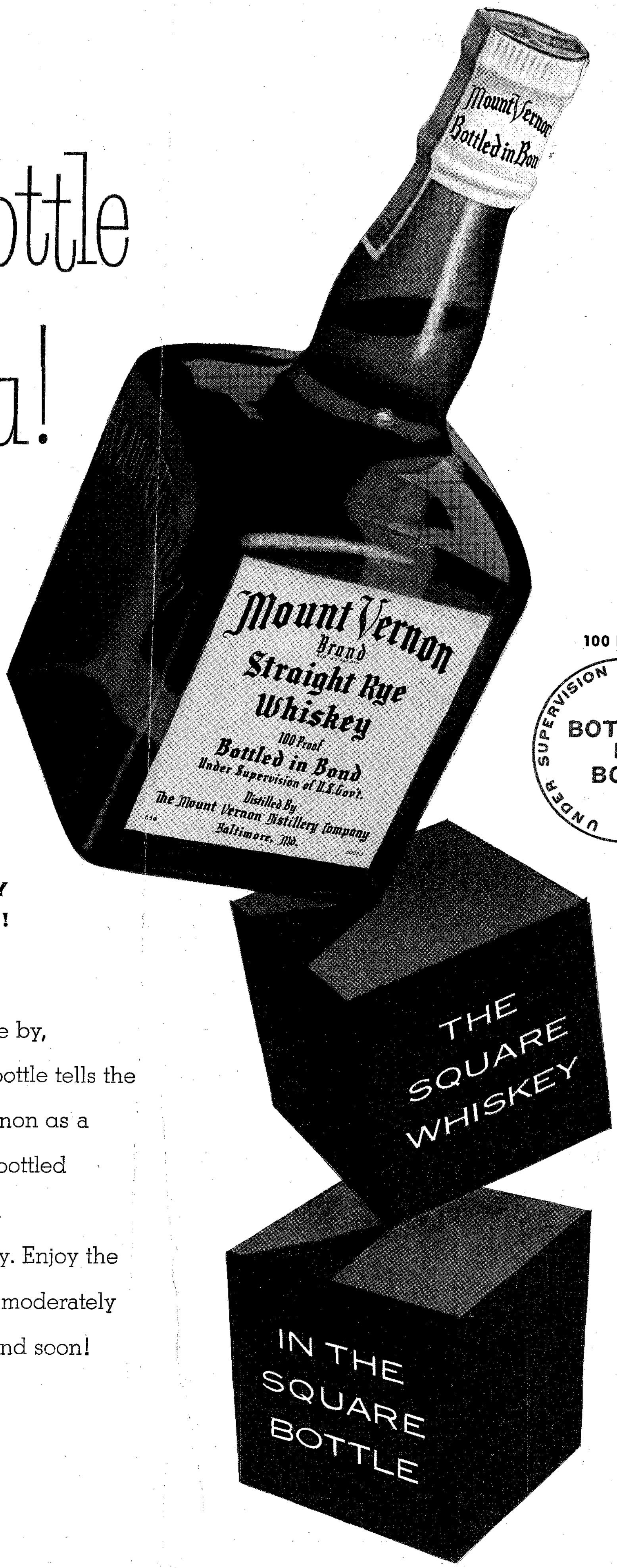
The Gold Medal Whiskey

The Square Bottle Tells You!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The Mount Vernon Distillery Company
Baltimore, Md.
THE SQUARE WHISKEY
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- **IT'S BOTTLED IN BOND!**

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The Mount Vernon Distillery Company, Baltimore, Md.